Vol. XVI.—No. 14. Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers.

into the period

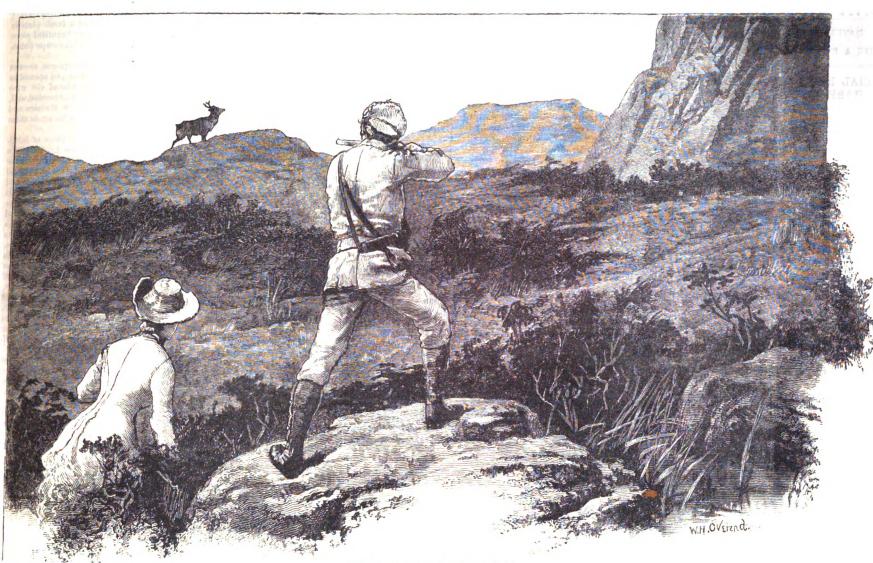
that all place

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Wester

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



"The same instant her father fired."

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

"I don't look at it in that light at all," the Master said, coolly,

"There is no dan-

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SHANDON BELLS," "WHITE WINGS," ETC.

"Game is the only thing land like that will produce; and I like to know what it is worth. I think I can guarantee that the hire of the gillies and ponies and panniers won't cost you a farthing."

"You should not be so anxious to have your own moor hard

shot," said Mr. Winterbourne, with a smile.
"But I am," said this shrewd young man.



CHAPTER XXI.
NEIGHBORS.

it turned out, John Shortlands could not come north till the 20th; so Mr. Winterbourne asked young Leslie to shoot with im for the first week. and the invitation had been gratefully accepted. The obligation, however, was not all on one side. The Master of Lynn was possessed of a long and familiar experience of the best and swiftest methods of getting the birds sent to a good market; and he made his arrangements in this direction with a business-like forethought which amused Mr. Winterbourne, who expressed some whimsical scruples over his being transformed into a game-dealer.

ger, on ground like this, of too small a breeding stock being left.

It is all the other way. What I am afraid of is too big a stock, and the disease coming along. That is a terrible business. You are congratulating yourself on the number of birds, and on their fine condition; and some pleasant morning you wake up to find the place swept clean."

"Not in one night?"

"Well, a day or two will do it. This epidemic is quite different from the ordinary mild forms of disease, where you can see the birds winner way to death. Justine de the transfer find them all.

"Well, a day or two will do it. This epidemic is quite different from the ordinary mild forms of disease, where you can see the birds pining away to death. Instead of that you find them all about among the heather, dead, but perfectly plump and well-looking, not a sign of disease outside or in. So, if you please, Mr. Winterbourne, don't have any scruples about turning on Duncan if you think we are not doing well enough. The bigger consignments we can send off the better."

Now one consequence of this arrangement was that when Yo-

Now one consequence of this arrangement was that when Yolande, in the morning, had said "Good-by, papa," and "Good-by, Archie," and given each of them a flower or some such trifle (for in that part of the country the presentation of a small gift, no matter what, to any one going shooting, is supposed to bring good luck), and when she had seen that luncheon was quite prepared to be sent up the hill when the first pony left, she found herself with the whole day before her, with no companion, and with no occupation save that of wandering down the glen or up one of the hillsides in search of new flowers. It is not to be wondered at, then, that she should seek some variety by occasionally driving into Gress, when the dog-cart was taking the game shot the day before

to Foyers, and spending a few hours with Mrs. Bell until the trap came back to pick her up again. For one thing, when she discovered some plant unknown to her, she found it much easier to consult Mr. Melville's herbarium than to puzzle over the descriptions of the various species in the Flora; and as he was generally occupied either in the school-house or in his laboratory, she did not interfere with him. But the truth is, she liked this shrewd, kindly, wise old Scotchwoman, who was the only one in the neighborhood who took any notice of her. The people at the Towers had neither called nor made any other overtures. And as Mrs. Bell's thoughtfulness and kindness took the substantial form of sending up to Alltnam-ba, pretty nearly every day, some article or articles likely to be of use to the young housekeeper, of course Yolande had to drive in to thank her.

"Mrs. Bell," said she, one warm and sunny afternoon, when they were together in the garden (this good woman made awful havoe among her flowers when Yolande came to see her), "who was Aikendrum?"

"A young lad who went away for a sodger—so the song says."

"And every one was so sorry, is it not so?" said this tall young lady, who already had her hands full of flowers. "The Master was saying that if Mr. Melville leaves here, every one will be quite as sorry—it will be like the going away of Aikendrum."

"Why should he go?" said Mrs. Bell, sharply. "Why should

"Why should he go?" said Mrs. Bell, sharply. "Why should he not stay among his own people—yes, and on land that may be his own one day?" And then she added, more gently: "It is not a good thing for one to be away among strangers; there's many a sore heart comes o' that. It's not only them that are left behind; sometimes it's the one that goes away that is sorrowfu' enough about it. I dare say, now, ye never heard o' an old Scotch song they call 'The sun rises bright in France'?"

"Oh, will you sing it for me?" said Yolande, eagerly; for in-

"Oh, will you sing it for me;" said Yolande, eagerly; for indeed the reputation of this good dame for the singing of those old Digitized by [Continued on page 214.]

* Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 3, Vol. XVI.

AT THE PARACLETE. BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Days, lingering with holy dew
In summer, or in winter-time
Striking a sparkle up the blue
With the frosty vigor of their rime,
Each morning richer chrism pour,
She thinks, till, beaded to the brim,
They sanctify in all their store
Another draught of life for him—
For him who, to her feal faith,
Stands in a constancy sublime,
Waiting beneath the fateful stars
With a great heart to meet his prime.

Ah, shining morning, prophesy
Of fadeless palms and asphodels,
Of that vast dawn beneath a sky
Where the eternal Sabbath dwells,
The rosy dawn, that, dimly drawn,
As in a fainting dream may stir,
When free shall start the eager heart
That beats not till he comes to her.
She waits to scale heaven's height with him,
Before the great white throne to bow:
Light of my soul, she murnurs o'er,
He loved me then, he loves me now!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1883.

WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

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DISCORD IN THE SPHERES.

/ THERE seems to be a singular inability on the part of certain conservative people to recognize the importance in all instances of not doing things by halves. They approve of it in most instances-they approve, we would be understood, of thorough, earnest, and sincere action in almost all relations of life: in religion, in work, in play; but when it comes to education, that is quite another matter-that is to be done by halves, and men are to do the halves, not women. That is to say, in the education of the race, which is composed of two equal halves, men and women, the men, according to this view, are to receive the education, and the women are to go without it.

A hundred years ago the same idea prevailed, not so much through conviction as through habit. It was unfeminine then, and almost immodest, for a woman in the average walk of life to do more than read her Bible and write her name rudely. Her literary efforts were to be confined to embroidering the alphabet on her sampler, and working initials in cross stitch on underclothes; and she was a person of almost questionable erudition if she wrote down her cookery recipes in a blank-book. We are sometimes led to believe that in certain families this idea concerning the education of women must have descended without a break, like any heredity, and that the men who still entertain it were born of women who received no more education than this. and had only dwarfed brains and intelligences to transmit to their sons, who now venture out into the world, so much larger and lighter than it used to be, with their poor little talk about the sphere of women, and the necessity of letting them know nothing if we would keep them at home. What sort of a notion of home these men can have from which a woman would at once sally out to return no more if she knew anything is hardly more to be marvelled at than is the fact that such fossils should remain to ne from almost prehistoric periods, though dead yet breathing, and insisting upon forind on us their prohistoric conditions of upon bringing back any other of those conditions than those which relate to women, and to women only, at a time when they were just removed from their original condition of captives and slaves.

It is perhaps too late in the day for such talk, too late in the day even to take notice of it. Women have escaped from under the bondage of that class of mind, and we do not perceive that they have wrought any harm to the world in doing so. On the contrary, the general level is so much higher than it once was that we imagine some of the wonders of this wonderful nineteenth century may possibly have been wrought because the mothers of the men who work its marvels began some time since to aspire and to strive instead of sitting down supinely to a but half animate existence; have had their brains cultivated as the fathers have had, though in less measure, and in transmitting the due effect to their offspring have given them more fully rounded intellects and keener insight in consequence than the world has ever known before.

In fact, it has ceased to be considered that home is a cage, analogous to that old iron cage in which mediæval husbands used once to lock up refractory wives; it is a nest while a nest is needed; it is always a place of growth, or should be so, not only for the nestlings, but for all within its bounds. Those who would deny this would deny that woman is an individual, that she has either a mind or a soul, or that she is entitled to any growth. Yet perhaps the hardiest of our assailants will not deny us the possession of a soul; and having once granted that, they have granted all the rest; for in that case women are each as individual as men are, and being individuals, and having arrived at legal age, who is there with the moral or with any other right to utter an ipse dixit as to the way in which they shall walk, or fix their sphere for them other than as they choose to fix it for them-

We presume that no woman ever dreamed of denying that home was her sphere, although she may claim the right to put her own interpretation on the word "home." There is no woman who does not know that she is or would be the happier for a husband's love and the opportunity to love and rear their children with him. That there are women who are capable of having their houses well kept, their tables well served, their husbands well cared for, and their children well taught and well reared in every respect, and are yet capable of doing something more, of following what is called a career, does not signify; for there are few of them, however greatly they yearn for art, or literature, or science, who would not sacrifice all hope of a career therein to their affections, if need were, and there are thousands of them who have done so; and all that women in the mass demand is that such sacrifice shall be made unnecessary. and that a woman may be allowed to be all she should be in a home, and all she would or could be elsewhere.

And as for the home itself, it is an idle absurdity to say it will not be the better for the highest intellectual training its head can have. Will not a brilliant and many-sided woman, with a mind ready to meet any emergency, direct the affairs of a household more finely than a stupid drudge without an idea of her own, incapable of doing anything better than her great-grandmother did it, perhaps incapable of doing so well by reason of the accumulated besottedness of standing and stagnant stupidity? Certainly temper, money, comfort, pleasure, will all be found on the side of the housemistress, where education has been of the higher order.

It has long been the custom to talk of a man's wanting to come home and put on his slippers and dressing-gown, both physically and mentally, and needing no intellectual mate to help him do it; but that sort of talk which intimates that there is but one party to the home, and that one the man, ceases to have much value in the light of the now scarcely controverted admission that every woman is an individual, with the rights of one. Still, any one would suppose it self-evident that if a woman is allowed a career, she would be all the more fit, when evening came, for the dressing-gowned and slippered condition herself, and so all the more a genial mate for the husband seeking relaxation in his home. But whether she is or not does not hinder her right to make the most of the talent committed to her; and if her husband, fitted by the habits and precedents of centuries to have his own way, can not find his desired relaxation and let her have her normal development. there must be something wrong about his relaxation, and he had best relinquish or modify his long-descended habit, and take a little less of his own way and a little less relaxation with it. That one should do flagrant wrong for the cake of possible right to come from it is an old argument of the enemy of souls, and wrong could hardly be more flagrant than when it urges, for any reason whatever, the dwarfing and suffocation of an intellect, be the same in the brain and being of male or female.

To every created being identity is a sacred thing, and the last enormity that can be practiced is the sacrilege committed when another, without right, and usually without reason, undertakes to interfere with it, to mould it, order its outgrowth, hamper, hinder, or command it. To every woman identity is as much as it is to every man, and that she should be coerced in its respect, or that the attempt at coercion should be made, is an outrage upon personality and upon the whole race, to say nothing of its being an outrage upon herself so long used to outrage. Neither men nor women will greatly heed such attempts, for to the credit of men in the aggregate be it said, and to that of their sense of justice, they as fully appreciate the advantage of education to women as women desire it: and we need nothing to testify to this further than the ardent endeavor which every father in the land makes to give his daughter the completest education she can have, and fit her for any career she may pursue; for we may be sure that if a father expends the resources of leisure, comfort, wealth, for his daughter, foregoing much himself for the sake of it, it is for what he thinks that daughter's good; and if it is for the good of that daughter, it stands to reason that the same thing is for the good of all other men's daughters, making merely increment or deduction to meet the differentiation of different individuals.

LAYING THE MODERN DINNER TABLE.

THE table, after being drawn out to its proper length, should be covered with a cotton-flannel table-cloth—white if the table cover is the ordinary damask, red if the open work table-cover is be used. This broad cotton-flannel can be bought for eighty cents a yard. The table-cloth, if of white damask, should be admirably ironed, with one long fold down the middle, which must serve the butler for his mathematical centre. No one can go astray in using fine white damask. If a lady chooses to have the more rare Russian embroidery, the gold embroidered on the open-work table-cloth, she can do so, but let her never put any table-cloth on her table that will not wash. The mixed-up things trimmed with velvet or satin or ribbon, which are occasionally seen on vulgar tables, are detestable.

The butler then lays the red velvet carpet, or mat, or table cloth—whatever it may be called—down the centre of the table, to afford a relief of color to the épergne.

This is a mere fanciful adjunct, and may be used or not as the lady pleases. But it has a very pretty effect over an open-work white table-cloth, and when the silver tray of the épergne is placed In many families there are silver npon it. épergnes which are heirlooms. These are almost always used by their owners for old association's sake, with silver candlesticks and silver compotiers. But where the family do not possess these table ornaments, centre pieces of glass are The fashion of a flat basket of flowers, over which the guests could talk, has been discarded, and the ornaments of a dinner table are now all high, including the lamps and candelabra which at present replace gas.

The table cloth being laid, the centre and side ornaments placed, the butler sees to it that each footman has a clean towel on his arm, and he proceeds to unlock the plate chest and the glass closet. Measuring with his hand from the edge of the table to the end of his middle finger, he places the first glass. That line is followed around the table, and thus secures a uniform line for the water goblet, the claret, wine, hock, and champagne glasses, which are grouped about the water goblet. He then causes a plate to be set on at each place, one large enough to hold the majolica plate with the oysters which shall come later. One footman is detailed to fold the napkins, which should be large, thick, fine, and serviceable for this stage of the dinner. kins are not folded in any hotel device, but simply so that they stand holding the roll or bread in a three-cornered pyramid. He then issues the knives, forks, and spoons, each of which is wiped by the footman with his clean towel, so that no dampness of his own hand shall mar their sparkling cleanliness. These should be all of silver, two knives, three forks, and a soup spoon being the usual number laid at each plate.

Before each plate is placed a little salt-cellar either of silver or of china, in some fanciful shape. Little wheelbarrows are a favorite. A carafe holding water should be put on very late, and be fresh from the ice chest.

Very thin glasses are now used for choice sherry and Madeira, and therefore they are not always put on until the latter part of the dinner, unless the host is indifferent to their being broken.

Menu-holders or card-holders of china or silver gilt are often placed before each plate, with a receptacle for the card, on which the name of the guest and the bill of fare which he is to choose from are printed. These may be dispensed with, however, and the menu and name quietly laid on each plate.

The butler now turns his attention to his sideboards and tables whence he is to draw his supplies. Many people make a most ostentatious display of plate and china on that if one has pretty things, why The poorer and more modest he things which will be needed on the at a dinner party. But there show of large forks, a row of large knives, and ditto, a row of table-spoons, sauce-late tasert-spoons, fish-slice and fork, a few tumbles, rows of claret, sherry, and Madeira glasses, and the reserve of dinner plates.

On another table or sideboard should be the finger-bowls and glass dessert plates, the smaller spoons and coffee cups and saucers. On the table nearest the door should be the carving knives and the first dinner plates to be used. Here the head footman or the butler divides the fish and sends it around, carves the piace de résistance, the filet of beef, the haunch of venison, the turkey, or the saddle of mutton. It is from this side table that all the dinner is served. If the dining-room is small, the hostess can have this table in the hall or in an adjacent pantry. As the fish is being served, the first footman pours Chablis, or some kind of white wine; with the soup, he serves sherry; with the roast, claret and champagne, asking each guest if he will take dry or sweet champagne.

As the plates are removed, they are not kept in the dining-room, but are sent to the kitchen immediately, a maid standing outside to carry them down, so that no disorder of the dinner reaches the senses of the guests, not even an unpleasant odor. As each plate is removed a fresh plate is put in its place—generally a very beautiful piece of Sevres, with flowers, faces, or landscape painted on it.

Sparkling wines, hock and champagne, are not decented, but are kept in ice pails, and opened as required. On the sideboard is placed the wine decanted for use, which is poured as needed, and, after the game, decanters of choice Madeira and port are placed before the host, who sends them round to his friends.

In England a very useful little piece of furniture, called a dinner wagon, is used. This is a series of open shelves, on which are placed the extra napkins-or serviettes used; for in England the first heavy napkin is allowed to drop, and with the Roman punch a more delicate napkin is served, with the game another, and with the ices still another. On this dinner wagon are placed all the dessert plates, and the finger-glass with doyley under it on a glass plate. On the plate which is to serve for the ice is a gold ice-spoon. A silver dessert knife and fork are served with the finger-bowl and glass plate. This dinner wagon also holds the salad bowl and spoon, of silver, the salad plates, the silver bread-basket, in which should be thin slices of brown-bread and butter. A china dish in three compartments, with cheese and butter and biscuits to be passed with the salad, can also be placed on this dinner wagon, which, by the way, is a most useful institution, and saves room in a small dining-room.

The extra sauces, the jellies for the meats, the relishes, the radishes and celery, the olives and the sifted sugar—all things needed as accessories of the dinner table—can be put in this dinner wagon, or étagère, as it is called in France.

No table-spoons should be laid on the table, excepting those used for soup, as the style of serving a la Russe precludes their being needed; the cruets and casters and extra spoons are put on the sideboard.

In waiting on a large dinner the average at tendance is one servant to every three people, and when only a butler and one footman are kept, additional servants are hired.

Previous to the announcement of the dinner, the footman places the soup tureens and the soup plates on the side table. As soon as the oysters are eaten, and the plates removed, the butler begins to help the soup, and sends it round by two footmen, one on each side, each carrying two plates. Each footman should approach the guests on the left hand, so that the right may be used for the taking of the plate. Half a ladleful of soup is quite enough to serve.

Some ladies never allow their butler to do anything but to hand the wine, which he does at the right hand (not the left), asking each person if he will take Sauterne, dry or sweet champagne, claret, Burgundy, and so on. But most accomplished butlers do both, and serve the soup, carve, and help to wine. It should never be given to an inexperienced servant to pour wine. It must be done briskly and neatly, and not explosively or carelessly. The overfilling of the glass should be avoided. And servants should be watched to see that they give champagne to those who wish it, and do not overfill glasses for ladies who rarely drink anything.

A large plate basket or two for removing dirty dishes and silver are very necessary, and should not be forgotten. The butler rings a bell which goes to the kitchen when he wants anything sent up. After each entrée and every course he thus gives the cook a signal to send up the next course her

Hot dinner plates are prepared when the fish is removed, and on these hot plates the butler serves all the meats, and the guests are served with hot plates before the entrées except pair de foie gras, which must be served on a cold plate.

Some discretion should be shown by the servant who passes the entrées. A large table-spoon and fork should he placed on the dish, and the dish should be held low, so the guest can help himself easily, the servant standing at the guest's left hand. The servant should always have a small napkin over his hand as he passes the dishes. A napkin should also be wrapped around the champagne bottle, as it is often dripping with moisture from the ice chest. It is the butler's duty to make the salad, which he should do about a half-hour before dinner. There are now so many provocatives of appetite that it would seem, as if we were all after the

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the Roman punch, which, coming after the heavy roasts, prepares the stomach and palate for the canvas-backs. Then comes the salad and cheese, canvas-backs. Then comes the said and cheese, then the ices and sweets, and then cheese savourie or cheese fondu. This is but toasted cheese in a very elegant form, and is served in little silver shells, sometimes as early as just after the oysters,

but the favorite time is after the sweets.

The dessert is followed by liqueurs, which should be handed by the butler, on a small silver waiter, and poured into very small glasses. When the ices are removed, a dessert plate of glass, with a finger-bowl, is placed before each person, with two glasses, one for sherry, the other for claret or Burgundy, and the grapes, peaches, pears, and other fruits can now be passed. After the fruits go round, the sugar-plums and a little dried gin--a very pleasant conserve-are passed, before

Generally the lady of the house makes the sign for retiring, and the dinner breaks up. The gen-tlemen are left to wine and cigars, liqueurs and cognac, and the ladies retire to the drawing-room to chat, and the two parties take their coffee sep-arately. This is the best fashion, as one gets very tired at the end of a long dinner.

In the selection for the floral decoration the lady of the house generally has the final voice. No flowers which have a very heavy fragrance should be used. That roses and pinks, violets and likes, should be used, goes without saying, for they are always delightful. The heavy tropical odors of jasmine, orange blossom, hvacinth, and tuberose should be avoided. A very pretty effect is to be obtained by using flowers all of one color, as the scarlet carnation, which, if used with the glancing crystal glass, has a beautiful result; or one kind of rose, like the Jacqueminot.

We have used the English term footman to indicate what is usually called a waiter in this country. A waiter in England is a hired hotel hand, not a private servant.

The flowers, for fear that they may fade, are brought in just before the dinner is served, but the butler, of course, has calculated upon them. Much luxury is indulged in, in the shape of favors for ladies, such as the bonbonnières, painted ribbons, and reticules, fans covered with flowers, and all such fancies. These add ornament to the modern elegant dinner, which grows more and

more luxurious every day.

A lesser and still a favorite luxury is that of the toys, such as imitation musical instruments, crackers which make an unpleasant detonation, imitations of negro minstrels, balloons, flags, and pasteboard lobsters, toads, and insects, which are handed round for ladies to take home with them. These articles have "no excuse for being" un less to afford a lady an opportunity to spend more money: they are neither tasteful, luxurious, nor amusing.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FRENCH DRESSES.

MODISTES who have just returned from Paris announce that there are no decided changes in the styles of new dresses, but that there are many small features that give an air of novelty. Many of the materials also of last season are retained, and combined with others that are new; for instance, satins are by no means out of fashion, and in the new colors form the principal part of some of the most elegant dresses; brocades also appear again, and are especially favored by Worth, who uses them in large outline designs on satin, ottoman reps, and grenadine, and in smaller figures on checked silk grounds. The richest and softest colors are seen in the new dresses, and indeed color prevails almost to the exclusion of black, making it difficult to find entirely black dresses, as it is the French caprice to introduce amid the black either white or one of the new red shades-strawberry, raspberry, chaudron, or flame-or else the deep mandarin or other yellow tints. Short dresses abound, and in the entire importations of some of the largest houses not one full train is seen, the demi-train making the only variation from round skirts that escape the floor. These short skirts, whether of costly or of inexpensive fabrics, whether elaborately or simply draped, are almost invariably made on a narrow foundation skirt, with casings across the back for steel or bone springs, and the reader is reminded that a pattern and illustration of this foundation skirt was given in Bazar No. 13, Vol. XV. A cushion filled with hair is placed just below the belt and above the springs in many imported dresses, but this is unwhole-some and warm, and it is far better to arrange there bouffant draperies of lighter weight.

The flounces on such skirts depend upon the arrangement of the drapery above for their depth, but they are alike all around the skirt, and though must be very full, and give a finish as of a border at the foot. Gathered trimmings are effective and fashionable for summer dresses. A doubled ruffle or ruche of satin or ottoman silk trims the foot of plain skirts; this may be gathered by two rows in the middle, making a frill of the doubled bias material to turn each way, or else there may be two doubled ruffles turned downward, and lapping like two soft puffs. The lambrequin flounce in large festoons makes a wide and elaborate trimming for thin stuffs edged with lace; it is laid in box pleats between each curve, and has an upright heading of lace, fine pleating, or of gathered frills. Box-pleatings, the round organ pleats, loosely flowing wide pleats, fine pleats that are partly tucked, and the press ed flat side pleats are all used again.

For the draperies Madame Raymond announces the revival of apron over-skirts, a fashion that has never entirely disappeared here, and is seen on new dresses with short wrinkled full broadths for the slender, whose hips are too slight, or quite long, with low draping, for those who are ore stout, while the diagonal Greek apron is used for all, and is made especially becoming to

slight figures by the addition of the drooping puff about the waist. There are also stylish straight effects given to skirts by having three or four wide pleats down each side opening over a flat front of another material that has bows of ribbon almost covering it. When the short basques are not used with such skirts the pleats are transferred to the front instead of the sides, and the over-dress becomes a sort of demi-polonaise extending in long peplum points quite plain on the hips and low on the skirt, with some soft drapery added to the middle of the back of the skirt to fill the space between the peplum sides. Sleeves slightly bouffant at the top are a decided feature of the new dresses, and there are many very full cuffs and other trimmings around the wrist, but these, as well as lace frills, or the puffs and slashes, must be very soft in order not to destroy the outline of the arm. The basques of Worth's dresses have two or three welting cords on the edges, and are shorter than those made by other dressmakers; they are also broader in the back, with always square corners, but fully pleated and puffed between, and with less attention to linings and facings than others give; indeed, some of his arrangements are eccentric as well as original, for he often displays the selvedges of rich stuffs on conspicuous draperies on the bust or on the front breadths of skirts. To finish the neck and wrists, and to fill the triangular, pointed, or square open necks, soft cream-tinted net like that of fine old Malines lace is used in double puffs, and sometimes very narrow velvet ribbon is run in the top of these to tie them in place. There are also very full frills of three or four rows of crêpe lisse scalloped or in leaf points on the edges for giving a touch of white around the neck, but all these inner trimmings are now very inconspicuous, only a slight glimpse of them being seen above the dress.

A FEW MODELS.

For the afternoon receptions, weddings, and other gayeties that follow Easter, Worth has sent over dresses of brocaded satin in outline leaf patterns of pepita yellow for the basque, with straight side pleats that open over a vest, and flat front of shrimp pink ottoman silk, on which are large bows of chaudron velvet ribbon. The pink ottoman appears also on the outside of the turned-over wired collar, which turns outward as well to show the brocade underneath, and also in the linings of the small tabs on the cuffs, which are doubled under to form loops. Dark copper red satin dresses have all that part of the skirt below the vertugadin puff covered with antique écru lace or a single deep fall of the new canvas embroidery; the becoming surplice folds on the bust are of satin, with the écru lace inside, and at the throat a large tightly tied bow of the satin. Very dark mandarin orange shades of plain satin have the fronts covered with brocades showing foliage of the new blue and green shades. A young lady's dress of strawberry satin has a separate yoke of velvet that may be put inside the low round corsage, and transform it into a high corsage. The very long apron front, pointed to the foot of the skirt, has many wrinkles, and is trimmed with écru lace that looks like an heirloom, but is really very new. Short mantles in visite shape, trimmed with lace, are made of the gay material of these costumes, and are worn with them, and there are shirred bonnets of the same with very full frills of lace on the brim.

NUNS' VEILING DRESSES, ETC.

Plumetis and other brocaded nuns' veiling dresses are made up in combination with the new écru embroideries on canvas, scrim, and muslin; this seems a strange combination, but it is a sea son of incongruous mixtures of materials, for silks and satins are trimmed with these canvas embroideries, velvets are on cotton satteens, and the Japanese foulards drape heavy velvet skirts. Écru and Havana brown grounds, with terra-cotta figures, or brocaded with many olive, pale blue, and red shades, are stylish for nuns' veiling dresses that are made up over a satin Surah skirt of the color most conspicuous in the figures; the veiling is used for a Greek over-skirt, and there is a deep fall of the canvas embroidery that covers all the satin skirt left visible; red velvet bows or rosettes and a vest of the embroidery are on

the simple basque of the figured veiling.

Lovers of novelty who have wearied of white nuns' veiling find much that is new in the pale corn-flower blue shades and the dull red and green tints in which this sheer wool is now imported. Coral, shrimp, and strawberry pink dresses of nuns' veiling, trimmed with darker red velvet ribbon, are liked by young ladies for afternoon receptions, and will be worn in the country in the summer. The reader will find one of the most fashionable designs for such a dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. terial used is checked silk, but the model is liked for wool goods as well; its many loops and rows of velvet ribbon are marked features of new dresses. In the same number of the Bazar a dress of plain and India figured wool shows the arrangement of Greek over-skirts most in favor at present. There is also on the lower half of page 181 a picture of three figures that shows better than any words can describe the rounded Talma cape, the short basque with side-pleated back, the square postilion basque with box pleats, and the graceful manner of draping bouffant over-skirts. The reader who keeps a file of the Bazar can verify these stylish features among the imported spring dresses that will soon be displayed by the modistes.

BRIDEMAIDS' AND GRADUATES' DRESSES.

Grenadine, gauze, China silks, crape, and Surahs are the fabrics chosen for the white dresses to be worn at spring weddings by bridemaids, while the simpler nuns' veiling, India mulls, and French nainsooks are made up into Commence-ment-day dresses for "fair girl graduates." The

white grenadines have armure grounds and new brocaded figures or raised flowers, and are made over satin Surah, and trimmed with silk embroidery or with lace. The short skirts have a wide lambrequin flounce, and there is an apron drapery that is festooned at the lower edge in three deep scallops that cover the front and side gores. and are held in the points between the scallops by crystal-beaded ornaments. The top of this apron is allowed to fall in a soft puff around the hips, and the back is bouffantly draped. The basque is very short, sharply pointed in front, broad and square-cornered behind, and is open in a triangle on the chest below the standing wired collar, which is covered with embroidery or with lace. The elbow sleeves are of the gren adine without lining, and there are two very full frills of lace around them, and a crystal ornament. This is also a pretty model for the crape silk muslin, and gauze dresses; but the Surahs are allowed to fall in large loose pleats below the vertugadin puff on the hips, and this pleat is widely edged with Oriental lace, or with the Vawidely edged with Oriental face, or with the re-lenciennes lace that comes in new designs. Ei-ther silk or satin Surah may be used for bride-maids' dresses. There are jabots of lace on the basque, and full bunchy clusters of lace gathered at the foot as thick as a pleated ruche. Not many flowers are used on these white dresses, because it is the fancy to introduce color by means of colored dresses for bridemaids. Shrimp pink is the favorite color if only one pair of colored dresses is used, but sky blue, salmon, pale mignonette green, and rosy lavender dresses will appear in the bridal procession. The fish-wife poke bonnets of straw braid plaited like baskets, very small capotes of flowers, or large Leghorn hats will be trimmed with velvet the color of the dresses with which they are worn, and both flowers and feathers will be on the large hats. Tulle, embroidered all over with large daisies done in silk floss, with tufts of marabout feathers in the centre of each flower, is draped over white satin Surah dresses; with these the bridemaids will wear short tulle veils with a border of daisies next the hem.

Very sheer mull with sprigs, dots, stars, or other small figures is made up for young girls' dress-es for graduating day. The simplest designs are liked for these; such as a round skirt with three gathered flounces each seven inches deep, with lace three inches broad sewed on the edge; the apron front of the over-skirt represents three hemmed aprons with lace below each hem: a puff behind has long square ends edged with lace in three rows, and there are rosettes or tightly tied long-looped bows of ivory white ribbon on each side. The basque without lining has rows of insertion and lace forming a vest in front, with gathered rows like a fan behind. Or else are surplice folds or gathers from the shoulder to the shirred clusters at the waist line. and frills of lace are in the pointed neck. The sleeves are high and round in the shoulders, extend to the elbows, and have rows of insertion lengthwise or across the sleeve as best suits the arm, and full frills of the lace on the edge. Rosette bows of ribbon are down the front of the basque, above the fan of the back, on each sleeve, and sometimes on the left side of the neck Cream white is chosen instead of chalk white, and there is a preference seen anew for deep tints, almost decided enough to be called écru, which means literally unbleached, but is often applied to light tan-color. Loose flowing box pleats with lace or embroidery on the edge are used for mull dresses when gathered flounces are thought to add too much to the circumference. Wide insertion is placed in the spaces between the

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; James McCreery & Co.; and Stern Brothers.

PERSONAL.

LEADING Cambridge ladies, among whom are Mrs. Agassiz and Miss Longfellow, are securing subscriptions for the Harvard Annex.
—Mr. CHAUNCEY WARNER, who founded the Warner Home for Little Wanderers at St. Al-

bans, Vermont, is about to build and endow a free hospital at that place.

—The life of Margarer Fuller for the series on "American Men of Letters" will be written by Mr. T. W. Higginson, who is now writing his historical sketches for Harper's Magazine in his pleasurt Campridge home. his pleasant Cambridge home.

—The Rev. John Cotton, of Newton, Massachusetts, who was the great-grandson of the great John Cotton, was the great-grandfather of Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, the lately deceased

philanthropist.
—FRANK MILLET, the artist, was a skillful musician while at Harvard, and one of the members of the Pierian Sodality, as also in their day were ohn S. Dwight, Robert S. Winthrop, and

others.

—The sculptor of the bronze statue, lately un-KAMEHAMEHA I., was the late THOMAS R. GOULD, called by some one the SHELLEY of sculptors. The chief wears a feather cloak and helmet, were the distinguishing marks of a Ha

-The celebrated London surgeon Sir Henry Thompson is editing a vegetarian cookery book, he being himself a vegetarian and water-drinker.

—Licutenant Powell, of the Ninth Cavalry,

- Licitehant Powell, of the Ninth Cavairy, is the only ex-Confederate soldier now an officer in the Union army.

—Speaking of the "arm" of Mr. Wiggins's storm, it is hinted that his storms are entirely 'armless.

—ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS was a devoted

—ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS Was a devoted Presbyterian. He revised his own obituary.

—Among the possessions of Chief-Justice Appleton, of Maine, are one hundred thousand acres of good timber land.

—The Comte de Paris is the most modest one

The Comte de Paris is the most modes one of the Orleans family, although their chief. He is shy, and carries his hands in his pockets; he is studious, and lives the life of an intelligent country gentleman. His wife is ambitious.

and unmistakably the granddaughter of Queen Christina. Their only son, Louis Philippe, aged thirteen, took several prizes at a late school examination. There are also three young daugh-

Professor GRANT ALLEN says that wheat ranks, by origin, as a degenerate and degraded

Hily.

Nearly ninety thousand dollars is the amount of Mr. R. R. Springer's gift to the College of

of Mr. R. R. Springer's gift to the College of Music, Cincinnati.

—John G. Whittier writes to an Alabama teacher, whose scholars had a "Whittier Day," "Say to the dear young people under thy charge that, while I loved liberty and hated slavery, I never had any but the kindest feeling toward the people of the South." There is no truth whatever in the current statement that while Whittier retained all his antislavery verses, LOWELL and LONGFELLOW consented to the publication of editions for the South omitting such verses.

-The leader of the extreme Left in the French —The leader of the extreme Lett in the French Chamber of Deputies, Dr. CLEMENCEAU, taught French literature in a Hartford boarding-school at one time, and one of the pupils, Miss PLUMER, of Wisconsin, afterward became his wife.

—Out of half a hundred volunteers to command the expedition soon starting for the relief of Lientenant, Gurrley and his party in the

of Lieutenant GREELEY and his party in the polar regions, the services of Lieutenaut Ernst Garlington have been accepted.

-HUBERT HERKOMER has taken a studio in

Boston, where he is painting the portraits of several Boston gentlemen.

Mrs. H. H. Jackson, accompanied by a lawyer, has gone to the Pacific slope to investigate affairs relating to land titles among the California Delication. nia Indians.

—The Queen offered to receive Mrs. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL privately if, owing to her ill health, she were unable to attend a public Draw-

-ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS never married, but it is reported that the lady he was in love with

it is reported that the lady he was in love with lived to regret her mistake.

—In order to talk with the blind and deaf Kentucky poet Mr. Morrison Heady, who wears a glove upon his hand with the alphabet printed on it, one must spell out one's words by touching the letters ou the glove. He is a fine chess-player.

player.

The press of OWEN LOVEJOY, which the foes of abolition threw into the Mississippi at Alton, Illinois, is in the office of the Belmond Herald.

—Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, owing to threats regarding his personal safety, has a detective living in the house with him. He married a widowed daughter of Mr. MOTLEY.

—As the nucleus for a fund establishing a public library and reading-room in Little Rock.

As the interest for a jund essatining a public library and reading-room in Little Rock, Arkansas, Mr. Henry G. Marquand has given fifty thousand dollars.

—The Queen of Roumania is indifferent about

The Queen of Roumania is indifferent about what sort of fur she wears if it is only gray; the Empress of Russia chooses sable; the Empress of Austria, astrakhan; and the Archduchess Stephanie, otter.

—Wagner's house at Lucerne was filled with poor relations, they say, who came on a visit, and never went away.

—Except a few pictures and statues, nothing at Windsor or Buckingham Palace belongs to the Oueen personally rather than to the crown;

the Queen personally rather than to the crown; but nearly everything at Balmoral and at Osborne is her own.

-Lord Coleringe, Lord Chief Justice of Eng-

Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, is to be the guest of the New York Bar Association in the summer.
 When Li Fu Yen, wife of the ex-Viceroy of the province of Chilli-le, was Ill, her husband sent for Miss Dr. Howard, who is established in Pekin, and is patronized by Chinese titled women.

women.

—M. Renan says he would like to be buried under the palm-trees at Byblas, in Syria, beside

-A fresh bunch of violets is placed on GAM-

BETTA's grave every morning, by order of a Paris journal, and Nice has appointed a special gardener to take care of the grave.

—Prince Thomas, Duke of Genoa, who is about to marry the Princess Isabella of Bavaria, lived in the house of Mrs. MATTHEW ARNOLD when a boy etudying at Harrow. He is avgedingly, the boy studying at Harrow. He is exceedingly shy, but a good sailor, and able to navigate his ship with any officer in the service.

-Mrs. President TYLER dresses her hair precisely as she did when a young bride in the White House.

—The beautiful Mrs. Isham Hornsby, of Washington, has lately become a grandmother, and consequently Judge Jere Black is a greatgrandfather.

-Mr. Inving recently sent Mr. BOUCICAULT an acknowledgment of a gift of American game: "Our verdict is, Perfect. Perfect terrapin; the finest soup known. Canvas-backed ducks ethe-rent"

-Don Alfonso Juarez, nephew of the fa-mons general, President Juarez, of Mexico, was lately found on the road near Sèvres, France, in a starving condition.

—Dr. Bunsen, the German chemist, has been

elected Foreign Associate of the French Acad elected Foreign Associate of the French Academy, one of the highest positions in science, of which there are but eighteen.

—For the discovery of a Northeast Passage, Buron Nordenskjöld, the Scandinavian ex-

plorer, has notified the Dutch Minister at Stock-holm that he intends to claim the reward offered in 1596 by Holland, of twenty-five thou-

-WAGNER left several great volumes of auto-

biography.

—The King of Bayaria has agreed to lend the orchestra and singers of the Munich Court Theatre for performances of Parsifal at Bairenth in July and August next.

-Mr. DARWIN refreshed his mind with Mrs. OLIPHANT's novels, and often said that people did not yet quite appreciate her.

-The gallery in which fifty-one of Mr. WHIS-TLER's etchings are being exhibited in London is hung with golden yellow velvet and lemon yellow and white muslin; there are canary-colored chairs and fawn matting. The catalogue is a collection of the unfavorable criticisms received by the artist, and is printed in yellow, the black and white etchings are in white frames on a wall of white felt. His friends were asked to dress in harmonizing colors at the private view, attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Although many of the pieces have mer-it, the exhibition as a whole is considered rather

Embroidered Inkstand.-Figs. 1 and 2.

This inkstand is faced with olive plush, and furnished with polished brass mountings. The plush on the face of the flap at the front is deco-rated with embroidery in a floral design exe cuted with colored silks and gold thread. This flap is lined with olive satin inside, and pro-vided with loops for holding an eraser, pa-per-knife, and folder. Under it there is a shallow drawer for postal and correspondence cards, and when let down, as shown in Fig. 1, a compartment for paper and envelopes is disclosed. Two crystal ink-wells are let into the top, and between them, in front of the pen-rack, is a space for stamps, the cover of which bears a monogram in gold embroid-ery, executed in satin stitch with Japanese gold. This is a convenient piece of furniture for the library table.



Fig. 3.—Sicilienne Mantle.—Front. [See Fig. 1.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3410: Price, 25 Cents. For pattern and description see Sup-plement, No. VII., Figs. 30-34.



FIRST COMMUNION DRESS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 42-48.



CAMEL'S-HAIR MANTLE.—FRONT. [For Back, see Page 213.]—CUT PATTERN, No. 3411: PRICE, 25 CENTS.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 49 and 50.

foul of their own refoul of their own respective Alfonses and Adolphes, and make these wretched men responsible for the disappointment and humiliation following and hum on their abortive attempt on their abortive attempt at rebellion against au-thority. If they have their young sons with them, they keep up a running fire of what we can only call, for want of a bet-ter word, "nagging," and make the fête, which should have been one of pure enjoyment only, but pure enjoyment only, but a mixed affair to these young martyrs. Perhaps, however, use has blunted their sensibilities to a certain extent, and they can bear the recriminations of "ma mère" with a better grace than our rougher lads would show. The main characteristic of a French crowd is the restless petulance of the wo-men and the acquiescence of the men—the arbitrary authority of the police and the soldiers keeping the ground, and the docility of the people whom they brutalize and command and altogether a quieter, less turbulent, more manageable set of citizens than our own; but, let a

But it



Fig. 2.—Embroidered Inkstand.—Closed.—[See Fig. 1.]



GAUZE AND LACE COLLAR WITH For description see Supplement.

FRENCH AND ITALIAN CROWDS.

FRENCH crowd of ordinary A calibre is much more manageable than an English one. Accustomed to be drilled and used to faire la queue, the people keep well within bounds, and obey the soldiers and gens-d'armes with less trouble and more docility than do the English. The women of a French crowd are infinitely the most difficult portion to control. Petulant and irritable, ac-customed to absolute domestic authority and to the quasi-public life of business, French women are apt to hold themselves superior to law, and the rulers of the base creature man, whose function is to serve and not to command. In a crowd they show themselves but too often selfish, tyrannical, calculating, and irrepressible; and are always ill-tempered and irritating, because irritated. The note of an Euglish crowd is the man's deep bass; that of a French the woman's shrill sharp the They guarred with the gens. of a French the woman's shill sharp treble. They quarrel with the gens-d'armes, and scold when they are brought back from forbidden spaces into their assigned ranks. They fall



Fig. 1.—SICILIENNE MANTLE.—BACK.—[See Fig. 3.] For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 30-34.

Fig. 2.-FOULARD DRESS. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. IV., Figs. 23-25.



VELVET COLLAR AND PLASTRON. For pattern and description see Sup-plement, No. V., Figs. 26-28.

spark once fall among them, and then the restraint to which they subject themselves by long habit and national manners will be where burned tow is-a mere name, no more with a payment to be made to a cer-tain creditor, who generally demands to the last farthing of his dues.

The best-bred crowd of all, the best-tempered and the most genbest-tempered and the most gen-tle, is the Italian. A remonstrance against pressing and pushing, made with courtesy, will procure you in-stant courteous relief. A "conta-dina" will probably protect you if you are a woman, and her husband will yield you his place; and, if you can stand his garlic and do not ob-ject to his ignorance of soap and ject to his ignorance of soap and avoidance of water, he will do his best to make you comfortable, and to see that you are well cared for by to see that you are well cared for by mounting close guard over your person. The people who push and elbow their way in an Italian crowd are mostly the American and English. It is a sad admission to make, but it is the truth. When a well-dressed woman squares her elbows, and sets berself to dishedge you that she may herself to dislodge you that she may take your standing, be sure she is not an Italian. She may be a German, or

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she may be a Frenchwoman, or, more likely than either, a wandering member of the two great English-speaking countries; but she is not an Italian. An Italian, if she wanted to pass you, would say some little word of politeness: "permesso," or "di grazia," or "scusi." She would remember that you were human, and not treat you as if you were a log; but these others would think only of themselves, and you would be to them the were a log; but these others would think only of themselves, and you would be to them the mere obstacle to be pushed aside with no more ceremony than if you were of wood. To their own women Italian men are wonderfully kind. They have the whip-hand of them in all things as yet; and as women are much beloved in Italy, though with very few rights, they get their own way in the end all the same as if they took it and it was not granted. In a crowd they are noticeably quiet. They are not disobedient to authority as the English—not petulant and comauthority as the English—not petulant and com-plaining as the French. They are always accom-panied by men who take care of them, or by some older woman who restrains them. Hence they are a pacific element in an Italian crowd, and are a pacific element in an Italian crowd, and help to the maintenance of order. An Italian crowd, too, is better dressed than an English; and, though destitute of blouses, with more circumstance of costume than the French. The "contadini" and "contadine" give their own value to the rest; and the fondness of the women for bright handkerchiefs and white sleeves helps greatly to the composition of the picture. There is an odd democratic spirit in an Italian crowd greatly to the composition of the picture. There is an odd democratic spirit in an Italian crowd, and a strange mingling of classes not seen elsewhere, as when a gorgeous creature, all in orders and uniform, exchanges "hand-shakes" with a modest citizen meekly standing in a rather dusty and threadbare overcoat, and looking certainly like no one in particular, while you wonder at the familiarity between this resplendent human response, and this barn-door fowl.

peacock and this barn-door fowl.

We repeat it again: the best behaved crowd
of all is the Italian. It is the quietest, the gentlest, the most considerate, the least impatient.
But it is also the most languid and the most But it is also the most languid and the most difficult to rouse to enthusiasm. It smiles, but it does not laugh; it applauds, but it does not cheer; it accepts, but it does not participate; but in its greed after pleasure it neither half stifles you with close pressing, nor half murders you with hard knocks; and it does not forget that you are a woman with less strength than itself, or a man with equal rights, when it cranes its neck to see the show over the shoulders of those who stand in the first ranks, and does not attempt to dispossess the present holders of coigns of vantage that it may put itself in their place.

Hanging Pincushion.

THE case for this pincushion is cut of white muslin in the shell shape shown in the illustration, then is sewed up, and stitched to form five



Fig. 1.—CAMEL'S-HAIR MANTLE BACK.—[For Front, see Page 212.] CUT PATTERN, No. 3411: PRICE, 25 CENTS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 49 and 50.

2.—Cashmere and Satin Mer-VEILLEUX DRESS.—FRONT,—[For Back, see Page 221.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3407: Polonaise and Trimmed SKIRT, 25 CENTS EACH. For description see Supplement.



HANGING PINCUSHION.



CLOTHES-BASKET,

compartments, which are stuffed with sawdust. The outside covering is old-gold satin, that for the top being embroidered in single sprays, one on each scallop. The fleurs-de-lis are worked in shades of pink silk and the stems in olive. Twisted old-gold silk cord is set around the edge and between the scallops, and is formed into a loop by which to hang it. Pompons made of old-gold wool mingled with blue and pink silk finish the scallops and corners as shown in the illustration. scallops and corners as shown in the illustration.

Clothes-Basket.

This ornamental clothes-basket, designed for bedroom use, is stained a light brown color, and decorated with a cretonne hanging and crochet bands and edgings. The hanging consists of a three-cornered piece of figured cretonne, the design of which is outlined in olive tinselled cord, and picked out with fancy stitches in colored silks. It is bordered with a two-inch band of maroon velveteen, on which a vine is embroidered in colored silks, and edged with a crochet lace in olive wool and tinselled cord. To work this lace crochet the first row with a double working thread, one of tinselled cord and one of olive wool, either Germantown or zephyr; crochet alternately 1 ch. (chain stitch) and 1 picot, consisting of 5 ch. and 1 sc. (single crochet) on the first of them; work in this manner until the foundation is long enough, and then add four rounds with wool only, in each of which work a sc. around the next picot and 5 ch. alternately, but widen at the middle of the lace to form a point. The basket is lined with olive cotton satteen, and bands of satteen are drawn in and out through the open stripes in the rounded cover. A crochet vine worked with olive wool and tinselled cord is jet over each of these satteen bands. For each leaf of the vine crochet a foundation of 12 ch., and going back over it, pass the first stitch, and work 1 sc., 1 short double crochet, 2 double crochet, 2 treble crochet, 2 double crochet, 1 short double crochet, and 1 sc. on the next 10 stitches closing with a slip stitch on the lest. stitches, closing with a slip stitch on the last; work another leaf in the same manner to come opposite the first, then 5 ch. for the stem, and proceed with the next pair of leaves, continuing until the band is long enough. For the rosettes fastened on the top and sides of the cover work 7 loops, each composed of 10 ch, and 1 sc, on the first of them, close with 1 sc, on the first stitch of the first loop, and set a ball made of colored wool at the centre. A band similar to the edging at the bottom of the hanging is set like a binding around the edge of the cover, and the upper edge of the basket is studded with small balls in olive wool mingled with brighter colors. Clusters of larger balls festooned with crochet cord are on the sides and feet of the basket and on the



Young Lady's Evening Dress. For description see Supplement.



Cashmere House Dress.—Cut Pattern, No. 3409: Basque, OVER-SKIRT, AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH.





YOLANDE.

[Continued from front page.]

Scotch songs was wide in that district, though it was not every one whom she would honor. And her singing was strangely effective. She had but little of a voice; she crooned rather than sang; but she could give the words a curiously pathetic quality; and she had the natural gift of knowing what particular airs she could make tell.

She laid her hand on Yolande's arm, as if to ask for attention:

"The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blink he had
In my ain countrie.
It's no my ain ruin
That weets ave my e'e,
But the dear Marie I left behind
Wi' sweet bairnies three.'

Ye've no heard that before?"

"Oh no. It is a very sad air. But why Marie?
—that is French."

"Well, ye see, the French and the Scotch were very thick* in former days, and Marie was a common name in Scotland. I am told they spoke nothing but French at Holyrood; and the gentlemen they were all for joining the French

"But is there no more of the song, Mrs. Bell?" "Oh, ay, there are other two verses. But it's no for an auld wife like me to be singing havers."

"Very well, then:

"The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the tree,
But I win back, oh, never,
To my ain countrie.
Gladness comes to many,
Sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countrie.

"Fu' blenly low'd my ain hearth,
And smiled my ain Marie:
Oh, I've left my heart behind
in my ain countrie!
Oh, I'm leal to high heaven,
Which aye was leal to me,
And it's there I'll meet ye a' soon,
Frae my own countrie."

"It is a beautiful air-but so sad," Yolande said. And then she added, slvly, "And now 'Aikendrum.

But Mrs. Bell doggedly refused.

"I tell ye it's no for an auld wife like me to he fashing with such blethers; it's for young lassies when they're out at the herding. And I hope, now, that ye are no likely to put any 'Aikendrum' notions into Mr. Melville's head. him stay where he is. Maybe we'll get him a better stance; in the country-side soon: stranger things have come to pass."

"I?" said Yolande; "is it likely I should wish him to go away? Perhaps you do not know, then, that I am going to live in this neighborhood—no?"

"Oh, indeed; is that possible, noo?" said Mrs.

Bell-and she would say no more. She was herself most kindly and communicable; but always she preserved a certain reserve of manner in a case like this-it was not her "place" to betray curiosity. However, Yolande was quite frank.

"Oh yes," said the young lady, cheerfully. "Of course I must live here when I am married; and of course, too, I look forward to seeing Mr. Melville always. He will be our nearest friend —almost the only one. But it is so difficult to catch him. Either he is in the school, or he is up at the water-wheel-why, this moment, now, to Allt-nam-ba, when the carriage comes, and stay to dine with us."

I wish ye would-eh, I wish ye would, my dear young leddy!" the old dame exclaimed. "For the way he goes on is just distressing. Not a settled proper meal will he sit down to; nothing but a piece of cold meat ave to be standing by.
There it is—in there among they smelling chemical things—day and night there must aye be the same thing on the side table waiting for him— some cold meat, a bit o' bread, and a wee, scrimp-it, half-pint bottle o' that fushionless claret wine that is not one preen point better than vinegar. And then when he gives the bairns a day's holiday, and starts away for Loch-na-lairige—a place that no one has ever won to but the shep-herds—not a thing in his pocket but a piece o' bread and cheese. How he keeps up his strength

a big-boned man like that—passes me. If ye want to anger him, that's the way to do it-compel him to sit doon to a respectable meal, and get the lasses to prepare a few things for him in a clever kind o' way, as ye would get in any Christian house. Well, many a time I think if that's the mainner they train young men at Oxford they would be better brought up at another place. And what is the use of it? His means are far beyond his wants—I take care there is no wastefulness in the housekeeping, for one thing; and even if they were not, is there not my money?-and a proud woman I would be that day that he would take a penny of it."

At this moment the object of these remarks came out of the laboratory—a small building standing at right angles with the house—and he was buttoning his coat as if he had just put it on.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Winterbourne," said he, and he seemed very pleased to see her as he took her hand for a second. "I thought I heard your voice. And I have got a word of approval for

you."
"Oh, indeed?" said she, smiling; for occasionally his school-master air and his condescending frankness amused her.

"I had a look over my herbarium last night: you have been very careful."

"You thought I should not be?"

"I did not know. But if there had been any confusion or mischief done, I should not have

Thick—intimate.
 † The words of this song are by Allan Cunningham;
 the music is an old Celtic air.
 \$tame—holding or position.

mentioned it-no, probably I should have let you have your will; only I would never have allowed any one else to go near the place; so you see you would have been inflicting injury on an unknown number of persons in the future."

"But how wrong not to tell me!" she exclaimed.
"Oh, you have been careful enough. Indeed, you have taken unnecessary trouble. It is quite enough if the different genera are kept separate: it is not necessary that the species should follow in the same order as they are in the Flora. You must not give vourself that trouble again.

"When the dog-cart comes along," said she, "I hope you will drive out with me to Allt-namba, and spend the evening with us."
"You are very kind."

"No, I am scheming," she said. "The truth is, the fish-monger at Inverness has disappointed me-no, no, no, Mrs. Bell, on the whole he has been very good; but this time there is a mistake; and do you think. Mr. Melville, if you were taking your rod you could get me a few trout out of the

loch on the way home? Is it too much to ask?"

He glanced at the sky. "I think we might
manage it," said he, "though it is rather clear. There may be a breeze on the loch; there generally is up there. But what we ought to do is to set out now and walk it; and let the trap pick

us up at the loch. Can you walk so far?"
"I should think so!" said Yolande. "And be delighted too.'

Well, I will go and get my rod and basket. Then as we go along I can tell you the names of any plants you don't know; or answer any questions that may be puzzling you. Don't be afraid to ask. I like it. It helps to keep one's recollections clear. And I never laugh at ignorance; it is the pretense of knowledge that is contempt-

They did not, however, talk botany exclusively as they walked away from Gress on this beauti ful afternoon; for he very speedily discovered that she knew far more about him and his family and his affairs than he could possibly have im-

"The days in Egypt were long," she explained, "and the Master used to tell me all about this neighborhood, until, when I came to it, everything seemed quite familiar."

You have been a great traveller," he said. "Yes, we have travelled about a good deal. And you?"

Not much. I think I am too lazy. The kind of travelling that I enjoy is to sit out in the garden of a summer evening, in an easy-chair, and to watch the sunset, and perhaps the moon slowly rising--"

"But you said travelling," she said.

"Well, you are hurling along at a rate of 68,000 miles an hour; isn't that quick enough for anything ?" he said, laughing.

"It is a cheap way of travelling," said she, with a smile.

"That is why it suits me."

"But you don't see much."
"No! Not when you can watch the stars appear one by one over the hill-tops? Don't you think they are as interesting as the shops in the Palais Royal? They are more mysterious, at all events. It does seem old, you know, when you think of the numbers of human beings all over the world-the small, tiny creatures-sticking up their little tin tubes at the midnight sky, and making guesses at what the stars are made of, and how they came to be there. It is a pathetic kind of thing to think about. I fancy I must try a 'Zulu' and a 'March Brown,'

This startling non sequitur was caused by the fact that by this time they had reached the loch, and that he frequently thought aloud in this fashion, heedless of any incongruity, and heedless also of his companion. He sat down on a lump

of granite, and took out his fly-book.
"Won't you walk on to the lodge, Miss Winterourne?" said he. "I am going to drift down in the boat, and it will be slow work for you."
"I will wait on the bank," said she, "and

watch. Do you not understand that I am seriously interested ?"

"Then you will see whether I get any. It is a sport," he added, as he was selecting the flies, "that there is less to be said against than shooting, I imagine. I don't like the idea of shooting birds, especially after I have missed one or two. Birds are such harmless creatures. But the fish is different—the fish is making a murderous snap at an innocent fly, or what he thinks to be a fly, when a little bit of steel catches him in the very It serves him right, from the moral point

of view. "But surely he is justified in trying to get his dinner," said she. "Just as you are doing now."
"Well, I will put on a jay's wing also," said he, "and if they don't like one or other of those

nice wholesome little dishes, we must try them with something else.'

As it happened, however, the trout seemed disposed to rise to anything, for it was a good fishing afternoon—warm, with a light wind ruffling the surface of the loch. By the time the dogcart came along he had got close on two dozen in his basket, averaging about three to the pound. so that a selection from them would do very well for dinner; and when he got ashore, and got into the trap, Yolande thanked him for them very prettily, while he, on the other hand, said that the obligation was all on his side.

"Why do you not come oftener, then?" she said, as they were driving along up the wide glen.

"I might be depriving some one else of the use

of the boat," he answered. "No, no; how can that be?" she insisted. "They are all day up the hill. Why do you not come to the lock every afternoon, and then come in and spend the evenings with us? Mrs. Bell says you do very wrong about your food, not hav. ing proper meals at proper times. Now we are always very punctual; and if you came in and dined with us, it would teach you good habits."

"You are too kind, Miss Winterbourne," said he. "But please don't think that I have forgotten the invitation you gave me the other night. I could not be so ungrateful as that.'

"And what is the use of remembering, if you do not act on it?" said she; but she could not lecture the school-master any further just then, for they had arrived at the wooden bridge, and she had to let the cob go very cautiously over that primitive

After dinner that evening Mr. Winterbourne begged to be excused for a short time, as he had a letter to write that he wished posted at White-bridge the same night. This was the letter:

"DEAR SHORTLANDS,-I am sending you a couple of brace of birds, and would send you more but that I can see that my future son-in-law regards these bequests with great disfavor; and as it is in my interest that he is trying to make as much as he can out of the shooting, I don't like to interfere with his economical exertions. Prudence in a young man should be encouraged rather than checked. I hope you will not be later than the 20th. I shall be glad to have you here. The fact is, I have been torturing myself with doubts and questions which may appear to you uncalled for. I hope they are uncalled for. Indeed, to all appearance, everything is going on well. Yolande is in the brightest spirits, and is delighted with the place, and young Leslie seems very proud of her and affectionate. The only thing is whether I should not have put the whole facts of the case before him at the outset, and whether I am not bound in honor to do so now before the serious step of marriage is taken. don't know. I am afraid to do it, and afraid of what might happen if I remain silent. There is a young man here, a Mr. Melville, who was Leslie's tutor, and who remains his intimate associate and friend. He is very highly respected about here, and, as I judge, seems to deserve the high opinion every one has of him. What I am thinking of now is the propriety of laying the whole affair before him, as Leslie's nearest friend. He knows the other members of the family also. could trust him to give an honest opinion; and if he, knowing all the circumstances of the case, and knowing Leslie, and the ways of the family, were to think it unnecessary to break silence, then I might be fairly justified in letting the thing be as it is. Do you not think so? But you will answer this question in person—not later than the 20th, I hope.
"For a long time I thought that if only Yo-

lande were married and settled quietly in the country there would be no further need for anxiety; but now I can not keep from speculating on other possibilities, and wondering whether it would not be better to prevent any future ground of complaint and consequent unhappiness by telling the whole truth now. Surely that might be done without letting Yolande know. Why should she ever know?

"If you can leave on the night of the 18th, you will reach Inverness next forenoon, and catch the 3 r.m. boat down the Caledonian Canal. Most likely you will find Yolande waiting for you at the pier; she likes driving. Our prospects for the 20th are fairly good; there is more cover for black game up those mountainous corries than I could have expected. We shoot all we find, as they don't stop here through the winter. On the 12th we had sixty-eight brace grouse, one ptarmigan, one snipe, and a few mountain hares; on the 13th, seventy-one brace grouse, and also some hares: vesterday it was wet and wild, and we only went out for an hour or so in the afternoonnine brace; to-day was fine, and we got sixty-two brace grouse and one and a half brace ptarmigan. Young Leslie is about the best all-round shot I have ever seen—cool and certain. I think I get more nervous year by year; but then he is a capital hand at redeeming mistakes, and that gives one a little more confidence. A stag and three hinds passed close by the lodge late last night—at least so the shepherds say.

I know you won't mind my asking you to bring some little trifle or other for Yolande, just to show that you were thinking of her. She will

meet you at Fovers pier.
"Yours faithfully, G. R. WINTERBOURNE."

CHAPTER XXII.

"IN WALD UND AUF DER HEIDE."

NEXT morning there was a sudden call on Mr. Winterbourne to dismiss these fears and anxieties. The little community away up there in the solitude of the hills was suddenly thrown into violent commotion. A young gillie who had been wandering about had come running back to the bothy, declaring that he had seen a stag go into the wood just above the lodge; and of course the news was immediately carried to the house, and instantly the two gentlemen came out-Mr. Winterbourne eager and excited, the Master of Lynn not quite so sure of the truth of the report. Duncan, to tell the truth, was also inclined to doubt; for this young lad had until the previous year been a deck hand on board the Dunara Castle, and knew a great deal more about skarts and sea-gulls than about stags. Moreover, the shepherds had been through the wood this same morning with their dogs. However, it was de-termined, after much hurried consultation, not to miss the chance if there was a chance. day, in any case, threatened to turn out badly the clouds were coming closer and closer down to drive this wood would be a short and practicable undertaking that would carry them on conveniently to lunch-time. And so it was finally arranged that Mr. Winterbourne should go away by himself to a station that he knew, command ing certain gullies that the stag, if there was a stag, would most likely make for; while the Master would stay behind, and, after a calculated in-

terval, go through the wood with Duncan and the

In the midst of all this Miss Yolande suddenly made her appearance, in a short-skirted dress, thick boots, and deer-stalker's cap.

"What do you want?" her father said, abruptly, and with a stare.

"I am going with you," was her cool answer.
"Indeed you are not."

'Why not, then?" "Women going deer-stalking!" he exclaimed.

'What next?' "Can I not be as quiet as any one? Why should I not go with you? I have climbed the hill many times, and I know very well where to

"Go spin, you jade, go spin!" her father said, as he shouldered the heavy rifle, and set off on the long and weary struggle up the hill.

Yolande turned to the Master

Is he not unkind!" she said, in a crest-fallen

way.
"If I were you," said he, laughing, "I would

"Should I do any harm? Is it possible that

I could do any harm?" she asked, quickly.
"Not a bit of it. What harm could you do?
There is room for a dozen people to hide in that place; and if you keep your head just a little bit above the edge, and keep perfectly still, you will see the whole performance in the gully below. If there is a stag in the wood, and if I don't get a shot at him, he is almost sure to go up through the gullies. You won't scream, I suppose? And don't move: if you move a finger he will see you. And don't tumble into too many moss-holes, Yolande, when you are crossing the moor. And don't break your ankles in a peat-hag. And don't topple over the edge when you get to the

"Do you think you will frighten me? No; I am going as soon as papa is out of sight."

"Oh, you can't go wrong," said he, good-na-

turedly. "The only thing is, when you get to the top of the hill, you might go on some three or four hundred yards before crossing the moor, so as to keep well back from the wood.

"Oh yes, certainly," said Yolande. "I understand very well."

Accordingly, some little time thereafter, she set out on her self-imposed task; and she was fully aware that it was a fairly arduous one. Even here at the outset it was pretty stiff work; for the hill rose sheer away from the little plateau on which the lodge stood, and the ground was rugged in some parts and a morass in others, while there was an abundance of treacherous holes where the heather grew long among the rocks. But she had certain landmarks to guide her. At first there was a sheep track; then she made for two juniper bushes; then for certain conspicuous bowlders; then, higher up, she came on a rough and stony face where the climbing was pretty difficult; then by the edge of a little hollow that had a tree or two in it; and then, as she was now nearly at the top, and as there was a smooth bowlder convenient, she thought she would sit down for a minute to regain her breath. Far below her the lodge and its dependencies looked like so many small toyhouses; she could see the tiny figures of human beings moving about; in the perfect silence she could hear the whining of the dogs shut up in the kennel. Then one of those miniature figures waved something white; she returned the signal. Then she rose and went on again; she crossed a little burn; she passed along the edge of some steep gullies leading away down to the Corrie-anthat is, the Corrie of the Horses; and finally, after some further climbing, she reached the broad, wide, open, undulating moorland, from which nothing was visible but a wilderness of bare and bleak mountain-tops, all as silent as the

She had been up here twice or thrice before; but she never came upon this scene of vast and voiceless desolution without being struck by a sort of terror. It seemed away out of the world. And on this morning a deeper gloom than usual hung over it; the clouds were low and heavy: there was a brooding stillness in the air. She was glad that some one had preceded her: the solitude of this place was terrible.

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And now as she set out to cross the wild moorland she discovered that that was a much more serious undertaking than when she had a friendly hand to lend her assistance from time to time. This wide plain of moss and bog and heather was intersected by a succession of peat-hags, the oozy black soil of which was much more easy to slide down into than to clamber out of. The Master of Lynn had taught her how to cross these hags: one step down, then a spring across, then her right hand grasped by his right hand, then her elbow caught by his left hand, and she stood secure on the top of the other bank. But now, as she scrambled down the one side, so she had to scramble up the other, generally laying hold of a bunch of heather to help her; and as she was anxious not to lose her way, she made a straight course across this desert waste, and did not turn aside for drier or smoother ground, as one better acquainted with the moor might have done. However, she struggled on bravely. The first chill struck by that picture of desolation had gone. She was thinking more of the deer now. She hoped she would be up in time. She hoped her father would get a chance. And of course she made perfectly certain that if he did get a chance he would kill the stag; and then there would be a joyful procession back to the lodge, and a rare to-do among the servants and the gillies, with perhaps a dance in the evening to the

skirl of Duncan's pipes.

All at once a cold wind began to blow; and about a minute thereafter she had no more idea of where she was than if she had been in the middle of the Atlantic. The whole world had been suddenly shut out from her; all the could



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see was a yard or two, either way, of the wet moss and heather. This gray cloud that had come along was raw to the throat and to the eyes; but it did not deposit much moisture on her clothes; its chief effect was the bewilderment of not seeing anything. And yet she thought she ought to go on. Perhaps she might get out of it. Perhaps the wind would carry it off. And so she kept on as straight as she could guess, but with much more caution, for at any moment she might fall into one of the deep holes worn by the streams in the peut, or into one of the moss-holes where the vegetation was so treacherously green

But as she went on and on, and could find nothing that she could recognize, she grew afraid, Moreover, there was a roaring of a water-fall somewhere, which seemed to her louder than any-thing she had heard about there before. She be-gan to wonder how far she had come, and to fear that in the mist she had lost her direction, and might be in the immediate neighborhood of some dangerous precipice. And then, as she was looking all round her helplessly, her heart stood still with fright. There, away in that vague pall that encompassed her, stood the shadow, the ghost, of an animal, a large, visionary thing, motionless and noiseless, at a distance that she could not compute. And now she felt sure that that was the stag they were in search of; and, strangely enough, her agony of fear was not that she might by accident be shot through being in the neighborhood of the deer, but that she might by some movement on her part scare it away. She stood motionless, her heart now beating with excitement, her eyes fixed on this faint shade away in there, in the grav. It did not move; she did not move. She kept her hands clinched by her side, so that she should not tremble. She dared not even sink into the heather and try to hide there. But the next moment she had almost screamed; for there was a hurried rushing noise behind her, and as she (in spite of herself) wheeled round to face this new danger, a troop of phantoms went flying by—awful things they appeared to be until, just as they passed her, she recognized them to be humble and familiar sheep. Moreover, when she saw and familiar sheep. Moreover, when she saw that other animal out there disappear along with them-the whole of them looming large and mysterious in this cloud-world-she made sure that that had been a sheep-also, and she breathed more freely. Must not these animals have been disturbed by her father? Ought she not to make back in the direction from which they had come?
To go any further forward she scarcely dared; the roar of water seemed perilously near.

As she thus stood, bewildered, uncertain, and full of a nameless dread, she saw before her a strange thing—a thing that added amazement to her terror-a belt of white like a water-fall that seemed to connect earth and sky. It was at an unknown distance, but it appeared to be perfectly vertical, and she knew that no such stupendous water-fall had she either seen before or heard of. That, then, that white water, was the cause of the roaring noise. And then she bethought her of a saying of Archie Leslie that tales were told of people having gone into this wilderness and never baving been heard of again; but that there was one sure way of escape for any one who got astray —to follow any one of the streams. That, he had said, must sooner or later lead you down to Alltnam-ba. But when she thought of going away over to that white torrent, and seeking to follow its course down through chasm after chasm, she shuddered. For one who knew the country intimately-for a man who could jump from bowlder to bowlder, and swing himself from bush to bush —it might be possible; for her it was impossible. Nor was there the slightest use in her trying to go back the way she came. She had lost sense of direction; there was nothing to give her a clew; she was absolutely helpless.

But fortunately she had the good sense to stand still and to consider her position with such calmness as she could muster; and that took time; and during this time, insensibly to herself, the clouds around were growing thinner. Then she noticed that the upper part of that awe-inspiring torrent had receded very considerably-that the white line was no longer vertical, but seemed to stretch back into the distance. Then the moorland visible around her began to grow more extended. Here and there faint visions of hills appeared. And then a flood of joyful recognition broke over her. That awful torrent was nothing but the familiar Allt-cam-ban,* its brawling white stream not vertical at all, but merely winding down from the far heights of the hills. She had come too far, certainly; but now she knew that the gullies she was in search of were just behind her, and that her father's hiding-place was not more than three hundred yards distant. The cloud that had encompassed her was now trailing along the face of the hill opposite her; the gloomy landscape was clear in all its features. With a light heart she tripped along, over heather, across hags, through sopping moss, until behind a little barricade which Nature had formed at the summit of precipice overlooking certain ravines __ a little box, as it were, that looked as if it had been dug out for the very purpose of deer-slaying-she found her father quietly standing, and cautiously peering over the ledge.

When he heard her stealthy approach he quickly turned; then he motioned her to stoop down and come to him. This she did very cautiously and breathlessly, and presently she was standing beside him, on a spot which enabled her to look down into the gullies beneath. These certainly formed a most admirable deer-trap, if ever there was one. The place consisted of a series of little hills or lumps, probably not more than 150 feet in height, with sheer smooth slopes, here and there lightly wooded, but mostly covered with heather. The gullies between those lumps, again, came to a point in a ravine just underneath where Yolande was standing; so that, whichever

way the deer came, they were almost certain to make up the steep face just opposite this station, and so give the rifleman an excellent chance. Yolande took out her housekeeper's note-book,

and wrote on the fly-leaf: "Have you seen anything?"

He shook his head, and motioned to her to put the book away. It was not a time for trifling. If there were a stag in the unseen woods beyond it might make its sudden appearance in this silent little ravine at any moment, and might make for the top by some quite unexpected track. He kept his eyes on the watch all along the gullies; but his head was motionless. Yolande too was eager and anxious—but only for a while. As time passed she grew listless. This solitude seemed always to have been a solitude. There was no sign of life in it. Doubtless the young lad had been deceived. And then she grew to thinking of the strange sight she saw in the mist, when the waters of the Allt-cam-ban seemed to be one foaming white vertical torrent.

Then a shock came to her eyes-a living thing suddenly appeared in that empty solitude; and at once she clinched her hands. She knew what was expected of her. She remained rigid as a stone; she would not even raise her head to see if her father saw. She kept her eyes on this startling feature in the landscape; she held her breath; she was mainly conscious of a dim fear that this animal that was coming over that hillock at such a speed was not a deer at all, but a fox. It was of a light reddish-brown color. Then it had not come up any of the gullies, as she had been told to expect; it had come right over the top of the little hill, with a long, sinuous stride; and now it was descending again into the ravine But here she saw it was a deer. Once out of the long heather, and coming nearer too, it was clear that this was a deer. But surely small? Where were the great horns? Or was it a hind? She knew rather than saw that her father twice aimed his rifle at this animal, whatever it was, as it sped across an open space at the bottom of the ravine. Of course all this happened in a few seconds, and she had just begun to think that the animal had horns, and was a roebuck, when the lithe, red, sinuous, silent object disappeared altogether behind a ridge. Still she did not move She did not express disappointment. She would not turn her head.

Then she knew that her father had quickly passed her and jumped on to a clump of heather whence he could get a better view. She followed. The next thing she saw, clear against the sky, and not more than a hundred and twenty yards off, was the head of a deer, the horns thrown back, the nostrils high in the air. The same instant her father fired; and that strange object (which very much frightened her) disappeared. She saw her father pause for a second to put a fresh cartridge in his rifle, and then away he hurried to the place where the deer had passed; and so she thought she might now safely follow. She found her father searching all about, but more particularly studying the peat-

hags. "I do believe I hit him," he said (and there was considerable vexation in his tone). "Look about, Yolande. He must have crossed the peat somewhere. If he is wounded, he may not have gone far. It was only a roebuck—still—such a chance! Confound it, I believe I've missed him

He was evidently grievously mortified, and she was sorry, for she knew he would worry about it afterward; smaller trifles than that made him fidget. But all their searching was in vain. The peat-hags here were narrow: a frightened deer would clear them.

'If he is wounded, papa, Duncan and the dogs

"Oh no," said he, moodily; "I believe I missed him clean. If he had been hit he couldn't have got away so fast. Of course it was only a buck—still—"

"But, papa, it was a most difficult shot. I never saw any creature go at such a pace; and you only saw him for a moment."

"Yes, and for that moment he looked as big as a cow against the sky. Nobody but an idiot could have missed the thing."

"Oh, you need not try to make me believe you are a bad shot," said she, proudly. "No. Every one knows better than that. I know what Mr. Leslie tells me. And I suppose the very best shot in the world misses sometimes."

"Well, there is no use waiting here," said he. "Of course there was no stag. The stag that idiot of a boy saw was this rocbuck. If there were a stag, the noise of the shot must have driven him off. Why the mischief I did not fire when he was crossing the gully I don't understand! I had my rifle up twice—"

"Papa," said she, suddenly, "what is that?" She was looking away down into the ravine beneath them—at a dusky red object that was lying in a patch of green brackan. He followed

the direction of her eves. "Why, surely-yes, it is, Yolande-that is the buck; he must have fallen backward and rolled right down to the bottom-"

"And you said you were such a bad shot,

'Oh, that is no such prize," he said (but he spoke a good deal more cheerfully); "what I wonder is whether the poor beast is dead; I suppose he must be.'

"There they come-there they come-look!" she said; and she was far more excited and delighted than he was. "There is the red gillie at the top, and Duncan coming along by the hollow—and there is Archie—"

She took out her handkerchief and waved it in the air.
"Don't, Yolande," said he. "They'll think

we've got a stag."

"We've got all the stag there was to get," said she, proudly. "And you said you were not a

good shot—to shoot a roebuck running at such a

"You are the most thorough-going flatterer Yolande," he said, laughing (but he was very much pleased all the same). "Why, he wasn't going at all just at the crest—he stopped to sniff the

"But you could only have seen him for the fiftieth part of a second: isn't that the same as running?"

As this moment a voice was heard from below where a little group of figures had collected round the buck. It was the Master of Lynn who was looking up to them.

"A very fine head, sir," he called.
"There, didn't I tell you?" she said, proudly, though she had never told him anything of the kind. And then in the excitement of the moment she forgot she had never revealed to her father that little arrangement about the whiskey that the Master had suggested to her.

"Duncan," she called down to them. "Yes, miss."

"When you go back home, you will let the

beaters have a glass of whiskey each."
"Very well, miss," he called back; and then he proceeded with the slinging of the buck round the shoulders of the red-headed gillie.

"Archie," she called again. "Yes."

"If you are back at the lodge first, wait for us. We shall be there in time for lunch."
"All right."

She was very proud and pleased as they trudged away home again over the wild moorland. For her part she could see no difference between a roedeer and a red-deer, except that the former (as she declared) was a great deal pleasanter to eat, as she hoped she would be able to show them. And was it not a far more difficult thing to hit a deer of the size of a roebuck than to hit a stag as tall as a horse?

"Flatterer, flatterer," he said, but he was mightily well pleased all the same; and indeed to see Yolande gay and cheerful like this was of itself quite enough for him; so that for the time he forgot all his anxieties and fears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[From Our Own Correspondent,]

WE are in the midst of preparations for the spring season, when, in imitation of London, all the Parisian elegance is displayed at balls, concerts, races, and expositions, which furnish so many occasions to exhibit the richest toilettes, with a description of some of which we will be

A very elegant dress by Worth is wholly in the Sara Bernhardt style. The dress, which is made with a train, has a skirt of bleu-lac faille, covered with double tulle, which is also blue. The front is finished on the bottom with a pleating of blue satin, surmounted by a butterfly ruche of talle. The over-skirt is of tulle embroidered with silver spangles and sprinkled with Russian violets; this is draped in two lambrequin points, and is edged with a fringe of violets and slender leaves. Large roses with leaves are set on the three drapings. The train of faille, covered with tulle embroidered with silver and sprinkled with violets, is trimmed with quilles of satin and bordered with a butterfly ruche. The Middle Age corsage, of épinglé velvet, is trimmed on the bottom and around the low neck with a fringe of violets. The sleeves are simply a large bouffant knot, half of tulle and half of épinglé velvet; one of them is trimmed with large roses. A cache-peigne of violets, with a large rose on one side, is worn in the hair.

We have also seen a very beautiful toilette for a middle-aged lady, of changeable light and dark heliotrope satin, with immense flowers (which are seen now of prodigious size, looking like those used for furniture covers) of copper-colored bouclé velvet, mixed with pale heliotrope satin. The satin tablier is entirely covered with black lace mixed with gilt. The skirt and train are of brocade satin, the train being of demi-length, square at the bottom, and falling over an extension of satin, covered with black lace, puffed, and mixed with jet. Habit-waist of brocade satin, with a satin plastron covered with black lace. Sleeves three-quarters long, covered with puffed lace, and pelerine collar of brocade satin. This dress is extremely elegant.

Although no color may be said to predominate. red is in great favor for the moment; in open carriages there are even seen redingotes of bright red cisclé velvet, with bonnets of the same shade. There are numerous spencers, corsages, and jackets of red velvet or plush; for example, a jacket of red plush, of a medium shade, worn with a skirt of white wool, bordered with a pleating of red velvet, over which falls a scanty flounce, trimmed with nine rows of red velvet, two fingers wide, is very effective. With this are worn paniers and pouf of white wool.

Tabliers of latticed chenille, with several rows of curled fringe, are very much in vogue, and are extremely pretty over a foundation of red or old gold silk. A jacket and over-skirt, either of black brocade or cisclé velvet, complete the costume There is a revival, in a modified form, of the old apron over-skirt, of plain stuff over a skirt with figures or many colored stripes, or else the reverse; that is, with the jacket and over-skirt of fine striped wool, and the skirt of plain material to match, with two deep flounces trimmed

with striped bands.

We have passed the time when each season had its special fabric; to-day everything is worn almost at all seasons; velvet is accepted through the whole spring even as a full suit, and wool stuffs are worn at all times. A very pretty wool stuff is a rather light old blue cashmere sprinkled with large black and white swallows; this used for the over-skirt, with a plain blue jacket, and a perfectly straight skirt of plush of the same shade of blue, forms a strikingly handsome costume, ad-

mirably adapted for cool days in summer. Street dresses usually have perfectly flat skirts, trimmed around the bottom with pleatings if they are partly covered with a scarf over-skirt; otherwise the skirt is laid in broad lengthwise pleats. It will be readily comprehended that these combinations of different stuffs and trimmings, which form the chief characteristic of the fashions now in vogue, give great facilities for utilizing dresses which are partly worn out. For children, above all, nothing can be more convenient; Scotch plaids, bright-colored striped stuffs, and velvets can be used up to the last scrap for bias folds, bands, plastrons, searfs, etc. For example, a child's dress of the newest fashion can be arranged thus: half-long princesse waist, finished on the bottom with a pleating, forming a skirt, and opening in front over a shirred or pleated plastron, widening toward the bottom; the plastron may be edged by a double fold of Scotch plaid, which passes over the shoulders and across the back, and widens in the lower part, terminating in a very broad sash of Scotch plaid, which is tied behind in a double bow. A favorite style for children's dresses is a skirt either kilt-pleated or trimmed with narrow flounces.

Sarrow skirts of very light muslin or nainsook embroidered in plumetis or with English embroid-ery, some with large squares, alternately opaque and transparent, and others with broad stripes of embroidery arranged in spirals, will be much worn next summer over silk skirts of the same width. The bottom will be trimmed with silk ruches or Empire puffs; the small short paniers will also be of silk, and the corsage will be of muslin covered with embroidery, and worn over a silk foundation.

For evening a profusion of white silk muslin or lace is worn on the front of the corsage. favorite style is the Fedora plastron, which is very broad, and is pleated at the neck, and fastened to the waist by a ribbon bow, from which it falls four or five inches below the waist. misettes of point-d'esprit tulle, with half-long sleeves, trimmed on the bottom and likewise on the neck with a tulle ruche, are also much in vogue, to be worn with a corselet of silk or velvet.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NELLIE F. G .- "Kensington stitch" is the one frequently illustrated in the Bazar under the name of 'stem stitch." It is fully described in Bazar No. 19,

Mrs. E. A. H.—Two designs for porticres, which need not be expensive, were given in *Bazar* No.52, Vol. XV. The colors and materials can be changed to

Buit the surroundings,
A Subsortisks.—Most people place the knife and fork on the plate. But at a dinner where much ceremony is used no one passes his plate; the servant brings the tood to the guest. It is not improper at an informal dinner to hold the knife and fork in one hand while passing the plate.

Virginia.—By no means. Young ladies do not have letters are used on leaving town or on going to Eu-

IGNORANUS .- If you are unable to call, through any

Cause, it is proper to send your card.

Mrs. A. Stratton.—You can keep your husband's name, and send cards with a deep mourning border to all whose acquaintance you wish to keep, six months after your loss.

M. W. E.-Get the repped ottoman silk, and make ith a basque sharply pointed in front and box-pleated behind. Have the front and side breadths in panels

panels, and short full drapery on the back breadths.

B. H.—Watteau polonaises are more used for house dresses of elegant and rather fauciful materials than for a black cashmere suit for the street. You will find new designs for spring dresses in late numbers of Harper's Bazar,

MISS STELLA A .- Any number of Vol. XV. of the Bazar can be furnished you for 10 cents.

Parthenia.—A young widow in deep mourning wears dresses of soft wool goods trimmed with folds of the same or of English crape. Henrietta cloth, imperial serge, and tamise cloth are the fabrics most used for such dresses. She may wear black lisse pleatings, or white lisse or organdy collars and cuffs. The only ornament is a black onyx breastpin, and per-

haps a watch chain of onyx also.

Mrs. Parker.—White ottoman silk is not suitable for a church dress, but you might find the green shades that you mention more appropriate.

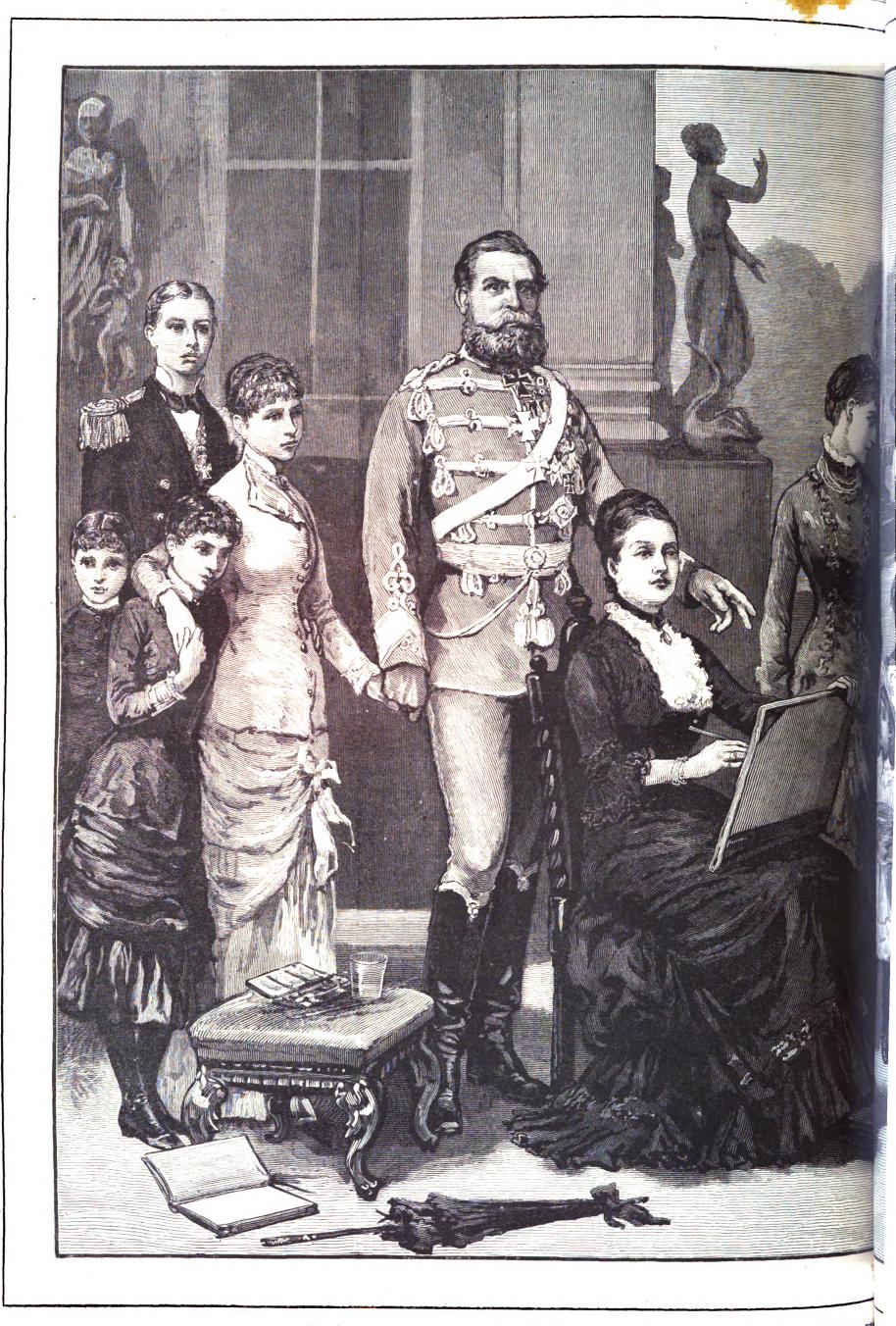
MOTHER'S DRESSMAKER.-The black cloth dress will be handsome enough if merely stitched and box-pleated, but you can have soutache braiding if you

GRETCHES .- Your visiting-card should be plain cardboard, with your name engraved in script, and you should not have your Christian name put in if you are the eldest daughter. "Miss Smith, Miss Louisa Smith," would be the proper form for two sisters. If you are in mourning, have a narrow black border to your card. Never have a card engraved "Louisa B. Smith"; always prefix "Miss,"

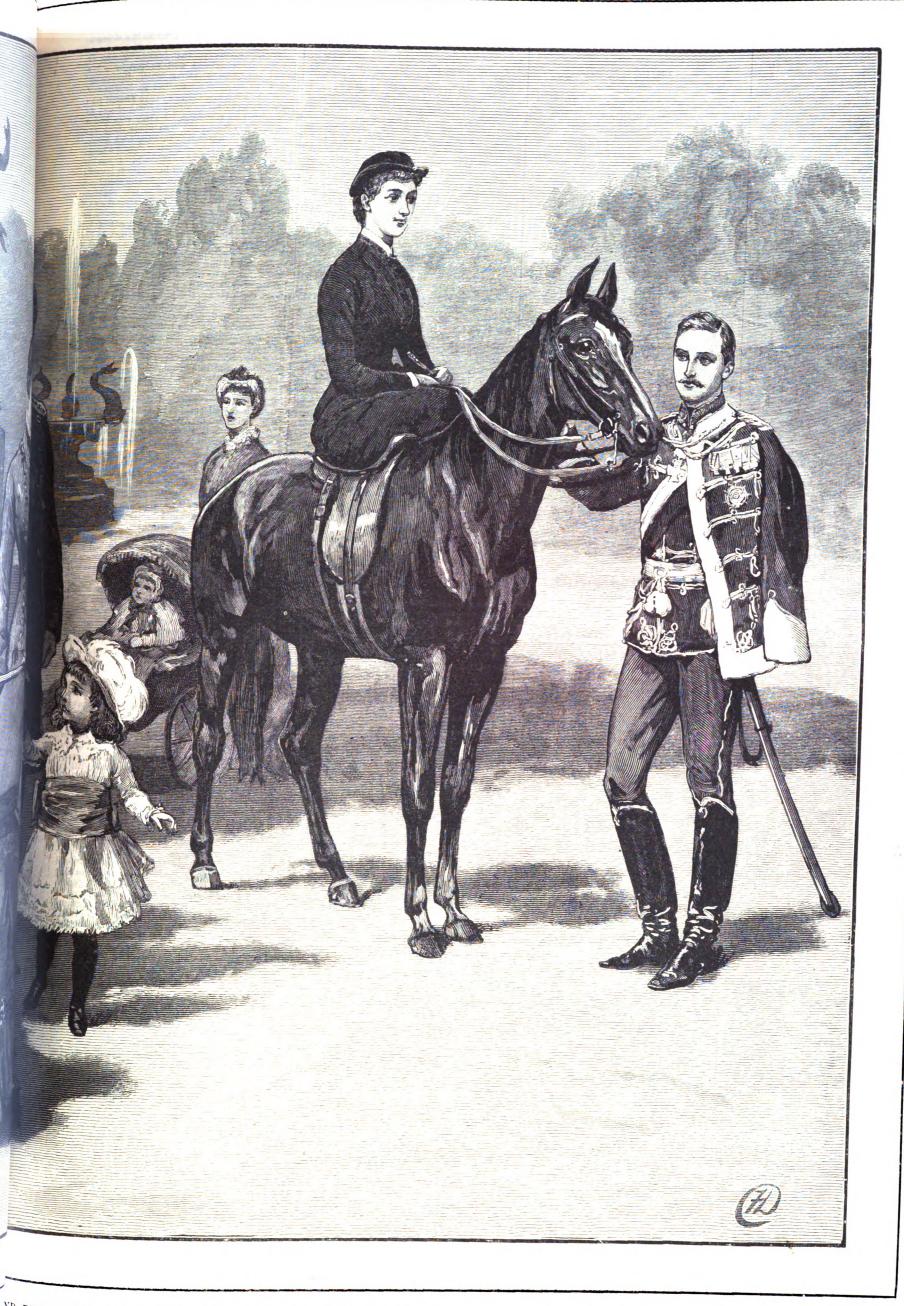
SUNNYSIDE.-Always sign your name "Mary L. Brown" if you write in the first person. If you address a stranger, write in the third person. It is of no consequence whether your stranger correspondent knows if you are married or not. Mrs. R. H. P .- Get white basket cloth for an infant's

cloak. The Ugly Girl Papers originally appeared in the Bazar, and are now sold in a bound volume for \$1. A recipe for staining wood a dark mahogany is as follows: To 15 grams of alkanet-root chips add 30 grams of pulverized aloes, 30 grams of dragon's-blood, and 500 grams of 95-per-cent, alcohol, the whole to be placed in a glass vessel, covered with a bladder, kent in a warm place for three or four days, with frequent shaking, and subsequently filtered. The wood is first stained with dilute nitric acid, and after drying it is treated with the above extract until the desired that is obtained. It is then to be dried, oiled, and polished. This is said to be especially saitable for floors. A light mahogany stain is produced in the same manner, excepting that a single application is sufficient. By the use of acetate of iron the appearance of the fibres of the genuine mahogany can be reproduced.

^{*} The White Winding Water.



THE SILVER WEDDING AT BERLIN-THE IMPERIAL CROWN PAGE



ND PRINCESS OF GERMANY AND THEIR FAMILY.—[See Page 218.]

THE SILVER WEDDING AT BERLIN.

THE silver wedding of the heir to the imperial throne of Germany and the daughter of England was to have been celebrated on the 25th of January, the date of the marriage, but was deferred till the 28th of February on account of the death of the Prince Charles of Prussia, the Emperor's brother. The splendor and enthusiasm with which the event was celebrated is a strong proof of the esteem in which the heirs to the German crown are held. The Crown Prince and Princess are regarded as the hope of liberalism. They are supposed to hold views in consonance neither with the Empress nor with her adversary Bismarck, the Princess especially having no sympathy with the bigoted entourage of the Empress Augusta. They have given their court an English aspect, and have laid aside the military stiffness which the Emperor loves. Prince Frederick William of Prussia, born October 18, 1831, was married in London on the 25th of January, 1858, to the Princess Royal of England. They have six children; the oldest is Frederick William Victor, born June 27, 1859, and married February 27, 1881, to Victoria, the daughter of Duke Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein. He stands in our picture on the right hand of the spectator, holding his wife's horse, while their son, another Frederick William, is seen on a perambulator in the background. The second of the Crown Prince's family is Charlotte, who was married on the 18th of February, 1878, to Bernard, Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen. They stand with their four-year-old daughter in the centre. There is no difficulty in recognizing the father and mother of the family. The Princess is represented with a drawing-book, because she is well known as an accomplished artist, and has sent to the London Water-color Exhibition pieces which the Times called "fine." Next to the Crown Princess is Henry, born August 14, 1862, who is a lieutenant in the navy, and a group of young girls-Victoria, born April 12, 1866, Sophia, born January 14, 1870, and Margaret, born April 22, 1872.

On the night of the ball at the palace the proceedings were opened by a brilliant procession in costume, and several quadrilles danced by couples in mediæval dress. The White Saloon blazed with one hundred electric lights and ten thousand wax candles, which produced a dazzling effect as the combined rays were reflected from the picturesque attire and magnificent jewels of the throng. At nine o'clock Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" announced the entrance of the imperial procession. The aged Emperor escorted the Queen of Saxony, and then came the Crown Prince in the white uniform of the Pomeranian Cuirassiers, and his wife in a magnificent dress of white damask, a coronet of diamonds, and all her eight orders of chivalry. The Emperor and the Prince and Princess took their seats on the throne, around which were grouped the Prince of Wales in his crimson uniform, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the King of Saxony, the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, and a crowd of princely and noble guests. When these spectators had taken their seats the trumpets announced the arrival of the first costume procession. Fourteen heralds preceded it, and as it passed the throne a gigantic youth stepped forward and recited an ode in praise of the "Flower of England." The next party to enter was the "Masque of the Kaiser Frederick." The Emperor was personated by the Duke of Hesse, and Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy by the Prince and Princess Albert of Prussia. In the train of these personages came hundreds of knights and ladies in costumes of strict historical accuracy, designed by Professor Von Heyden, the most competent authority on costume. The "Masque of the Minnesingers" followed, in which the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the daughter-inlaw of the Crown Prince, was borne into the hall as the Queen of Love, in a triumphal car bright with flowers, and attended by sixty minstrels and pages, whose flower-tipped wands formed a bower over her when the car stopped. The "dance of love," a quaint old Branle, was performed by sixteen couples, who tripped around their Queen.

In honor of the English Princess the next pageant was that of "Queen Elizabeth," preceded by the English heralds and six beef-eaters. The Countess of Stolberg-Wernigerode represented the Virgin Queen, and some of the spectators were ungallant enough to say that the resemblance went further than the dress of velvet and silver with its high jewelled ruff, and extended to the features. She was followed by representatives of the statesmen, warriors, and writers who made Elizabeth's reign as noteworthy in England as that of Maximilian in Germany. A quadrille of sixteen, led by Prince William of Prussia and ictoria, was performed by music the Princess V composed by Queen Elizabeth herself, and followed by a quadrille of the time of the Great Elector. The Berlin artists next appeared in raiment of marvellous picturesqueness, and presented the royal pair with a vase made out of color tubes. The splendid ceremony ended by the Queen of Love descending from her car and giving a bouquet to the Princess.

The presents offered to the Crown Prince and Princess were too numerous to specify. They themselves exchanged gifts, the Prince giving his portrait in Van Dyck costume, the Princess a mar-ble bust of herself. The English royal family presented her with a copy of a painting by Copley, representing the daughters of George III. other presents was a grand piano by Bechstein, the case being in the Louis Quinze style, with white panels, and carved-work of flowers. From all parts of England presents were sent to the Princess, and from every royal or imperial personage in Europe. The number and costliness of the gifts would have been much greater had not the Prince requested that the sums raised should be devoted to various charities.

IONE STEWART.*

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KRMHALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LIKAM DUNDAS," "UN LORD?" "MY LOVE," ETG. UNDER WHICH

CHAPTER X.

IN THE SUNNY SOUTH,

THE neighborhood which had accepted its handsome young doctor with reluctance now parted from him with regret, which soon deepened till it reached down to blame. By this time people had got used to him, and they did not like the trouble of getting used to any one else. And as all men are prone to find a moral fault in an unpleasant circumstance, the Oakhurst world, following the general law, spoke of St. Claire's touched lung as if it had been an ethical obliquity, and of his escape from fogs and east winds as if it had been flight from his creditors, or a disinclination to face the overhauling of some mudpie of his own making.

Little cared the poor heart-broken invalid for all this frothy ebullition of ill temper. the less he cared the more it frothed. For nothing creates more enemies than that kind of dignified self-respect which neither asks favors nor makes advances, nor yet concessions. As some owe the lustre of their names to the diligent polishing of camaraderie, so others never get a fair hearing for want of a herald to announce and a chorus to echo. A man must be cap in hand to the world if he wants that world to pat him on the head. Independence and having the courage your opinions-trusting to your own integrity and the sincerity of your intentions, doing the best you know and not touting for trumpeters, standing aloof from all "camorras," and neither buying the advocacy of others nor selling your own-all this raises you up as many enemies as there are influential persons who like to be entreated; and those who would have been your judicious bottle-holders, had you had a flexible spine and a glozing tongue, now pelt you with stones because you hold your head straight and forswear flunkeydom.

This, the experience of so many, was now also St. Claire's. He had never sought to make his way other than by putting conscience into his daily life, attending faithfully to his patients, and standing free of both favoritism and gossip. He had never sought to create a party for himself, nor to establish relations with one already made. Consequently now, when he had put the neighborhood to inconvenience, and made it cross and surly, he found the disadvantages attached to isolation, and received the punishment awarded to independence. He bore it all, however, with that equanimity of pride doubled with gentleness which was his characteristic; wrote his formal notes of temporary leave-taking to his patients, recommending Mr. Benjamin Hoskins as his lo cum tenens in his absence, spoiled half a dozen good sheets of paper before accomplishing his note to Mrs. Barrington of the Dower-house, and wrote a curiously composite affair to Edward Formby of Hillside—this man who was his friend, vet destined by the fitness of things to be Monica Barrington's husband.

Finally he got all things in train, then left Oakhurst for the sunny Souta and the restoration of his damaged lung, hoping that his heart would grow lighter as his air-cells grew freer, for life such as he had made it by his hopeless love for Monica was emphatically not worth having.

Though he had lived for so many years in France, this was Armine's first visit to Italy, and he yielded, as do so many of us, to the subtle charm which pervades all earth and sky there in the blessed sunshine beyond the Alps. With him as with some others Italy meant love, and love was Monica. All that he felt, all that he saw, was full of her. It was a kind of inverted pantheism, with Love and Monica in the place of Nature and God. Wherever he went he took her with him by the way, and found her waiting for him at the end. Her presence was ever about him, but more as a sensation, as an influence, than a circumstance. In the luminous skies he was conscious of her face, veiled by the filmy mists and overpowered by the refulgent sunshine, but ever there, like the stars, looking down on him with the large grave love of the Divine. The soft outlines and pearly shadows of the clouds reminded him of her hands and hair and the gracious attitudes in which she rested. The blue hills of Fiesole and the azure depths where Vallombrosa lies bidden were like her eyes. Looking over from the Certosa he seemed to see her there, like that Spirit of whom nature is but the transparent garment. The sweet autumn air, fragrant with fruit and the ruddy breath of dying vine leaves, was redolent of her. The stars spelled out her name; in the tender glory of the dawn he saw the tremulous beauty of her smile; in the sunset the mystery of her thoughts; in the mild radiance of the moon the unsulfied purity of her life. The flowers in the streets brought back the memory of that quaint garden where his happiness had been cut down to the roots. with the lilies and the pansies, and the faded roses reminded him of her home. Those faded roses with their sweet and sad associations! He cherished them as one cherishes the flowers taken from the bier of the beloved, the fragrance of which forever after brings with it the sense of death. The windows, garlanded with golden melons and crimson pomid'ori, were frames wherein his fancy set her sweet face as the living picture. A woman and a child praying before a shrine in the open street suggested her. The dim light of churches and the subdued chant of the hidden monks; the sun-touched clouds of incense hang-

Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.

ing in golden vapor about the altar and rising like incorporate prayer from earth to heaven; the eestatic adoration of the blue-robed nuns; the simple worship of the all-believing poor; the mild face of the Madonna, type of perfected womanhood and refuge of afflicted souls: all phrases of prayer, all forms of devotion, were as words and messages from her; they called his soul to higher things, and those higher things were Mouca. The dark eyes of the women and the appealing smiles of the olive-skinned children; the soft language, with its lingering accent, like a cares on the mouth; the orange gardens dropping with shining gold; the pearly green of the olive-trees suggesting a wreath for the beloved head—olive and jasmine to crown her queen among all fair ladies; the palaces which seem to have been built for homes of a statelier, nobler passion than ours; the pictures, those immortal flowers from the root of faith—all meant one thing only—Love; and Love was Monica. All his dreams, all his vague desires, all his wishes, his enjoyments, his regrets, were filled with her, surrounded by and centred in her. Italy was but another name for her-this divine Italy which means to the loving -Love. He lived as in the secret heart of that great Spirit whom some men call nature, others beauty, and whom he knew to be Monica. She was the soul of all things, and all things wore her visible expression. Her presence surrounded him as a garment in which she had enwrapped him; his head was on her heart; her arms held him on her knees. He lived with her ever and ever here in the cities and among the vineyards of this fair Eden where Love is the lord of life-this noonday couch of the sun where dreams are more precious than realities elsewhere.

He had come here to be healed of his damaged lung and broken heart; but the process seemed somewhat doubtful. His love had increased, not diminished, by absence and environment-can love which is real do aught else? Trne, it was not imbittered, nor was his wound inflamed; but it was more and more incorporate with his whole being, like a symphony of minor chords running through the psalm of life. He loved her!—he loved her! He loved her as a woman, sick with sad thoughts and pale with fruitless dreams, loves the man whose happiness she can never make and whose love she may never know. He loved her hopelessly, despairingly, without the power to overcome or the possibility to fulfill; with un-recognized devotion; with unrewarded fidelity; with tears which no one saw; with sacrifice which no one accepted. Her image was at once his talisman and his torture, the thought of her at once his pain and his delight.

Italy was to heal him, but surely this was not healing. To dream of Monica through the night, and to be conscious of her spiritual presence through the day; to see her in the art of Florence in the ruins of Rome, in the burning life of Naples; to make her the goddess, standing supreme and ever young in the reconstructed temples of Prestum; to place her as the lady, triumphant in her beauty, by the restored fountains of Pompeii; to search for her like a child in the darkness, and to spring up in the morning as if sure to find her coming to meet him through the day; to move as in a trance where her hand led him, and her feet kept time and pace with his; to see all things as mere forms of her, to make all feeling subordinate to love for her—was this healing? It would not seem so. Yet his health visibly improved in spite of his sadness. He lost his cough; the pain in his side abated; his fever waned as his strength waxed; his pale face became less deathly in hue, and a healthier carnation took the place of those two hectic spots on his hollow cheeks; his attenuated hands were not so transparent; and his prominent knuckles became less manifest. He was evidently in better physical condition than when he had left the dear desnair of Oakhurst. Italy had begun the cure which Sicily was to complete, and his grave was not yet dug.

So one fine evening he took his passage aboard the swift and sensitive little Galileo Galilei, and crossed over a waveless sea to that beautiful island of Calypso, that fragrant garden of Armida where fair and flowerful Palermo lies like a pearl in the heart of the Golden Shell.

For some time the strangeness of all about him sufficed for St. Claire's amusement. There were a few people in the hotel with whom he made that kind of travelling acquaintance which may be so pleasant and may be so tiresome, and the streets and buildings, the novelty and color, made up the rest. He occupied his evenings in writing to Monica poetry which would never be published; in setting songs to music which would never be played; working up his sketches, wherein he always placed her figure, for the delectation of no one but himself. She was ever in his mind here as in Florence, as in Rome, as in Naples. And though he knew that all this was like living on luscious poison, he preferred that poison to wholesome food, and justified his folly as the loving do, At last he got tired of what he had in his out-

ward life, and wanted more.

The runners from Sferricavallo: the grand old staircases and court-yards to be found in the city; the curiously painted carts with their harness and trappings glittering with glass, flashing with brass. noisy with bells and clinking metal, feathered here and hung with fox-tails there; the beauty of the children; the lovely faces of the women of the Greek colony—lovelier for their picturesque headgear; the linen that flutters from every balcony, giving the city the look of being always "imbandierata" and "in festa"; the bougainvillia crimsoning all the walls which look to the south where it can live in the sunshine; the summer flowers of England to be had now in the winter gardens; Monreale and the Palatine Chapel; the walks and drives; the Villa Giulia and the Favorita it was all very interesting, very lovely; but he had seen it often enough now to be satisfied, and he had no very special interest in his companions

at the hotel. They were only of the usual kind, and the usual kind is not exciting.

Then he remembered the letter of introduction that he had brought with him from Edward Formby to a certain Captain Stewart of Palermo, from whom he was promised that kind of courteous hospitality which is so precious to a stranger in a foreign land.

For the matter of that, hospitality was in the Stewart blood-as well as certain other things not quite so commendable. Hospitality and large lines of living had so disastrously wasted a fine estate that, when the present proprietor came to his own he inherited almost as many debts as rents, and for every acre had a mortgage to correspond. The whole thing was as unsubstantial as a rock that has been honey. combed by the borers, or the roof-tree of a house that has been hollowed by white ants. It was impossible for Ralph Stewart to remain at his own place, making this miserable fight with conditions as they were and appearances as they ought to be-with creditors clamoring for their dues on the one side and the family name demanding its sacrifice of gold on the other. So, letting the whole concern, he went off to Palermo, as the best place he could think of for the preservation of his wife's health, which was delicate, and the husbanding of his own resources, which were slender. Here he could live well on what would have been comparative poverty in England, and be as much of a social personage as if he had possessed thrice his amount of revenue. The place was beautiful, the climate good; the English colony at that time was large and flourishing; the Palermitans themselves were pleasant, hospitable, kind-hearted, and fond of the English as brother islanders and the traditional free men of Europe; and an honorable as well as an agreeable life could be made beneath the shadow of Monte Pellegrino. He could not do better, and he might do much worse. Accordingly he packed up his lares and penates, parted with his homestead, and sailed over the seas with his wife, his infant daughter Clarissa, and his pretty young sister Ellen-Ellen of the golden hair and credulous heart—and established himself as a permanent resident and land-owner in the fruitful tract lying between Monte Cuccio and the sea.

He lived about two miles or more out of the town, in a pretty villa in the Giardino Inglesethe Villa Clarissa, as it was called, in gallant commemoration of his wife and little daughter, according to the graceful Sicilian fashion. And his preservation from harm, up to this day, was one of the standing marvels of the colony. He had gone there at a time when brigands and mafiosi were assumed to hold the fee-simple of all the land in and about Palermo; when no man who valued his life, his ears, or his liberty ventured beyond a certain point in the Giardino Inglese on the one side, and of the Marina on the other; when people asked him if he were mad to place himself so entirely out of the range of protection and civilization and was it not a tempting of Providence to thus despise all ordinary precautions and the rules observed by those who knew; when those who went for their "villeggiatura" to the villas round about went with their armed retainers as well as their household goods, feeling that they carried their lives in their hands, and that they must be prepared to stand a siege and make an effective defense if they would not incontinently lose them; when blood-curdling stories were told of this brigand chief's audacity and that brigand band's brutality-stories circulating from lip to lip, growing as they went, till the women shrieked if so much as a beetle boomed by in his heavy flight through the darkening air, and the men gathered together with pale cheeks and flashing eyes, priming their match-locks and whispering their plans of defense, as they heard the advent of the whole band if only a mule stirred in his stall or a goat butted at the closed door; when the island was still under the heel of the Bourbons, before Naples had freed herself from her voke or Garibaldi had come over the mountains to haul down King Bomba's flag and plant in its stead the glorious tricolor of Italia Una-Italia Libera!

He had gone out there at a time of general social disorder and political discontent, and every one prophesied that he would either be shot in his own vineyard or be carried off to the mountains to arrive piecemeal to his friends unless a ruinous and impossible ransom were forth-coming.

But Ralph Stewart, sometime Captain in the Engineers, merely laughed when the croakers mapped out his doom; for all answer to their prophecies and remonstrances saying curtly, "I am not afraid," upheld by that odd British pride of courage as well as obtuseness of imagination which refuses to fear and is unable to recognize danger.

As the family had not been shot, nor carried off to the mountains, nor in any other way molested by those mysterious and ubiquitous beings who were to the popular imagination what ghosts are to the timid, they were looked on with a certain respect by the rest of the community, and regarded modern Achillides-of whom, however, the vulnerable part had not yet been found. But it was there, and some day it would be touched. Brigands and mafiosi were facts, they said; and why should one man only, and he a foreigner, have the secret of immunity?

There were not wanting some who gave it as their private opinion—said below their breath—that Captain Stewart was himself a mafiose, and so far in league with the brigands who hung like a cloud on the horizon of life, in that he paid them black-mail to keep them quiet and himself safe. The want of proof did not vitiate the hypothesis. Certain folk who go to Sicily are so resolute to find brigands and the mafiosi wherever they turn, the only thing to do is to give them their heads and let them career over the fields of superstitious fancy at their will. Their belief may be no more real than those garments woven out of air with which the shivering king sought to cover his nakedness;



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but what of that? Belief has always been grandly independent of proof, and faith in the supernatural powers of evil has been ever potent with men. Let those who like it believe if they will that all Palermo is mafiose; that their best friends are mafiosi, who will sell them to the Leone of the day with no more remorse than if they were so many heads of cattle or boxes of oranges; that their physician and their guardaporta, the police and the peasantry, the servants and the shop-keepers, the nobles themselves, and, above all, the street coachmen, are all of this vague, all-pervading, and intangible society; and that those who deny these wide-spread ramifications are the most majose of all. It was what they said of Captain Stewart, because he lived two miles out of Palermo, and had not been captured or killed; what nine-tenths of the colony believed and said boldly, and the other tenth repeated with disclaimers of a half-hearted kind. And yet, for all the exaggeration created by superstition and terror, the aggeration created by superstation and terror, the mafia existed then as it exists now, and you do hold the hand of a mafiose in yours with no more consciousness of your friend's affiliation than you consciousness of your friends a annuation than you have of the day of his death or of your own. And Captain Stewart cherished in his own household a member of this strange and secret society, to whose good-will he owed more than he either suspected or perceived.

Maflose for his own part, as some said him to be, or as free from complicity as from crime, as said others, whether owing his security to judicious payments made by dribblets to obviate the necessity of a future ransom in a lump, or protect ed by his own courage, and the good luck that follows on conduct-however that might be, Captain Stewart managed to live at peace with all men, and to enjoy life as much as an Englishman of active habits and broken career can enjoy it in a country where the "dolce far niente" takes the rank of a science, and nature herself discourages industry and discredits energy. He had a garden which was his delight, and wherein he grew every flower and shrub and tree which the soil would nourish and the ardent sun permit to live. He had an orange garden too, whence he drew part of his income, and where he grew such fruit as was scarcely to be had elsewhere. He had a mill, where he ground his own and other people's corn, and where he made a profit on his labor when the grist tax was imposed. He had a clump of olives which gave him oil; a patch of "fichi d'India" which gave him fruit for his own family and a surplus for the market; a vineyard which gave him wine—and excellent wine too; and he lived a quiet, useful, half-patriarchal life, much respected by the many, mortally feared by the few; with the whispered word "Mafiose" as the echo to his name, but with open honor from all men, and from none more than from those who most affected to believe him so far an annuity to the brigands.

His own men at once loved and feared, respected and dreaded, him. For though even-tempered for the most part, as became one who thought selfcontrol the essential element of moral manhood, he was both furious and implacable when fully roused; and those in his employ were wont to say that they venerated him as a saint and dreaded him as a devil. What they were always forced to add was that, saint or devil, placid or furious, he was ever just, and his promise was to

It was this quality of justice, this absolute trustworthiness, which gave him his hold over the men. They cheated him in little things, but were loyal to him in great matters; and his comparative obtuseness, springing as it did from the large nobleness of his nature, caused their moral respect, if it carried with it their intellectual con-

"The padrone is a fool," they used to say among themselves, "but he is an angel as well." To which once the head man, Vincenzo, a sharp-witted fellow, answered, carelessly, "Fools make the best angels; it is the devil who has the

Which daring speech, coupled with other things characteristic of Vincenzo, terrified the more superstitious of the household, and got him increased influence in the place where already he

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE. BY ANNIE ELIOT.

THE air of that room was atrociously close: 1 it never seemed to get any oxygen into it: and the day was most atrociously hot anywayalways was after the 1st of May in the city. And that pane of glass was most atrociously dirty: didn't see why nobody ever seemed to think it their business to wash it. And these atrocious flies would take the starch out of the whole of the noble army of martyrs. And he couldn't see how the old gentleman could sit there, day in and day out, in that atrociously contented way. An.1 it was an atrociously long time since he'd had a holiday himself, and he'd take one—hanged if he wouldn't!-that very afternoon. Yes, business was rather dull, the old gentleman assented; was generally about that time in the month. No, he didn't think he'd be missed that afternoon if he wanted to go off for the rest of the day.

The old gentleman smiled a little, not as if for anybody to see, as he looked through his spectacles again at the newspaper, after looking over them at his nephew. He'd smiled in much the same way six months before, when he'd told his nephew that he'd probably find the routine somewhat wearisome at first, and his nephew had cheerfully replied that four years of routine at college ought to have fitted him for that sort of thing if that the thing if it hadn't done anything more. The old gentleman was a college man himself.

There was no particular place where he wanted to spend the half-holiday, now he was out of the

office. There didn't seem to be anything going on, except a German picnic advertised on the horsecars, and he didn't feel drawn to that. It would be a bore to go anywhere where there was a crowd, and where you'd see people you knew. He felt like the country this afternoon-some cool bit of shade where he could lie in the grass, and not think about anything except how comfortable he was and how uncomfortable he had been. It wouldn't be half bad if he should meet some girl: a girl one knows is so very different from people one knows. But he wouldn't for worlds go where he knew some girls were; that would spoil everything. He didn't want the least bit of an aim in life this afternoon. He'd glance over the time-table at the depot, and buy a ticket for the first village whose name he liked the sound of. This he did, and jumped off the train when he came to it. Wheatfield was the name, and the train only stopped ten seconds, and no one got on, and no one but himself got off, which was encouraging. It was very pretty to look at, and the air was something altogether different from that of the office, and the church with the white spire, and the stone wall with woodbine growing over it and the jiggley stones on top, and the road disappearing at each end in dusty turns, and the wagon with the horse, which, being requested to look out for the engine when the bell rings, had done so more from a wish to be accommodating than from any other motive, and was now jogging contentedly up the hill the other side of the track -these were all there. Altogether it was just the place he wished for, and that patch of woods a few steps up the hill was just the bit of shade he wanted in which to smoke his cigar and read White Wings. It would be rather nice if there were a pretty girl to be met with somewhere who would enjoy it with him. A pretty girl, like scenery, adds so much!

Perhaps if he should go the other way first, and pass the line of houses that formed the village, he would meet somebody. If he did meet somebody, he wasn't sure what he'd do about it, unless he knew her, and it was not at all probable that he would know her. But he generally had enough self-confidence to meet emergencies, and it would do no harm to try. He had plenty of time before him: the train didn't go until 7.35. So he turned and walked up the grassy path, peering curiously into the old-fashioned piazzas and about the shaded lawns to catch the flutter of drapery, or a pretty profile, or a black high-heeled slipper. He witnessed a game of croquet on a very lumpy ground, contested with that activity which one unfortunately sees on country croquet grounds alone nowadays; and a swinging hammock, with a reclining form, evidently much at ease; but none of the first party seemed amenable to the finer courtesies of life as he proposed to represent them, and the foot that occasionally propelled the hammock by a judicious push against a neighboring stump was evidently mas-culine. At the end of the street, therefore, he turned back, and retracing his steps, climbed the hill, and penetrating deep into the coolness of the wood, threw himself down upon the moss to enjoy his half-holiday.

Well, what was the use of it all, anyway? She knew she looked particularly pretty that afternoon; she always did in dotted muslin and a rough straw hat with a long feather in it, not to mention the red roses which she could get plenty of here in the country. But if any one would be so kind as to tell her what was the object of looking particularly pretty when there was no one but her mother and Aunt Emma to see her! It was too late to form her mother's opinion of her looks, and as for Aunt Emma-well, she didn't care what Aunt Emma thought, anyway. It was a perfect waste to put on those slippers; she knew it was when she did it, but she always wore them with those stockings, and those stockings with that dress. She was only going to walk down the hill to the woods, and of course an old pair would have done just as well, but it was so hard to realize that there was positively no chance of there being any one on the way to whose susceptibilities they might appeal. She stood at the door with her hammock over one arm, and her book in her hand. There was no doubt whatever that Wheatfield was a very good thing, but one might very easily get too much of it; she felt that she was rapidly nearing that point, if she hadn't already passed it. The gate, weighted with its heavy stone, to which generations of swinging children had imparted rather a lopsided look, swung to after her as she passed out and strolled down the little path that led to the woods, and which wandered through them to the road across which, down below, the three-o'clock train was rushing after its instant's pause. Under two gigantic trees, whose trunks were provided with iron hooks, she swung her hammock, and with her white draperies becomingly disposed, her slippered feet showing a bit of red at the edge of her dress, her broad hat on the grass at her side, and her head resting on her arm, she opened

White Wings.
Now this was just what she really liked. She so often wished at home that she could be off somewhere alone in a hammock with a new novel. and nobody to interrupt. There was nothing she enjoyed so much. She must look quite picturesque there under the trees. Justin McCarthy said somewhere something about women when they were playing the part of audience always thinking how they looked as performers. She was not playing the part of audience now that she knew of, unless it was to nature, but she supposed she was rather thinking how she looked as a performer. It was just the scene and just the time for a flirtation. It would be so nice for once not to have another girl around who would try to interfere. She didn't use to think she cared anything about men; in fact, she'd always been very indifferent to them, but she did rather wish a nice one would happen along this afternoon. She couldn't help it: there was nothing else to

do: everything else was an effort such lazy weather. Men were so easily entertained, too! All you need do is just to look pretty, and smile, and seem interested in what they say-a great deal more easily than Aunt Emma, who always wanted to know where you got your clothes, and if it was cheaper to buy your hats right out, and just what terms you were on with every man you knew. Just as if it wasn't bother enough to get your clothes without remembering every one, and is you never bought the same hat right out, and had it made too, how were you going to know which was the cheaper? And as for what terms you were on with men, why, you just weren't on any terms with them as far as you knew. They came to see you, and you went to places with them, and sometimes they sent you flowers, and there weren't any terms about it. somebody very nice would come to Wheatfield that day, and stroll through the woods! If they should see her white dress through the trees, they'd of course want to know who she was. Perhaps it would be an artist, and he would ask permission to put her into his picture just as she was. Perhaps it would be a man world-weary and passion-worn, who would think her a sweet picture of innocence, with the golden sunlight flecking her hair. She wasn't sure whether it was flecking her hair or not, but she faucied it was. Perhaps it would be some gay society butterfly, who would meet her on her own ground of gay flirtation. Of course she wouldn't speak to any of these men unless something very strange happened, but something very strange probably would. She didn't know why, but she certainly half expected some one would come that afternoon. It was so very quiet, and so very cool, and so very-stupid, something must come to wake her up. By way of preliminary the book slipped out of her hand and she fell asleep

The 7.35 train only stopped just long enough on its way to the city for a single figure in gray to step on the platform and enter the car. There was no doubt about it—he felt decidedly refreshed; it was just the sort of thing for a man to do once in a while-gave him a good send-off for the next day. To be sure, he thought if he was going to do it again he would get some one to go with him, though he didn't know any man he'd care about asking. A girl would be a different thing. would have been quite perfect out there on that hill-side if there'd been a nice girl there too, but then he couldn't have very well taken one with him, and you can't expect to find the right sort of a girl to spend a summer afternoon with, in a place of about forty-five inhabitants, when she doesn't expect you. He guessed he'd go there

The gate swung to again behind a white figure and a petulant flushed face. Late for tea, and so warm besides. If there was anything she did hate to do, it was to sleep in the day-time. She didn't care if it was warmer in the city. She didn't see why saying that over and over again made it any cooler there. She was so tired of

It was six months later, and at an evening party. "Charming," said a beautiful girl in cream-color, with deep red roses at her waist. "I read it last summer."

"What is that, Miss Gabrielle?" asked a handsome young fellow, giving her an ice. "White Wings. Did you read it?"

"Yes, I read it one day in Wheatfield last summer.

"Why, I read it in Wheatfield. When were you there

The last week in June-one Wednesday." "And why didn't you look us up? We were there all through June."

"You were there through June? You were there that day—the only one I spent there—and I didn't know it! Miss Gabrielle, I feel as if the

"It is one of the things, Mr. Conroy, that happens but once in a lifetime," said Miss Gabrielle, solemnly. "Let it be a lesson to us."

PASCHAL SABBATH.

THE sixth week of Lent is to a great part of Christendom a week taken out of the worka-day world, and shut apart in tender, sacred gloom. The first Christians called this week the Great Week"; the English Church has named it "Holy" or Passion Week; the Welsh, the "Week of the Cross"; while the Danes and Northern Germans gave it the beautiful name of the "Still Week," because of its abstraction and holy

In the first three days the Church aims, as far and its sublime acceptance; but on Thursday, anciently called the "Birthday of the Chalice," she bestirs herself to show forth her faith and love by her works. In England the royal gifts for "Maundy-Thursday"—"maund" being old English for gift—established in 1363 by Edward III., are still faithfully distributed in this wise: After religious service in Whitehall Chapel the Lord Almoner or his deputy counts the years which the reigning king or queen has lived, and then for every year selects a poor man and a poor woman, to whom are given woollen and linen cloth, shoes and stockings, bread, meat, salt fish, ale, wine, and a piece of gold (latterly in place of gold a one-pound note and a small silver coin for every year of the royal donor's life have been substituted). In the Middle Ages the king personally distributed the charity, prefacing it by the act of washing the feet of the poor: but after the reign of James II. this act of humiliation was discontinued, and the act of char-

Shere-Thursday," "shere" from the old vernacular "skier," pain or suffering; and the Welsh and Manx still designate it the "Thursday of Blasphemy," and in commemoration of the insti-tution of the "Lord's Supper" it has been called the "Birthday of the Chalice." The Catholic Church calls it "Holy-Thursday," and the Eng-lish Prayer book simply "Thursday before Easter.

The Friday of Holy Week has many names, among them "Long," "Black," and "Hope," but none so beautiful as our English "Good Friday." The Church makes it a season of profound individual humiliation for sin, and the only superstition in connection with it which defies theological exorcism is the practice of eating hot-cross buns for breakfast, and keeping one for "luck."

The Saturday between Good-Friday and Easter-Sunday is called "Vigil of Easter," or "Holy Sat-urday." It has been in all ages an important urday." It has been in all ages an impeday. The early Christians believed that the second coming of Christ would occur upon the eve of Easter. It is a favorite time both in Europe and America for the baptism of young communicants and converts; and until within the last century all the fires in the church were put out and rekindled from a flint, and the churches were lit with what was, and in the Romish Church is still, called to this day "paschal tapers." On the evening of this day in the middle districts of Ireland great preparations are made for the finishing of Lent. At eight o'clock the housewife puts into the pot a good fat hen and dainty piece f bacon, and woe be to the person who should taste it before the cock crows. At twelve o'clock is heard the clapping of hands and joyous laughter, mingled with the Irish phrase which signifies "Out with Lent." All is merriment for a few hours, often lasting till time to see the sun dance in honor of the Resurrection, which is a practice not uncommon in both Ireland and England; and happy is the lad or lass who is so fortunate as to catch the first reflection of the sun's rays upon a spring or pail of water. This in some parts of England is called "lambs playing." And those who are curious enough may see this custom in full sway in any of the Irish shanties of Manhattan Island.

Easter-Sunday, the birthday of Christ's glory, as Christmas is of His humiliation, was called by the early Christians "Paschal-Sabbath," from the Passover to which it corresponds; later it received the name of "The Sunday of Joy," except in the Eastern Church, where it has always been known as "Bright Sunday."

"The Lord has risen"—"He is risen indeed,"

were the glad greetings Christians universally exchanged in those young centuries which touched the feet of Christ, and although the Western Church has abandoned this beautiful custom, it is still in existence in the East, and to this day, wherever the Church of Rome exists, the fathers of the Church are aroused on Easter morning by the church-warden or messenger with "Surrexit Dominus vere," to which they answer,

Many of the social customs formerly associated with Easter, and not inappropriate to the time which gave them birth, are now disappearing, but the peasant hearts of England, with many an American, still cherish such as the eating of tansy pudding, pasch-eggs, and a gammon of bacon. The first commemorates the bitter herbs of the Passover, and the pasch-eggs, or Easter-eggs, are familiar to all. Neither the papists nor the Engglish Church allow the eating of eggs during lent. Hence the old proverb, "An egg at Easter," and formerly on the Saturday following Ash-Wednes day the scholars of Oxford took leave of this food at what was called the egg feast. At what precise date the Easter egg found its way into England is not known, but one of the earliest references to it takes us back to Edward the First's time. And till within the last few years an Easter-egg that was not colored or decked in some way was not considered worthy the name. Many of the superstitious rites appertaining to the egg at this season are divested of the peculiar significance that was attached to them anterior to the days of public schools. Egg-rolling, for instance, has become a sport-formerly it was indulged in under the notion that the farm lands on which it was practiced would not fail to yield abundantly at harvest-time. The very coloring of the egg has now only an artistic meaning; formerly it was a sacred sign,

Nobody now thinks of keeping them as charms, and it is no longer supposed that eggs laid on Easter-day will last forever, or will result in the course of nature in fowls of the choicest kind. And yet, while this is true, it can not be said that Easter-eggs have ceased to be popular. Even the unadorned eggs, arranged in a nest of moss set in a basket decked off with ribbons and spring flowers, are undoubtedly and unmistakably a gift worth having. Another happy custom is that of sending Easter eards to friends at a distance. But of all the beautiful customs connected with Easter, the decorating of our homes, churches, and the last resting-place of our beloved is the most beautiful and helpful, the early spring flower reminding one of the early dawn of Easter day, and the great white calla-lilies and full-blown roses of Christ's glorious resurrection and perfect example; and always at Easter flowers seem the most appropriate gift to both the Church and her children. This feeling is a universal one, and shared alike by rich and poor, old and young, Catholic and Protestant; and Herrick, when he wrote his "Offerins at the Sepulcher."

"To joyn with them who here confer Gifts to my Saviour's sepulcher; Devotion bids me hither bring Somewhat for my thank-offering, Soe thus I bring a virgin flower! To dresse my maiden Saviour,"

ity deputed to the Lord Almoner.

The name Maundy-Thursday is by no means universal. In the north of England it is called great Festival of Joy.



pink asters and white lilacs. It consists of a pointed plastron of asters and leaves secured on a network of rubber stems, to which a long garland is attached, which encircles the square neck of the dress, and which is composed of lilacs with single asters interwoven. The hair is dressed high, and a half-wreath of asters and lilacs is arranged around the front of the knot. Fig. 2 shows a bonnet bouquet composed of velvet pansies,

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Embroidered Watch Stand.

This watch stand simulates This watch stand simulates a palette leaning against a block. Both block and palette are covered with peacock blue plush. The plush on the face of the palette is decorated with a wreath of flowers embroidered in colored silks and gold thread. The brushes fastened in the top are of gilt metal, and top are of gilt metal, and



Fig. 1.-Monogram. WHITE EMBROIDERY.

directly under them is a metal hook to hold the

Monograms.—Figs. 1-4.

THESE monograms for marking lingerie are work-ed in fine white embroidery cotton. Fine lines are executed in stem or in overcast



WHITE EMBROIDERY. stitch, wider lines in satin stitch, and the broadest spaces are overcast at the edge, and then filled in with

Fig. 3.—Monogram.

Fig. 2.—Bonnet BOUQUET.

French knots or fine backstitching.

Flower Garnitures. Figs. 1-3.

THE garniture for an evening toilette shown in Fig. 1 is composed of yellowish-



Fig. 1.—Flower Garniture for the Hair and Corsage.



foundation

of this pretty screen, one side of which is faced

with old-gold sat-

in, embroidered

with a branch of wild roses, for which the full-

the

Fig. 2.—Monogram, White Embroidery.

pink and yellow rose-buds, and grasses arranged in thick bunches and loops. Fig. 3 consists of long-stemmed delicate pink blos-soms, clustered with light green foliage and grass.

Hand Screen.

See illustration on page 221. A SMALL palm-leaf or Japanese paper fan forms



size design is giv- * Fig. 2. LACE CAP. For description s Supplement.



FIGURED CLOTH MANTLE.—FRONT.—[For Back, see Page 221.]—CUT PATTERN, No. 3408: PRICE, 25 CENTS.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.]



PERSIAN CLOTH MANTLE. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 35-41.

en, while the other is covered with brown cocks' feathers pasted on en, while the chief is covered and of the country pasted on in rows, with a row of peacock eyes near the top for a border. The fan must be covered on both sides with smooth foundation before the outside work is applied. In embroidering the satin transfer the

outlines according to Fig. 29, Supplement, and work the blossoms in three shades of pink silk in feather stitch, the centres in yellow



-Monogram. WHITE EMBROIDERY

silk in French knots, and the leaves and stems in satin and stem stitch with several shades of olive silk. A bright - colored, flatly mounted bird is applied as shown in the illustration. On the feather side the lower part is covered with old gold satin gathered to form

of the satin, and twisted about with tassels, and tied around the satin puffs.



GAUNTLET GLOVE WITH KID APPLIED-WORK.

him to wait a few minutes till I have finished my dinner."
"Beg pardon, my lord," said the butler, persistently, and with some confidence, "butyou had better see the gentleman directly." The bishop, amazed at his man's coolness, made an apology to his guests, and went into the next room, where he was still more amazed to find King George III. who as usual was breathless and rapid George III., who, as usual, was breathless and rapid. "How d'ye do, my lord?—how d'ye do?—eh, eh? Just come to tell you Archbishop of Canterbury's dead; died this morning; want you to be new archbishop, you know,

Figs. 1 and 2.—HAND SCREEN.

For embroidery design see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 29.



ance. "All right," said his Majesty; "go back; got a party, I know; very glad you accept. Good-night, good-night, good-

WHITE EMBROIDERY.

night." And with that he bustled away. The fact was that he anwhat happened. Mr. Pitt came down to his Majesty next morning to inform him that the archbishop was dead, and to recommend to his Majesty Bishop Pretyman [Tom-

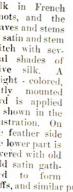
line] for the va-The king, who cant primacy. had had rather too much of Bishop Pretyman at Mr. Pitt's hands, resolved to be first in the field, and was now able to tell his prime minister that he had already appointed the Bishop of



new archbishop. What d'ye say ?—eh, eh ?" The bishop stood dum-

new archoisnop. W nat d'ye say?—en, en? The bisnop stood dum-founded, and the king broke in again, "Well, well, d'ye accept?—d'ye accept?—eh, eh?" The bishop had by this time recovered him-self sufficiently to bow gratefully and murmur his thankful accept-

FIGURED CLOTH MANTLE. [For Front, see Page 220.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3408: Price, 25 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.



ouffs, and similar puffs are around the top of the handle. Old gold silk cord is set around the edge the handle, where it is finished

Monograms. Figs. 1 and 2. THESE monograms

Fig. 4.—CASHMERE AND BROCADE

Dress.—Back.—[See Fig. 2.]

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 15-22.

1. http://

land Stren

for marking lingerie are worked in satin and overcast stitch with fine embroidery white

Gauntlet Glove with Kid Applied -Work.

This glove is of tan-colored undress-ed kid. The stiff top, which is drawn over the sleeve, is ornamented applied-work of tancolored kid on a brown satin ground.

George III. and his Archbishop of Canterbury.

THE late Dean of Windsor visited Addington about ten years ago, and I took him at his own request to see the monument commemorating the fif-tieth anniversary of George III.'s acces-On our way across the Park he told me two characteristic anecdotes.

When Archbish-op Moore died, Manners - Sutton was Bishop of Norwich, and also Dean of Windsor. He was at that moment re-siding at his deanery, and was entertaining a party of friends at dinner. In the middle of dinner the butler came up to him with an excited face. with an excited race.

"Beg pardon, my lord, a gentleman wishes to see your lordship directly, but he won't give his name." "Non-sense." "said the high sense," said the bishop; "I can't come
now, of course."
"The gentleman "The gentleman says it is very important - very important lord, or he aldn't disturb indeed. wouldn't disturb you." "Well," said the bishop, some-what crossly, "ask



Fig. 1.—Cashmere and Satin Merveilleux Dress. BACK .- [For Front, see Page 213.] -CUT PATTERN, No. 3407: POLONAISE AND TRIMMED SKIRT, 25 CENTS EACH .- [For description see Supplement.]

Fig. 2.—Cashmere and Brocade Dress. FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.] For pattern and description see S ment, No. III., Figs. 15-22.

Fig. 3.—Wool and Ottoman Silk Dress. For description see Supplement. Digitized by

Norwich. This story led to conversation about Bishop Tomline, and his characteristic parsimony came up. The dean thereupon told me this, which he had heard from the Duke of Wellington. In the summer of 1816 the bishop was on a confirmation tour, and driv-ing with a chaplain in the neighborhood of Strathfieldsaye. Staying to lunch at the village inn, they heard the bells ringing, and on inquir-ing the cause, found ing the cause, found that it was the 18th of June, the first anniversary of Waterloo. "Bless me, so it is," said the bishop, "and here we are at Strathfieldesve Pecellus. fieldsaye. Really we ought to drink the duke's health, I suppose. Waiter, a bottle of your best port."

The wine was no sooner brought than the chaplain upset it accidentally, and broke the bottle. The bishop looked at it ruefully. "What's to be done now?" he muttered; then, after a long pause, he continued, grudgingly, "Wait-er, I suppose you must bring us an-other. It need not be the best."

Manners-Sutton's burial register signed by his chaplain, John Lonsdale, long to be remembered as the good and noble old Bishop of Lichfield. He wrote also, I have been told, the Latin inscription on the mural tablet to the archbishop's memory, and, I suspect also, that by the cedar.

Old people in the village still remember this primate.
As he rode through the lanes he used to throw a shilling to each boy who capped him, and the old blacksmith told me that many a time

when he saw the archbishop ambling along, he would scuttle across fields and behind hedges, so as to meet him and get the bounty. I showed him a portrait which I had picked up in London, and placed in the vestry. "That's he exactly, and that is just the sort of coat he used to wear was the reply. The coat was a long surtout, with double collar, buttoning close around the neck, as unlike a modern bishop's coat as need be. He is buried under the organ (where was formerly the vestry), and with him his son, Speaker for a short time of the House of Commons.

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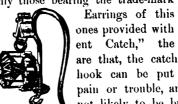
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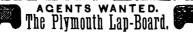
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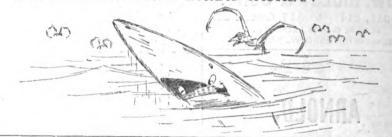
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FACETIÆ.

FACETIÆ.

The correspondent of a German journal gives some of his recollections of the deceased Maitre Lachaud. He thinks that the famous advocate was the greatest master of comedy in France, and says that not a few eminent actors enyied him bis marvellous mimic powers. He was once employed to defend a murderer, against whom the facts were hopelessly clear. When his pathetic appeals and his tears—which were always at call when he pleaded before a country jury—failed to touch his stolid audience, he resorted to the most impudent piece of broad farce. Thrusting his moistened white handkerchief into his pocket, he'demanded if the jurors had human hearts if they could bring themselves to condemn a fellow-man like the accused, whom he had credited with all sorts of knightly, if not saintly, merits. His eloquence was not merely fruitless, but the jury responded to it at first with uneasy shuffling, then with biting of lips, and finally with loud and uncontrolled bursts of laughter. Lachaud, while flinging about his hands, had intentionally dipped his fingers into the great ink-pot in front of him, and as he drew his right hand across his forehead, as if in an agony of despair at the certain fate of the accused, he left upon his brow an enormous black mark like a crescent moon, and drew other black traces down his cheeks as he put his fingers to his eyes to dash away his tears. Feigning high moral indignation at their conduct, he continued, "You are about to decide whether one of your fellow-men shall be thrust by you out of the ranks of the living, and you choose such a moment for induging in cruel and thoughtless laughter. Is this extravagant mirth a fitting mood in which to decide whether a man shall or shall not die?" The argument actually told upon the jury. The man was acquitted.

A TRIFLE,

He put his arm around my waist— Just so; and looked, oh! very silly; And yet at being thus embraced I did not frown; the air was chilly.

He raised my hand, and bent his chin Most reverently low to kiss it; One little kiss—it was no sin— To tell the truth, I did not miss it.

Then as I turned my face toward his Our lips were near—none to forbid it—Somebody kissed! The trouble is, I don't exactly know who did it.

A TRIFLER.

To be happy in heaven, it is not necessary to be miserable on earth,

Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "Hear! hear!" Richard Brinsley took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, whom he represented as a person who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis—"where shall we flud a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?"

"Hear! hear!" was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench.

The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down, amid convulsions of laughter from all but their unfortunate subject.

subject.

Murphy was repeating to Foote some remarks by Garrick on Lacey's love of money, as a mere attempt to cover his own stinginess by throwing it on his fel-low-patentee, when it was asked why on earth Garrick didn't take the beam out of his own eye before attacking the mote in other people's. "He is not sure," replied Foote, "of selling the timber."

Percoctors Boy (nunching the fruit of the date-tree). "Mamma, if I eat dates enough will I grow up to be an almanae?"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND-The earth.

Sothern gave a dinner party one evening to about a dozen men. One of the guests, whom we wilf call Thompson, was late. They had just sat down to their soup, when a loud ring announced the arrival of the late Mr. Thompson. Sothern hastily exclaimed:
"Let us all get under the table. Fancy Thompson's surprise when he beholds a long table devoid of guests."

surprise when he beholds a long table devoid of guests."

Sothern's love of practical joking was well known, so that the company were not astonished at the proposition, and in a couple of seconds every man was concaled from view beneath the table. Sothern made a half dive, then resumed his place at the head of the table. Thompson entered, stared, and exclaimed, "Hallo! where are all the fellows?"

Sothern shook his head in a lugubrious fashion, and in melancholy tones replied, "I can't explain it, my dear fellow, but the moment they heard your name they all got under the table."

The expression on the faces of the hoaxed guests as they slowly emerged, one by one, from their concealment can be better imagined than described.

THE BACHELOR'S CAT. Hey! my pussy cat rolling there, Little you know, and less you share, Of human trouble and bother and care— Hey, my pussy cat!

Oh, my puss, in your eyes so bright
There is a weird, unearthly light.
Par Die! the Hindoos perhaps were right—
Hey, my pussy cat?—

Hey, my pussy cat?—

In their quaint belief that sonls of men,
After their full threescore and ten,
As beast or fowl were born again—
Hey, my pussy cat?

With pointed claws and teeth so white,
You try to scratch and you'd like to bite:
Say, do you owe me an ancient spite?—
Hey, my pussy cat?

Is Mr. Darwin's theory true?

Hey, my pussy cat?

Is Mr. Darwin's theory true?
And back in ages we've been through
Have I been a dog, and worried you?—
Hey, my pussy cat?
Ol, you rascal, lazy and fat,
I believe you're only a commonplace cat,
And take me for an overgrown rat—
Hey, my pussy cat?

Puss, if your tall were nicely curled,
Your fur rubbed down, your whiskers twired,
You'd be the greatest cat in the world—
Hey, my pussy cat?

Dream while you may by the fire, my pet,
Of the mystic past; the present forget;
To-morrow comes soon, with hurry and fret—
Hey, my pussy cat?



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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—the drawing to be suitable for publication in Harren's Magazine, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age—Messrs. Harren & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messrs.

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; and Mr. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., Superintendent of the Art Department, HARPER & BROTHERS, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harper's Weekly, \$300; one page Harper's Young People, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messes. Harper & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and respect the competities.

open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Donett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Sour next Number will contain a Patternsheet Supplement, with numerous full-sized patterns, illustrations, and descriptions of Ladies' Spring Bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed; Spring Bonnets, trimmed and untrimmed; Spring Collars, etc.; Spring Dresses of all kinds for house and street wear; Girls' and Boys' Spring Suits; Ladies' Fichus, Collars, etc.; Embroidery Patterns, Fancy Articles, etc.; with a rich variety of fine art engravings and humorous cuts; and entertaining and useful reading matter.

MARRIED OR SINGLE.

NE often hears married women, wives and mothers, whose own matrimonial career has not been of the happiest, possibly, who have had reason to regret marriages made in their families, unable to generalize properly, always specializing, and with their little wasted honey-moons eclipsing all the light of the sun, inveigh against marriage at large and husbands in general, and assert that the girl who has a good home in her father's house is a fool to leave it for a prince, or words to that effect; that it is better to be an old maid than a sorry wife, and reciting some verse of a rude ballad that runs:

"Marriage does bring trouble,
A single life is best;
They should never double
That would be at rest."

With these women, one is forced to think, plenty and ease, no care or responsibility, fine garments and fine food, ontshine all other considerations; all considerations, certainly, such as loving and being loved, the pleasure of doing and sacrificing for others, and the joy to be found in mutuality of thought and action, or even deprivation.

It is, to be sure, a comfortable thing to live in one's father's house, waited upon by servants if the father is wealthy, and with every desire for luxury granted-more comfortable, in one sense, than going into a husband's house, in the same rank of fortune, to see that it is taken care of, to heap one's self with burdens and illnesses. to have all the husband's worriments and ailments added to one's own, to take the responsibility of the head of a house and a leader in society. It is more comfortable, in one way of looking at it, to stay in one's father's house, even when he is poor, than it is to leave it for a fate uncertain in everything except the loss of freedom, which is tolerably certain: in the one case having but one's self in poverty, in the other case having to meet and manage all the wants of children in that poverty, multiplying the poverty and its pangs afresh with every one that comes. But who that has either

magnanimity or unselfishness in her composition will wait to think of any of these things when the honest lover comes along? Is he poor? The one that loves him longs to share his poverty and help him make the best of it. Is he ill? Whose hand can bring the ease to him that a wife's can bring? Is he sad and solitary? Can there then be greater comfort than that of lightening his burden, and making the smile conquer the sigh? Does one even think of it as comfort at all? It is a necessity. One would be most wretched, and find the future wrapped in gloom, if not allowed to do it.

And what would the woman who inveighs against marriage have better for her daughters? Perhaps while she lives, while those daughters' father lives, things may glide smoothly enough, if that is all. But how is to be when death has broken the circle, and utter loneliness sets in? Does she ever think of the condition of the woman by her lonely hearth, without—except in those extraordinary cases of the fortunate possession of other interests—a hope to build happy dreams on, with no strong arm to lean on and to lend her its support, with no children to stay her steps down the slope of age?

It would appear to the candid on-looker as if the fool were not the girl who goes out with courageous affection to meet the future and help her lover bear his share of the shocks of life, but the woman who could entertain an idea of advising her to do otherwise. What a fool is she who would deprive her daughter of the sympathies that come with marriage, of the infinite delights in the love of little children, of the precious satisfactions in caring for them, in rearing them, in seeing herself and him she loves reproduced and blended together in them, in feeling that her work has added to the wealth and virtue of the world! And not only is she a fool, but of what a sin against society is she not guilty, and in uttering such views does she not lay violent hands upon the ark of a covenant and commit sacrilege against a bond that more than any other symbolizes the divine forces of

It is bad enough that in these piping times of peace our young men should stay to think twice before they marry, and reckon whether the friendship, the love and companionship of a wife, and the train of happiness that follow her, are quite equivalent to the liberties of bachelor rooms, the selfishness of bachelor pleasures, the society of bachelor friends, with unlimited opera, dancing, late suppers, and fine tailoring. It would be a misfortune if any such sordid feeling overtook our young women, and we have faith to trust it never may to any mischievous extent.

There are, without doubt, examples always to be found of single women, whether unmarried or widowed, with aims and views and works and friendships, that answer to them all the requirements of life, and who can lavish on the children of sister or friend all the love they have to spare from their pursuits. But these are not in sufficient number to count from, and they must be placed in exceptional circumstances and have an exceptional strength of character to make their lot as desirable as that of the happy wife and mother. To most women heaven lies in the possibilities of the magic circle of the wedding ring, and there most women find it.

Yet if not, if the marriage really brings grief and trouble, brings want and shame, its experiences even then are to be looked upon as but a part of the lessons of the great school of life, and its discipline is invaluable to the character. Industry, watchfulness, painstaking, care, control of temper, are but rudimentary lessons of its teaching; it ends by completing not only the surrender of self, but the forgetfulness of self. And if one should receive nothing in return from the complementary nature, nothing of an answering self-surrender, yet in so far as it is more blessed to give than to receive, the woman that has learned and exercised this lower of losing herself—than which there is nothing more opening and developing and elevating to the soul—is as much richer and higher in the scale of humanity than any girl sitting in ease by her father's fireside, with only trifling solicitudes for others that can be easily stifled, as the butterfly is higher than the grub. They are of the same tribe, but the butterfly is in advance; the one is pinned to its bough, or leaf, or clod, the other has all heaven to fly in.

It is a heedless mother, then, or one who thinks far more of creature comforts than they are worth, and who, even if without intending it, throws a slur upon her own husband, who does not recognize that she has no right, by open assault or underhand remark, to urge her daughter to a different course from her own. The good wife, the good mother, although willing that her daughter should profit by her loss, if loss there has been, will not dissuade her from providing herself with the possible means

of happiness that are afforded by a home and husband, and will remember that society as well as herself has some share in her child, when she recalls the sentiment of EPICTETUS, that applies no more to the father than to herself, and which affirms that "a daughter is to her father a possession that is not his own."

HOW SKILLED WORK REMU-NERATES WOMEN.

TYPE-WRITING AND PHONOGRAPHY.

THE nature of the work required in type-writing and phonography and the wide and rapidly increasing demand for it invest the subject with a special attraction for women who desire to earn a living. An artist, unless she possesses the very rare gift of genius, usually encounters difficulty in selling her wares, and even the true daughters of the Muses often pine for lack of recognition. But a type-writer operator or a phonographer, or, best of all, a woman who is both, may reasonably expect to find steady, comfortable, and remunerative employment.

The business known as type-writing is only about eight years old, having been first brought into general notice at the time of the Centennial Exhibition. A small instrument fixed to a stand about the size of a sewing-machine table is operated like a piano-forte by playing upon three or four banks of keys with the fingers. Whenever a key is struck a letter of the alphabet is printed on a sheet of paper, and these letters can be printed as fast as the keys can be struck. Obviously this is very much faster than they could be written by the most practiced penman. Experience shows that a skillful copyist transcribes about twenty words a minute, and that a skillful operator on a type-writer prints about sixty words a minute, or three times as many as the skillful A young woman sitting in front of the instrument disposes herself as easily as when in front of her piano-forte. She plays on the notes, but neither uses her feet nor bends her back. The type-writing machine occupies less room than the sewing-machine, and to operate it is very much less trying to nerves, spine, and soul. "I have noticed with surprise," said a well-known business man recently, "that our girls, after seven or eight hours of work, perform their last half-hour's duty without apparent fatigue." The cost of the two instruments is about the same, the price of a first-class type-writer being from eighty to one hundred dollars, but in two months you can earn enough to pay for your type-writer by working on it only six or eight hours a day.

There are other things to be said in favor of the type-writer. It operates as legibly as a printing press - more legibly than some printing-presses; its letters are two or three times as large as those of an ordinary newspaper; its sentences are punctuated with the care bestowed by a good copyist, and the general effect of a page of them is a refreshment to the eye. 'carbon" or "manifold" paper is used, three pages are written simultaneously; at the end of your allotted task you have three copies instead of one. For whenever you strike a note of the instrument, the impress of the particular letter of the alphabet represented by that note strikes through the lowest of three superimposed sheets of paper, and appears successively on the other two. On each of three sheets, placed one upon another, the imprint of the letter is seen, and it takes no longer to print triplicates than to print a single sheet. If, therefore, the operator on a type writing machine can copy a page of MS, at the rate of sixty words a minute, or three times as fast as a skilled penman can do it, she can make three copies of that page simultaneously, or, in other words, can accomplish the work of nine skilled penmen. Put your nine skilled penmen in one room, and your skilled operator on the type-writer in another; at the end of the day the latter has produced as much copy as her nine competitors; and while anybody who can read at all can easily read her copy, perhaps it will require an expert in penmanship to decide what many of the words in her nine rivals' copy really

But this is not all. The penman copyist is much more liable to make mistakes than the copyist who uses a type-writer. Experience demonstrates that not one man in a hundred does accurately copy ten pages of MS, with a pen and ink. When compared with the original his work will be found to contain errors, and his employer would not use a pen-and-ink copy of an important document without having read it over carefully. The operator on the type-writer, however, is substantially trustworthy, and the lines of his sheets being of the same length, and each sheet containing the same number of lines as any other sheet, the reader can run his eye down one side of the sheet, and easily detect any variation from a sheet already examined and found correct. It is not usually necessary for him to read every word. "I have known one of our women operators to copy twenty pages without a single error," says the speaker just mentioned.

In all business offices, therefore, where much copying is required, the type-writer is a valuable assistant. Lawyers are already using it extensively. Authors, too, are finding it an important ally. One of the professors of Princeton College keeps a type-writer in his library, and when engaged in the business of original composition may be seen sitting in front of the instrument, and handling its keys with the agility of a practiced pianist. It is said that Colonel T. W. Knox, whose contributions to Happer's Young People and whose books for young readers are a delight in so many thousands of American and foreign households, composes without putting a pen to paper. He takes his place at the type-writer, and the compositors who subsequently set up his legible copy

bless his name. Mr. Georgian bis private correspondence twho then avails himself of a dreds of business men pursua course, and their number is designany fold. One of the editors of ing newspapers in New York city and the ditorials by the aid of a type-writer. The lattices to his wedding, recently issued by another American citizen were written water.

American citizen, were written on the type-writer.

I mention these facts to show how wide a field for woman's remunerative work has been opened by this clever little instrument: for woman's work, I say, because the demand for it is greater than the demand for man's work—a fact due to the following among other reasons:

In the first place it has been found by business

men who have availed themselves of woman's work in type-writing that women possess the inestimable advantage of not being the rivals of their employers. A man acting the part of private secretary or confidential clerk may leave his employer at any moment and set up for himself, The brighter and smarter he is, the more anxious is he to do so. After becoming familiar with his principal's ways of doing things, the possibility and in many cases the probability is that on some pretext or other he will walk out of the front door and install himself as a competitor in the same line of business. The American atmosphere is peculiarly favorable to the incitement to such exploits. Young men of talent do not in this country purpose to remain clerks and subordinates always. With young women the case is different. For reasons which everybody recognizes, but which perhaps will not hold good forever, they are not regarded by business men as possible rivals.

In the next place, and as a consequence of what has been said, young women are more contented with their lot as private secretaries, more cheerful, less restless, more to be depended upon, than young men. I do not say that they are like ly to be so, that they ought to be so, that they will be so, but that they are so. I am dealing not in speculative theories, but in facts. Business men testify that they are so, and that because they are so their services are so far more valuable than those of young men. A lawyer or a merchant who is served to his satisfaction by a young woman private secretary, expects her to stay with him as long as he needs her, and does not expect any morning to receive notice of her intention to quit. Of course the attractions of the hymeneal altar may prove superior to those of the office. An incipient husband may call her off, but with this exception (which, by the way, in the constantly increasing struggle for existence, is likely in great cities to become yearly of less frequent occurrence) the private secretary or confidential clerk in many an office is considered more of a fixture when in dresses than when in coats. Still further, the young woman is found to be more willing to do as she is asked, more teachable, more flexible, than the young man; and as for those weightier matters of punctuality, endurance, and regularity, she has won the credit of being at least the peer of the male secretary—has won it in the face of the noisy disputants who for centuries have argued that nature specially unfitted her for the exacting demands of business life. Of course there are women and women, and some women have less physical endurance than others. My point is simply this: business men who have used the services of women as private secretaries declare that they are to be depended upon; that they are punctual in attendance; that their names do not go on the sick-list any oftener than the names of men who are occupied in similar pursuits. "My private secretary," said a well-known solicitor of patents the other day, nodding in the direction of a young woman who sat in front of a type-writer, "has been in this office two years, and has never lost a day, nor an hour."

The average salary of such a secretary is five hundred dollars a year. Sometimes a thousand dollars is earned.

The use of the type-writer can be learned in a week, and after a practice of three or four weeks a clever girl can write faster than a penman. Persons who can play on the piano-forte become proficient in a shorter time. In any case it is comparatively easy to become a first-class operator. An hour, or two hours, a day is as much as any young woman ought to practice when beginning.

To become a first-class phonographer or shorthand writer is much more difficult. One can go through a manual of phonography in a month by working four or five hours a day, and can become an expert in perhaps six months. Proficiency here is a matter of resolute perseverance, of persistent attention, of memory, and of self-confidence. The young woman who begins at the age of twelve or ten years is likely to succeed the soonest.

The best private secretary is one who can write short-hand and can operate a type-writer. She is able to take down answers to letters, and then to make copies on the type-writer from her phonographic notes. The lawyer, merchant, or other business man sits in his office in the morning, opens his mail, and as he reads a letter dictates to his secretary the answer to it. The young woman who can write short-hand and operate a type-writer is in demand to-day, and she can reasonably expect to earn from seven hundred to nine hundred dollars a year, if, of course, she has had a good common-school education. A knowledge of French and German is likely to increase the pay. The proprietor of a business college says that he could at once find inviting places for fifteen such secretaries if he knew where such secretaries were to be found. The business of a firm of solicitors for patents has so increased since the advent of the type-writer (their days seem to have become longer, because so much more work can be done in a day) that they are training in their ofTito .

Matter.

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fice two or three young women to become opera tors on it, who meanwhile make themselves generally useful, and receive for their services five erally useful, and receive for their services five or ten dollars a month. After a year so spent these pupils will earn forty dollars a month. Young men, if applying at this office for similar positions, would be told frankly that experience had led the firm to prefer the services of the general mental tent of the rooms are bright and chaerful and had led the firm to prefer the services of the gentler sex. The rooms are bright and cheerful, and I noticed that during an interval of her task one of the operators had been refreshing herself with a novel, in strict accordance with the privileges of her position.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING AND SUMMER BONNETS.

OPENING days at the fashionable private millinery houses confirm the report that colored straw bonnets will be chosen for general use, and that lace, crape, and embroidered bonness will be worn on dress occasions. Fine English straw bonnets are shown in all the colors of the new suits, and are chosen with reference to the dresses with which they are to be worn, though not meant to match any one dress precisely, as contrasts prevail in the trimmings to an unusual extent, and each bonnet is thus made to harmonize with several dresses. The Havana brown shades are all shown in straws of various shapes and qualities, also the eccentric red tints, the new greens), the stylish but trying Judic shades, like pinkish heliotropes, and the French blucts, or corn-flower blues, better known as the blue of corn-flower blues, better known as the blue of old-fashioned garden pinks, that are also called ragged-sailors. Small capotes with or without coronet fronts, and pokes of medium sizes, are seen in these shades, and are trimmed with velvet in the piece or in ribbons, or with ottoman ribbons, with laces, colored embroidery, many flowers, and few feathers. The small bonnets are very simply trimmed; thus they have the brim covered with irregular velvet puffs, or pleated velvet frills, or else as many as seven rows of loops of velvet and ottoman ribbons. Narrow ribbon is passed around the crown, attached to each side by fanciful pins of gilt, shell, or silver, and falls thence as strings. A stiff small bow may be below the crown, and there is a thick cluster of flowers, or of pompons, or an aigrette, on the left side. This prevailing mode of trimming is varied by those who like very high effects by placing an irregular rosette or a bow of many loose long loops and forked ends of ribbon directly on top in front of the crown, and attaching flowers to this bow, and perhaps ornamenting it with buckles. Two sets of narrow strings, all of velvet ribbon, or else two of ottoman rib bon with two of velvet ribbon, are most liked, because they are not so warm as the wider rib bons, and because they can easily be tied to form the bow of many loops which is now in fashion. Contrasts of color are given by using a bouquet of many-colored flowers, and by putting ribbons of two colors in the large tightly tied flat bow that supersedes the puffed Alsacian bow on top of the bonnet; thus, on a stem green bonnet the bow will be of rose, strawberry pink, or poppy red ribbon, folded in each loop with stem green ribbon, or the yellow ribbons will be tied in with blue, Havana, green, or red ribbons on bonnets of such colors, and the flowers repeat these contrasts. The fish-wife poke is found to be the most generally becoming of the poke shapes, and a new quaint effect is given these by slightly turning back the peak of the brim and filling it out with a small bunch of flowers or a smart little bow of ribbon with forked ends that rest lightly on the hair. Full brims of pleated lace, velvet, embroidery, and loops of ribbon are a special feature of these pokes as well as of the small capotes. White satin straw pokes, with pleated white lace on the brim, and loops of colored velvet ribbon and forked ends amid the lace, will be chosen for midsummer to wear with dresses of various colors; a cluster of flowers or an aigrette on the left completes these, as strings are not needed; there are also special tints of yellow velvet ribbon on white bonnets, but, as already noted, white straw bonnets are decidedly in the minority. Another trimming for these as well as for black and colored bonnets is the Oriental embroidery showing Turkish and cashinere colors, some in tapestry cross stitches and others in long stitches with gilt threads, like those seen in the finest Bulgarian scarfs of crash and soft linens; these artistic embroideries are very costly, and are also used on some of the richest dress-es imported this season. The purplish Judic shades are very stylish for trimming black or white straw bonnets, and there are many straw bonnets of these new tints.

LACE BONNETS.

Lace bonnets are in great variety, and are made light for summer wear by being drawn over wires without stiff foundations. Black Malines net for soft crowns and for entire bonnets; small sprigs are the favorite patterns in these, and many that are used for stiffer crowns are also beaded with large cut jet beads; a mixture of black jets and gold beads amid black laces is very much used. The tinsel nets of large meshes are also liked for crowns, and many of these are embroidered with cashinere colors. Pale yellow roses, gilt daisy pins, velvet ribbons, small berries, with many Judic and stem green shades, are een on stylish bonnets made up entirely of black French lace, some of which is cut from the piece for the crown, while trimming lace with small scalloped edges is fully gathered on the brim. There are also fine black Malines crowns drawn upon gilt wires, and others that are slightly jet-Spanish laces are less used than they have been for black bonnets, though not yet abandoned. The novelty of the season is white Valenciennes lace bonnets with piece lace puffed on the crown, frills of trimming lace on the brim, and much yellow velvet, salmon, amber, or orange in loops, straps, and strings; other white lace bonnets have black velvet ribbons, with moss-rose buds clustered as a rosette, out of which springs an aigrette of heron feathers; these will be worn by young ladies at midsummer fêtes with dresses of white sprigged net made up over salmon or rose pink satin Surah, and looped with yellow or rose-colored velvet ribbons.

CRAPE, CANVAS, AND CLOTH BONNETS.

Other charming bonnets for débutantes are made of pink crape shirred to form puffs in poke shapes, with a single large bow of brown velvet ribbon on top; this is the thin crinkled French crape, and there are pale blue bonnets of it with dark garnet velvet bows, and salmon crape bonnets with deep rifle green trimming. The scalloped brims with beads on the edge are seen on other youthful bonnets; there are also many spangled nets, gilt thistles, striped grasses, and rosettes of narrow gilt braids. A novelty for country hats is the use of brown and écru can-vas in puffs on the brim, with canvas ribbons edged with gilt cord for loops and strings. Many turbans bought at London houses are in the oval shapes that are to be worn far back on the head. Some of these are of straw, with wide brims turned up squarely instead of being rolled, and these are covered over both crown and brim with nets of various kinds, black or colored, and with large meshes; still others have the brims wider and turned up further away from the crown. A gay plaid scarf is on colored straw turbans and on the Langtry pokes worn by misses, and in these is thrust a very long gilt pin with cairngorms in its head, or else the pin resembles old silver, and is studded with red and blue stones. The basket bonnets without lining are largely imported for country hats, and these usually combine two fashionable colors in contrast, and are most often in fish-wife shapes. The round hats are very large, and are no longer confined to straws, as they are shown of black lace, and also of the thin crinkled crapes in pale blue and pink, with pink velvet inside the brim, and brown, blue, or garnet velvet and feathers for trimming. Cloth and camel's hair turbans made by London milliners are larger than those of last season, are laid in longer folds around the oval crown, and have wider brims of more decided shapes than any yet worn; these are used with morning and travelling dresses made of the same material as the turban. Leg. horn flats for midsummer have pleatings of lace covering the brim inside, and yellow, pink, stem green, or brown velvet bows outside, with large clusters of flowers and some ostrich tips and aigrettes.

SKIRT TRIMMINGS.

The trimmings for dress skirts are not elaborate, yet are very effective. To finish the foot of ottoman silk or Sicilienne skirts are four bias gathered frills, made quite scant, an eighth of a yard wide when finished, and sewed on to lap half their depth to give a bunchy appearance; these have a self-binding, or milliner's fold, on the lower edge. For summer silks are similar ruffles, made straight, very deeply lapped, and pinked on the lower edges; still other summer silks have the skirt nearly covered with three wide gathered flounces that do not lap, and are notched and pinked in leaf points. There are also three deep box-pleated flounces on checked silk skirts, with one row of velvet ribbon two inches wide bordering each pleating; the last is prettily represented in blue and white checked silk with sapphire blue velvet ribbon on a skirt to be worn with a blue cashmere basque and over-skirt; the over-skirt is caught up in Greek style with a blue velvet bow, and the short basque has a shirred Breton vest of the checked silk. For the foot of black silk skirts of dresses trimmed with lace there are narrow lambrequin flounces of the silk cut bias. laid in triple box pleats with a bow of satin rib bon on the top of each pleat, and a row of the lace on the flounce above the edge. Thread lace flounces, or French imitations of thread lace, and the old-fashioned llama laces, nearly cover skirts of colored satin Surah—red, green, or yellow—to be worn with black grenadine polonaises that are lined with colored Surah.

TAILOR DRESSES FOR STREET AND HOUSE.

Tailor dresses of cloth very simply made and without whalebones or trimming remain in favor for walking and for travelling, by rail or by steamer, in this country and in Europe; they are also now made in light colors—notably white, pale blue, and the new green—for the house, for seaside and mountain use, for lawn tennis and croquet parties. Formerly these dresses were limited to a few fabrics, such as habit-cloth, Cheviots, and diagonals, but new stuffs are imported this season especially intended for these stylish and plain suits. The new "London tropicals" are smooth cloths of light weight, with mixtures of colors suggesting checks, yet not regularly checked. The west of England serges and cashmereserges are twilled cloths of light quality showing either the fine twills of cashmere or the broader, more defined twills of serge. Paris cassimettes are light broadcloths of summer weight that cost The stylish sometimes as high as \$9 a yard. colors for spring suits of cloth are Havana shades of light brown and a new blue-green different from the peacock shades; in the mixed goods some dark red threads appear amid various other colors, and there are many suits of mixed black and white; tan-color, drab, and écru are stylish, and there are also dark blue, brown, and gray suits. There are four pieces in most suitsbasque, over-skirt, skirt, and a coat for the street but the midsummer suits have a basque that will answer for the street as well as the house, and the coat is not needed. The house basque (which may also be used for the street) is single-breasted, cut away below the waist in front, of even

length around the hips, and about two fingers

deep below the waist line; the back is most usually a "frock back," like that of a man's frock-coat, open up the middle seam to within an inch of the waist, while the two seams next the side forms lap slightly on the middle forms, are pressed there flatly, and each of these two seams has a button at the top. When the "frock back" is not used there is a Jersey back, with the seams all closed except about three inches that are left open on the ends of the side form seams; these openings are curved slightly, neatly finished with cord or flat braid, and have a tack" or arrow-head wrought at the top. The collar may be a high standing band, a Byron collar, or a rolling collar like the notched collar of a man's morning coat. The new Norfolks, or belted hunting jackets, are single-breasted, with a notched collar or a standing band, and there are three half-inch tucks down each side of the buttons in front, with similar tucks in the middle forms behind. Another fancy is to have the frock back or the Jersey back with the tucked Norfolk front, and with these a belt may be worn or not as the wearer pleases. Belts are now narrow, being only an inch and a half broad, and are fastened by two buttons with button-holes, and are pointed at the lapped end. Sleeves are close, without cuffs, and have two buttons and button-holes in the outside seam. The only trimming is mohair braid a third of an inch wide in one row stitched flat near the edge, or else faced under-neath and showing merely a cord outside. The skirt is of cloth at the top, but is cut off where the flounce begins, and is finished thence with silk stiffly faced with crinoline to support the soft flounce; the skirt proper is corded or braided, and is lapped over the flounce and stitched there, so that the flounce needs no heading. Box-pleating in single or triple clusters is preferred for the flounce, and may be ten inches or more in depth, with a single row of the braid at the foot. Some skirts have points falling on these pleats, and others have an elongated square between the pleats. The over-skirt is of the simplest apron shape, very lightly draped, and may be long or short to please the wearer's taste. The outside coat, slightly longer than the basque, is singlebreasted, though often lapping, with two rows of buttons, closely fitted to the figure by darts and short side forms; it has the notched collar and "frock back" seen on men's coats, and is lined throughout with twilled silk. Flat lasting buttons are on outside coats, though the shell or horn buttons may be used for both basque and coat; the latter are flat, small, with eyes in the centre, and incised rows around the rims, and must match the dress in color. Pockets show mere slits, and may be bias or straight, with cord or braid on the edges, and an arrow-head at each

White cashmere-serge dresses worn without a touch of color are stylish for the house. These have the box-pleating or kilt-pleating on the skirt made very deep, and a short over-skirt wrinkled like an apron above the pleats, and falling in two deep points behind. The single-breasted basque may be plain or with narrow tucks in front, and the frock back has three narrow fan pleats set in the side form seams instead of being simply lapped there. Braided or corded edges and pearl buttons complete this simple and distinguished dress. The pale blue cashmere-serges and French Cheviots are made up in the same way for the house and for yachting. Steamer dresses of dark brown Cheviots are sometimes made with skeleton basques—that is, without any lining—to make them cool and light. The Newmarket long coats accompany some of the Scotch Cheviot suits for travelling, while in many cases the Newmarket is worn as an Ulster over any dress, and protects it on the journey. Tailors are also making chil-dren's and misses' dresses of red or electric blue cloth, with a kilt attached to a yoke, and a Norfolk jacket.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames Kehoe; and Hartley; and Messrs. Air-KEN, SON, & CO.; WORTHINGTON, SMITH, & CO.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.; LORD & TAYLOR; STERN BROTHERS; JAMES MCCREERY & CO.; and J. LITTER.

PERSONAL.

PROFESSOR WIGGINS has expressed himself as

satisfied with his storm. So are we.

—Miss Burk, the Massachusetts lady living in
North Carolina whom David Davis has married, has known him for twenty years. When
he became President pro ten. of the Scante she sent him a note of congratulation, and this led to the courtship. The bride's trousseau con-tained fifteen "confections by Worth," proba-bly so called tecause the sweetest thing out.

The groom's gift was a pair of diamond solitaire ear-rings, suitably large.

—Senator Beck began life as a farm-hand and plantation overseer; Davis, of West Virginia, was a brakeman; FAIR, a bar-tender; FARLEY was a coach-driver; Morrill, a country store-keeper; Sawyer was a laborer; and Plumb was a printer's devil.

-Miss Huldan B. Loud, of Rockland, Massa chusetts, lately attended town meeting in that place, asking that the salaries of teachers might be raised. She made two speeches, one in answer to her opponent, with such effect that the meeting voted a thousand dollars additional for the purpose she desired.

—When called upon to speak at the funeral of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, General ROBERT TOOMBS sobbed for fully five minutes before he could control himself.

could control himself.

—The editor of the Boston Herald says that the world's Christianity, philanthropy, charities, and all its work of high and low degree, would be in a bad way if woman had acted on the advice of Rev. Mongan Dix, and hidden herself away in the church and the home for the

Last eighteen hundred years.

The oldest manuscript in the Ashburnham Collection is a Latin Psalter assigned to the fourth century. A little volume, with illustrations in India ink of the Passion, drawn by Ru-

BENS when he was twenty-two, is among them; and one of the most beautiful in the collection

and one of the most beautiful in the collection is the famous Albani missal executed for a brother-in-law of Lorenzo dr' Medici.

—The American Peace Society of Boston is one of the richest in the world. It has lately come into possession of forty thousand dollars from the late Rev. Gronge C. Brckwith.

—Mr. John Currier, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, now in his eighty-second year, is building his ninety-seventh ship, of nearly two thousand tons burden.

—Dr. Mudd, who served his sentence at the Dry Tortugas, before his death wrote a treatise on epidemic and endemic diseases, with especial

Dry Tortugas, before his death wrote a treatise on epidemic and endemic diseases, with especial reference to the yellow fever.

—The first Mrs. Spragus spent ten thousand dollars on the Canonchet library-room. She filled it with rare old wood-carving, among other items a mantel in carved wood from the Tulleries.

leries.
—Mile. Rangabe, daughter of the Hellenic Minister at the German court, attracted great attention, during the recent festivities there, by the perfect Grecian grace of her form and carriage. Many people here remember her brother, who, when attached to the Greek Legation at Washington, was rather famous for his blonde good looks.

good looks.

—Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson delivers the address at the second meeting of the Harvard Total Abstinence League in April.

—Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has gone to South Carolina on a visit to her daughter, morried in that State

married in that State.

married in that State.

—Mr. P. H. Conger, superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, reports that through the vigilance of his gamekeeper the slaughter of game in the Park has been practically stopped.

—Mathilde Blind says that Mr. Lewbs was more than a husband to George Eliot; he was like a mother, watching over her health, cheering her despondency with his own buoyancy, and creating the spiritual atmosphere in which her genius ripened.

—Mr. Sebastian B. Schlesinger, the German Cousul at Boston, and the composer of many beautiful songs, is to erect one of the most magnificent residences in the country on the old Goddand estate in Brookline, near the abovenamed city.

and dity.

The young Count Tassilo Festetics is the head of a great Hungarian house, and lord of the richest estate in the Austrian Empire. He is well known in English society, having married the divorced Princess of Monaco, the Duke of Hamilton's sister, and having figured on the

-The family of Mrs. ELIZABETH SMITH, of Allentown, Pennsylvania, were chloroformed in the night for the purpose of cutting off the long and agnificent chevelure of her young black-haired

daughter.

—The son of Carl Formes is a member of the dramatic company now supporting EDWIN

—The son of Carl formes is a memoer of the dramatic company now supporting Edwin Booth.

—Wendell Phillips's library is furnished with a rich neutral-tinted rug on the floor, a capacious old sofa with faded plush cushions, two well-worn arm-chairs of carved mahogany, an elaborately carved table laden with books and manuscripts, busts of Elizabeth Fry and Theodore Parker on the mantel, and opposite them one of John Brown.

—The sign of Charles J. Bonaparte, attorney at law, in Baltimore, represents a grand-nephew of the great first Emperor.

—Madame Nilsson sent sixty tickets to her last matinée in Boston to the students of the New England Conservatory of Music.

—The young heir to the throne of Great Britain, Prince Albert Victore, will take a couple of terms at the University of Bonn, in addition to his stay at Oxford and at Cambridge. They seem to be educating kings now to be worthy of the name of kings.

—The American eagle will have to look to himself. A splendid white-tailed bird of his femily was shot lately in the Duke of Norfolk's

himself. A splendid white-tailed bird of his family was shot lately in the Duke of Norfolk's forest whose wings measured nine feet from tip

forest whose wings measured mue teet from apto tip.

The Bourbons are all very wealthy. The villa at Cannes of the Count de Bardi, one of the Parma branch of the family, is so expensive that the late Empress of Russia did not feel justified in renting it at the price asked.

The Lord Chancellor of England once audibly muttering "Nonsense! nonsense!" to one of Mr. BENJAMIN'S arguments, the latter gentleman bundled up his papers and marched out of

man bundled up his papers and marched out of court in a dudgeon. Owing to the interruption of business this caused, the Lord Chancellor felt

of business this caused, the Lord Chancellor felt obliged to send a handsome apology, but Mr. Benjamin declined to receive it.

—The body of the beautiful Duchesse de Chaulnes, who behaved so naughtly and was treated so wickedly, was carried by night to a funeral vault in a wagon, her children's guardian fearing an explosion of pity from the populace. The catafalque at the grand obsequies was empty, and near it, among others, as counsel for her children, stood Maitre Bêtoland, who at the trial did not leave her one shred of reputation.

—The wife of the late Professor Henry Dramers was a daughter of Mr. Courtlandt Palmers. So fully did she enter into her husband's

PER was a daughter of Mr. Courtlandt Palmer. So fully did she enter into her husband's pursuits that it is thought she may be able to complete his unfinished work.

—M. Tains writes on the stimulus of coffee, and smokes cigarettes while waiting for an idea. Tourguéneff uses neither tobacco nor wine. Thomas Hardy never smokes, and drinks wine only when on a tramp about the country. Matthew Arnold does not smoke, but takes a little light wine at dinner. Louis Blanc took nellight wine at dinner. Louis Blanc took nel-ther wine nor alcohol. EDWARD FREEMAN does not smoke, but takes wine and beer as he does beef and mutton.

—M. Grevy's little granddaughter resembles him. She is named for her father, her aunt, her two maternal great-uncles, and her grandfather—Danielle Julie Albertine Paule Louise. Madame Dreyfus, née Gonzalez, of Peru, gave largely toward the magnificent trousseau of the

with three inherited fortunes.

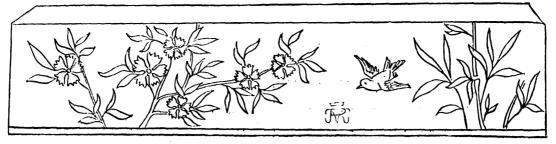
—Among the crown jewels of France, which are to be sold at public vendue by the auctioner who disposed of Sara Bernhardt's jewels, the Regent diamond, the Chimera ruby, said to be the largest engraved ruby known, the sword of state studded with costly brilliants, the Mazarin diamonds, given to Louis XV. by the Cardinal, and the watch given to Louis XIV. by the Dey of Algiers, will be reserved as national property.

Two Curtain Borders and Bands.

Bands.

Fig. 1. — MARGURRITE CURTAIN BORDER AND BAND. This curtain is of rich dark red velvet. The marguevites, which are colossal in size, are worked with white silk petals and yellow silk centres, varied by being done in French knots, satin stitch, or crewel chain stitch. Leaves either in crewels or silk, gray-greens, light and dark, stems dark green.

Fig. 2.—Orange Curtain Border and Band. The groundwork



COLESWORTH JAPANESE MANTEL VALANCE - FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ABT NEEDLE-WORK.

Coleswi

This pretty
the Royal St.

Japanese, from the style. The leaf are in olive silks, flowers and pink with gold thread centres, and stems also sometimes in gold. The bird is in blue and gold, or pink and brown, and the branch to the right is mainly in gold thread, with a touch of brown silk in the leaves. The ground may be cloth, velvet, or satteen.

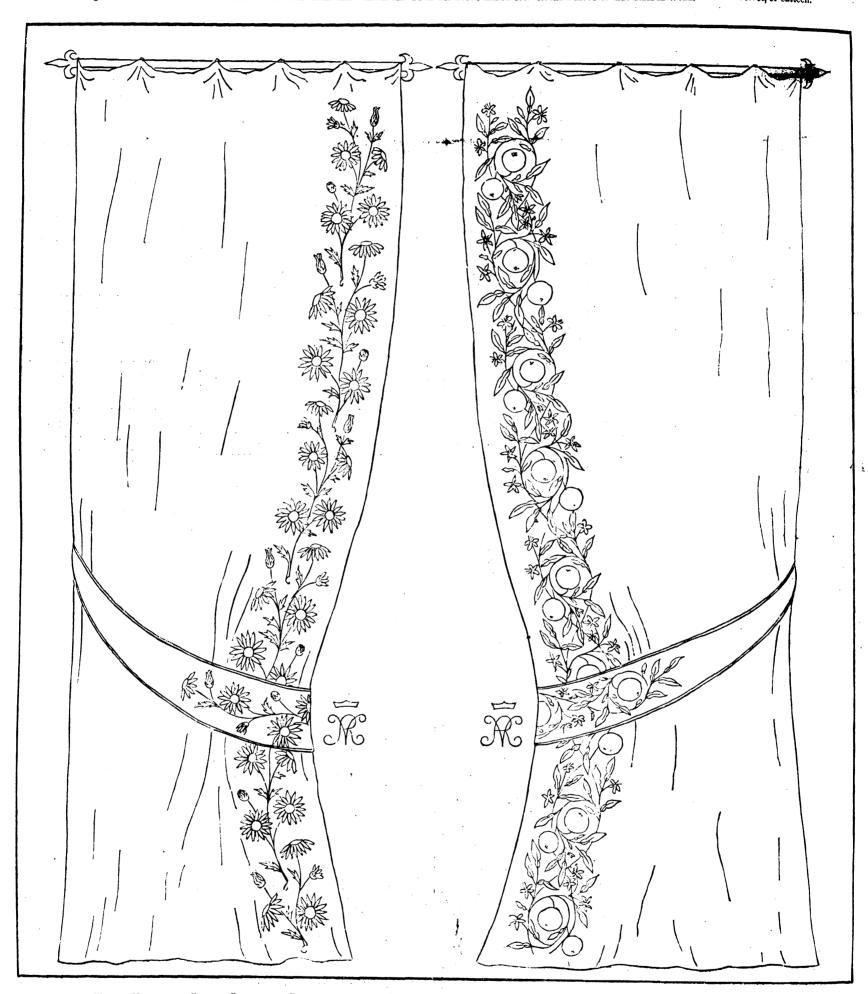
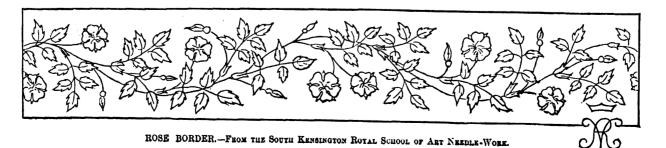


Fig. 1.-Marguerite Curtain Border and Band.

Fig. 2.—ORANGE CURTAIN BORDER AND BAND.

Figs. 1 and 2.—CURTAIN BORDERS AND BANDS.—FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

is a rich, warm brown, the material velvet. The oranges are worked round and round in close rows of chain stitch, starting from the little speck at the end where the blossom falls off, and thus giving perspective, as it were, and roundness. Dull orange crewels are used for these; white silk for the flowers and buds and olive green crewels for leaves and stems.

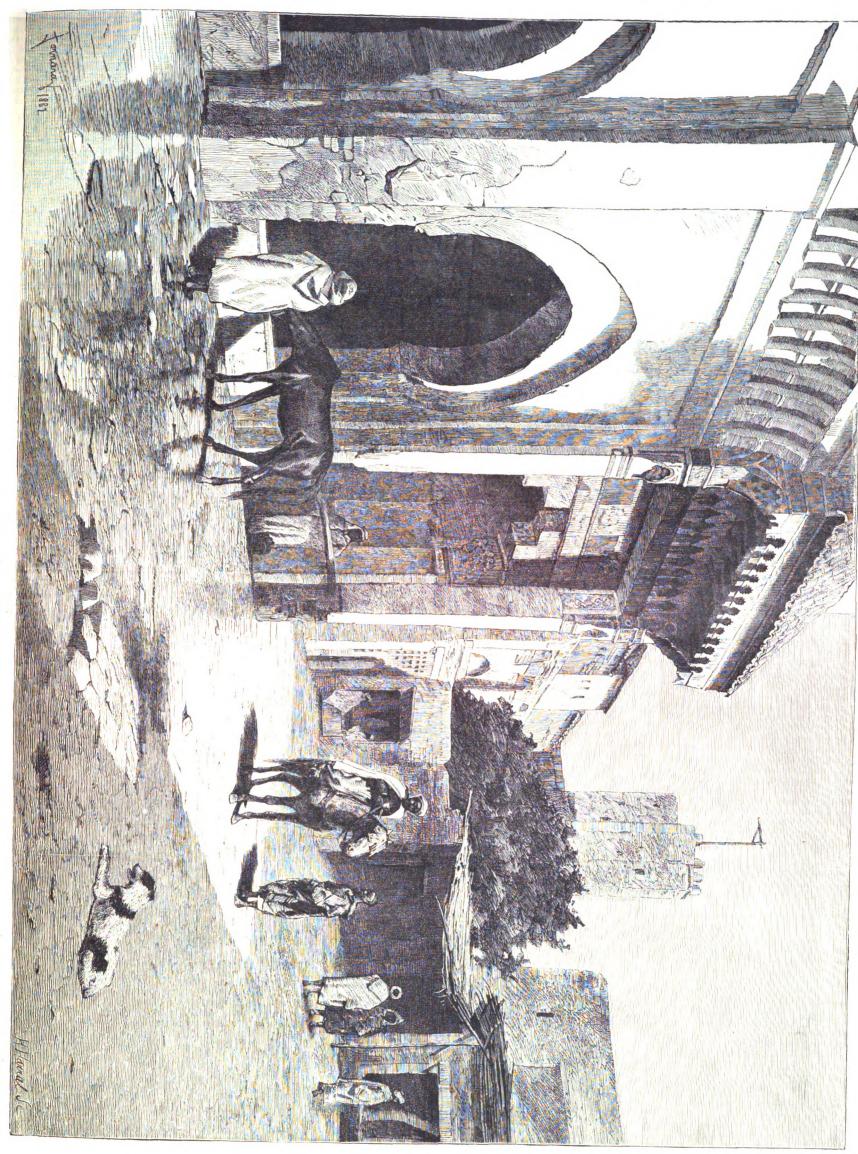


Rose Border.

THIS border, from the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work, is a series of wild rose sprays, each a little different from its companion, and yet all sufficiently uniform to balance well.

It is worked in silks on dark red or dark green velvet. Roses in pale yel-low pink, leaves in various shades of green; none vio-





A FOUNTAIN IN MOROCCO.

A FOUNTAIN IN MOROCCO.

The city of Morocco, or Marakech, as it is called by the Moors, stands in a wide plain. On three sides it is flanked by a magnificent wood of date-palms, and on the east by gardens, beyond which the open country sweeps away to the foot of the snow-clad ranges of Atlas, whose white peaks, 10,000 feet high, stand out with brilliant effect against the deep blue background of the cloudless southern sky. The city walls inclose a considerable area, but much of it is occupied by gardens and vacant lots. Massive archways give entrance to the city, and the streets running from the gates are wide, but elsewhere there are the small, narrow, winding, ill-paved, ill-smelling lanes and alleys with which all travellers in the East are familiar. There is only one stone building in the city—the tower of El Koutoubia, or the "Mosque of the Booksellers," This edifice is the pride of the city; it is 220 feet

high, and consists of seven stories, the ascent being made by inclined planes. It was built in 1197 A.D. by the architect Guever, of Seville, who constructed at the same time the wonderful Giralda of Seville, which every traveller in Spain has admired. The pillars in the interior are said (for no Christian has ever seen them) to have been brought from Spain. Other public edifices are also assumed to have been constructed from Spanish material. The assumed to have been constructed from Spanish material. The gate called Bab Aquenaon was brought piecemeal from Algesiras, and the door of the mosque El Monezim came from Granada. The city contains numerous public baths, bazars, and markets, but only one charitable institution, which is at once an asylum for the destitute and a sanctuary for the criminal. The city is well complied with water and to this is due the grateful verdure of its supplied with water, and to this is due the grateful verdure of its gardens. The fountains, which are supplied by aqueducts leading from the hills, are numerous, and many of them are of considerable antiquity. The handsome one represented in our engraving

is decorated with a Moorish arch, and carved in old arabesque work; it is called Shrub on Shoof (Behold and Drink), and is inscribed with the architect's name, Mamun, with the pious addition, "God be praised that I was able to finish this work."

Around these fountains gather the motley population of the city, for Morocco is, as far as Africa is concerned, a cosmopolitan city, including Moors, Algerines, Tunisians, Egyptians, Arabs from the Sahara, negoes from the Soudan, and the inevitable and industrious Jews. The Jews' quarter is in the southern part of the city, and is about a mile and a half in circuit, and its gates are guarded by soldiers; for as it is known that the Jews have much money and valuables in their possession, there is always the danger of an attack from the fanatical part of the native population.

The throne of Morocco is hereditary in a family of the Sharifs of Tafilet. The Sultan resides alternately at Fez and Morocco, and is endowed with despotic power. Under another system of

government the country might regain its old importance-when Morocco was accounted "one of the greatest cities in the whole world," and the spoils of Andalusia flowed into the favored city. The whole population of the town at present has been estimated at about 50,000 souls, of whom 6000 are Jews.

The Peaked-brim Bonnet.

See illustration on front page.

THIS French bonnet is a tasteful illustration of the peaked brim which is a feature of new spring bonnets, and has been given by the English the name of the pointed roof bonnet. The picture represents a satin straw bonnet of the crushed strawberry shade, lined with velvet of the same color, finished on the edge with a velvet pleating. Outside the brim are thickly clustered loops of gold braid. Ottoman ribbon loops trim the right side, while on the left is a large cluster of pink and red geraniums with green leaves and long stems. The strings are of strawberry red ottoman ribbon.

A MODERN DINNER.

THE two preceding papers on the modern din-L ner table have naturally included much that relates to the dinner itself; nevertheless, some points remain to be treated more in detail.

An invitation to dinner is the highest social compliment, and should be so received and treat-While almost all other invitations are issued by the hostess alone, the invitations to dinner are always in the joint names of host and hostess. The host occupies here the high position of entertainer, and he is expected to do much toward the amusement of his guests. It is he who goes first to the dining-room, and it is he who conducts on his right arm and seats at his right hand the most important lady of the party.

For a good dinner does not consist alone of the meats and drinks, although both should be carefully considered, but of the proper seating of the guests at the table, as well as the etiquette to be observed toward them, and the perfection of

every arrangement. Most ladies who give dinners constantly keep books in which the name of every guest is enter-ed and a record of the dinner. Also they keep their own dinner cards, on which they write the names of their neighbors at the dinners to which they have been asked. They also keep a book in which they record carefully the names of their hosts to whom they owe return dinners, for this is a hospitality which in a large city, and with a fashionable acquaintance, must be returned.

The hostess attends to the writing and sending out of invitations. Engraved cards, as we have said, are usually used for these invitations, with spaces left for names, date, hour, and address. These invitations are sent a fortnight in advance. Many ladies select Thursday, or some other day in the week, as their invariable dinner-giving day, and have their cards engraved accordingly, after the formula lately given in the Bazar, leaving blanks for the names of the guests and date, which are afterward written in. This saves a great deal of trouble.

Now the acceptance or refusal of this invitation should be sent with as little delay as possible. It shows a want of courtesy or good-breeding on the part of the invited guest to leave this invitation unanswered more than a day, as no lady wishes to send a second note to learn if her dinner is accepted or not. Many ladies drive to the door of their invited guests with their dinner invitations, having the footman leave them, so solicitous are they that they should be properly delivered. It is also proper to send them by a servant or by post, which latter way is observed in England by the highest authorities, but there is a sort of reluctance here to this sensible course.

In whatever way it is done, the same plan should be followed in returning the answer promptly. For small and unceremonious dinners a shorter invitation and a written note, sometimes in the first person, are proper. The onus of answering them, and of being particular about keeping the engagement, remains the

It is not well for a hostess to invite too many members of one family to the same dinner. is better to ask them on different occasions. But it is the height of impropriety to invite the husband without the wife, or the wife without

Punctuality is a necessary courtesy. "It is the courtesy of kings," and many a common person could be taught this virtue by the Prince of Wales, who never keeps his host waiting. Be within five minutes of the dinner hour, fore than later.

In the hall the gentleman arriving should find a small envelope which contains a card having on it the name of the lady whom he is to conduct down to dinner, also a small boutonnière, which

he puts in his button-hole.

When his wife comes down from the dressingroom the two do not enter arm in arm-that is considered vulgar-but the lady goes first, followed by her husband. A servant should be stationed at the door to announce them, and should open the door for the lady.

The host and hostess stand near each other in

the drawing-room ready to receive their guests and if necessary, the host introduces the guests to the hostess if, as often happens at Washington, or at an official dinner, she does not know

The punctual arrival relieves the hostess of any awkward apprehension she may have about her dinner being spoiled, and enables her to make any introductions, if she may so choose, be-

In France it is never done—the waiting for a tardy arrival-but in our country fifteen minutes

and even half an hour are sometimes allowed, particularly to a distinguished guest. But this delay is a great discourtesy to the host.

The gentleman having read the name of the lady on his dinner card, if he does not know her, asks the hostess to present him to her. He begins a little conversation with her before dinner is announced, if there is time. The host and hostess shake hands with each new guest on his or her arrival; ladies seat themselves, but gentlemen stand about the parlor chatting.

The question of rank not being one which troubles us in America, the lady who is first taken in is the lady to whom the dinner is given, and if there is no lady, par excellence, who is the guest of honor, then the oldest lady present should be taken in. Age is of itself a claim to precedence in America. Members of the same family, as husbands and wives, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, should not be sent in to dinner in couples, nor should one gentleman take two ladies

If a dinner party be short of gentlemen, or the reverse, there should be no attempt to make a formal entry to the dining-room, but the host should go first with the lady of most consequence, the others should be asked to go in informally and the hostess should always enter last. This is an infallible rule.

If the dinner is not a sufficiently formal one for dinner cards, the host should inform each gentleman whom he should take down to dinner. If any difficulty arise, the hostess must come to the rescue, and playfully indicate who must be the lady chosen. But it saves injured feelings and trouble if the list is made out before dinner, But it saves injured feelings and the gentleman is informed as to whom he is to offer his arm-invariably his right arm.

When the guests are all arrived, the butler comes into the room, and, addressing the host-ess, says, "Madam, dinner is served." Unless he has been instructed to wait for a tardy guest, he does this fifteen minutes after seven, if dinner is ordered at seven. If he is ordered to wait, he must remain in the dining-room until he hears his master's bell.

The duties of a hostess at a dinner are, in the first place, to use a woman's tact as to the invited guests, striving to find out who will be agree. able to each other, and placing such people near each other. Some women have a sixth sense as to this delicate point, and some are utterly de-

To give dinners simply to pay one's debts is in the extreme a disruption of all the claims of To pay one's debts and at the same hospitality. time give delightful and hospitable dinners is to raise hospitality to a very grand thing.

A clever hostess not only places her guests in the proper neighborhood, but she adroitly starts the conversation for them. If she has invited a gourmand who cares more for her excellent entrées than for the lady next him, if he has come merely to eat and not to talk, she must address some remark to him and to the lady which will set them both talking if possible. She must at least let him know that she observes his silence.

The manner of a hostess should present a simple dignity, and an equal interest in all her guests. If she sees a guest lingering over a plate which the servant is waiting to remove, she must seem to be eating herself, and save him from the mortification of looking up and observing that he is the last. If she has a ready wit and a pleasant laugh, if she has tact, she can make everybody happy at her table. But it is a sign of a vulgar woman and one of low breeding if she shows more attention to one than another, if she pays a servile deference to wealth or fashion and treats an old friend with coldness. Some women invite those whom they consider as their inferiors to their houses apparently to insult them; others gush in a ridiculous manner. Either extreme is in bad taste. The old courteous dignity which gave every lady a formula of manners having passed, each lady must make a manner for herself. Etiquette should be veneered over a good heart and a thorough self-respect, then it can not wander far from the perfect bearing.

In England it was formerly de riqueur for a lady to wear a low-necked dress and short sleeves at dinner. But Frenchwomen, who seldom have handsome necks, brought in the high-necked dress, now almost universal. It is, however, incumbent on all ladies to go to a dinner in full dress, whatever that may be. There is no entertainment at which jewels and laces and handsome dress are so indispensable. The low-necked dresses are far more becoming to many ladies, and such should adopt them. In these days of luxury and splendor it is hardly necessary to hint as to the necessity of a lady's wearing a handsome dinner dress, or that the minutiæ of gloves, fan, thought of. lady wears her gloves to the table, nor removes them until she has sat down. These gloves should always be perfectly fresh. Young women should be dressed more simply than older women, and should wear less jewelry, or none at all.

A gentleman does not wear gloves to dinner. He is always dressed in faultless evening dress-coat and black cloth trousers and black cloth waistcoat cut low: his linen must of course be immaculate and plain, and he wears a white tie, which he must learn to tie perfectly. He must carry a crush hat into the drawing-room, and at dinner he puts it under his chair. This hat is called a Gibus, and is a most important accessory

to evening dress. A man should dress without pretension or eccentricity, with no-or very little-jewelry, and that for use, not ornament. A fob hanging to his watch, as his grandfather wore it, is now fashionable, and rings are worn on the last finger; one single stud, either of a black pearl or a cat's-eye, may fasten his shirt bosom; his sleeve-buttons may be of gold, enamel, or of intaglios; but this is all the jewelry which he can well wear. He should be scrupulously neat and fresh, and wear

his clothes as if he did not think of them himself or wish others to do so. His feet must be scru pulously well dressed, with silk stockings and low shoes, and here he is permitted to throw in a bit of color if he chooses, lighting up his sombre black with a bit of scarlet stocking. Black silk stockings are, however, the most fashionable.

The way of serving a ceremonious dinner in the great cities is now almost wholly what is called "d la Russe"; that is, nothing is put on the table but the dessert. Everything else is handed by the waiters. This has its advantages, as it saves the host all trouble of carving and helping. This plan is also neater, and has obviated the old fashion of removing the cloth, which was very inconvenient. Now a modern dinner table has the same neatness of aspect at the end of a dinner that it had at the beginning.

The modern guest, as she seats herself at a dinner table, sees before her a picture of beauty, such as has lately been illustrated in our columns, in the white open-worked linen cloth, the silver, glass, and porcelain, the flowers and the fruits, and the beautiful ruby flagons, mounted in gold, which hold the wine, and recall Rubens's pic-At her plate she finds a bonbonnière on which her name is painted, a bouquet, and perhaps other gifts, like fans, etc., etc.

The first delicacy brought to her will be possibly clams or oysters on the half-shell, with a bit of lemon. This is followed by a plate of soup, and she noiselessly eats her soup. This again is folshe noiselessly eats her soup. This again is fol-lowed by fish, which is eaten with a fork—a small fork, which she will find at her plate. After the fish comes an entrée, such as sweetbreads with green pease, or a dish of chicken in little pasties called bouchees à la Reine, and with the fish and these entrées white wine is drunk. After these morsels come the pièces de résistance, the heavy roasts, filets, and so on. Then Roman punches, called sorbets (very refreshing ices, with some liqueur to give point to them), are passed in small glasses on pretty dishes, like roses or boats, or something fanciful. These are followed by game and pate de foie gras and salads. After the salad, cheese and some delicate biscuits precede the dessert. A cabinet or plum pudding is then passed, served on elegant dessert plates. After that ices and Then fruit, candies, preserved ginger, are handed. Each guest has by this time a glass plate and finger-bowl before him, into which tasteful hostesses throw a few fragrant flowers. Coffee in small cups finishes the dinner.

A QUIET COMEDY.

NE sultry afternoon in September, two years ago, Mr. Thomas Rackett, the sole surviving partner in the well-known firm of Murrable, Rack ett. & Co., walked quickly up a sheltered carriagedrive which led to a charming little house lying within a mile of Fordham, Westchester County, New York.

Murrable, Rackett, & Co., as probably every one is aware, are Oriental merchants; and Mr. Rackett was returning home after a year's absence in India, whither he had been suddenly summoned in consequence of the death of his uncle and partner, Mr. Algernon Rackett. This uncle had for nearly a generation been the Calcutta representative of the firm; and after having for more than a quarter of a century done his best to ruin his constitution by the reckless consumption of curries and Bass's ale, he had finally succumbed to a wholly unforeseen attack of apoplexy.

The news of his death arrived rather inoppor tunely in New York. After a few weeks quaintance, Thomas Rackett had married Dora, the only daughter of Mr. Cyrus Duncombe, of Wall Street, and he had barely begun to taste the joys of wedded life when his uncle inconsiderately quitted the world without having first set-tled his affairs, and Tom was obliged to leave for India at a day's notice. Mr. Duncombe lived at Fordham, and as the duration of her husband's absence was quite uncertain, it was arranged that the young wife should take up her abode near her father's house, and thus enjoy the advantages of independence without entirely surrendering Mr. Duncombe's paternal protection.

Her cottage-for it was but little more a model of picturesque comfort; and Tom, as he approached it, felt no little pleasure in the reflection that during his enforced separation from her his wife had had so lovely a home. One thought, however, worried him a little. He was returning unexpectedly, and he wondered whether, under the circumstances, she who had known him for so short a time as lover and husband would know him again. When he left her he had worn only his mustache. Now he grew a full ard, and he was so browned and tanned, to boot. that he scarcely recognized himself.

He was speculating upon this question when a turn in the roadway brought him in sight of the house, and, looking up, he saw at a window above the veranda no less a person than Dora herself Fair and fresh as a rose at dawn she seemed as, dressed all in white, she carefully trimmed a too luxuriant creeper which clung around the halfopened jalousies. The echo of his step upon the crisp gravel attracted her attention for an instant, and she glanced down at him; but there was no sparkle of recognition in her eyes, and as he approached the door she quietly withdrew.

"She actually does not know me," said Tom to himself. "She takes me for a stranger. I will surprise her."

Then a sudden idea struck him. "I will pretend to be some one else," he thought-"a friend of her husband's from India. She thinks I am still at Calcutta. When I last wrote to her I had not the least idea that I should be able to get home before Christmas. Yes, I will pretend to be some one else."

And suiting the action to the word, he rang the bell, and upon a servant appearing, told the

girl, without, however, giving his name, that a gen. nan from India desired to see Mrs. Rackett.

He was shown into a cool, delightful drawing-room, which contained a thousand evidences of the taste and culture of its fair mistress. Opposite the open window stood a huge vase filled with flowers, and close to this Mr. Rackett took up his position, turning his back to the door.

Within two minutes he heard the rustling of his wife's dress outside, and with a nervous apprehension of what might result from his dissimulation he began to cough violently.

Mrs. Rackett entered behind him, but he did not face her.
"I am afraid, sir, that you find the open win-

dow too much for you," she said, hesitatingly.
"Oh no, thank you," gasped Tom, facing her for an instant, and then gazing more intently than ever at the flowers. "Not at all. Not in the least."

"Let me shut the window"

"Oh no, thank you. Not for worlds!" returned Tom, who was already beginning to regret his determination. He felt obliged to turn round, but when he faced her fully he was relieved to find that he was still unrecognized, and he continued, "The fact is, Mrs.—Mrs.—"
"Mrs. Rackett," said Dora, softly,

"Ah, thank you, yes. The fact is, Mrs. Rack-ett," declared the deceitful husband, "that I am not yet reconciled to this disagreeable climate of I-ah-that is to say-a man who has existed in groves of mango, and has lived on chutnee and curry—I dare say you understand—"

" Quite so, Mr.—Mr.—" "Brackett," answered Tom, deliberately. "My name is Brackett."

"What a curious similarity!" commented Dora, unsuspiciously. "Do you spell it with two t's!" "With two t's," assented Tom.

"How strange! Yes, I can readily believe that people coming here from India find our climate very trying at first even in this hot weather. My husband writes that the heat has been excessive. Please take a chair, Mr. Brackett. Possibly you may have brought me news of him? I hope so. I thought his last letter was not written in very good spirits."

Tom regretted more than ever that he had not at once disclosed his identity, but he felt it pleasant to be thus ingenuously informed by his wife that she took so great an interest in his welfare.

"Yes," he said, "I can give you some news of him, for two months ago I was at Calcutta."
"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Rackett, with un-"How delightful! It is so nice concealed joy.

to meet any one who has seen him out in that horrible country! How was he?" Various ideas coursed rapidly through Tom's

brain. Should he go on, or should he declare himself? He decided to go on. "He was," he said, mysteriously, "as well as

could be experted."

"As well as could be expected!" cried Dora, in alarm. "Do you mean that he has been ill?" "Well, not exactly ill, you know," responded Tom, who was getting deeper and deeper into the slough.

"But I do not understand you. Tell me, please, at once. What has happened to him?

Mr. Rackett wondered what the end would be. He wished she would recognize him, and throw her white arms around his neck; but he had not

courage to confess himself.
"Nothing very serious," he said, after a pause. "I dare say you know that since he has been in India he has shot a good many tigers?"

A strange expression flitted across Mrs. Rack-t's face. "Tigers!" she exclaimed, in horror. ett's face. Tell me, Mr. Brackett-tell me."

"Well, he went up the country to Jubbalpore, and started on a shooting expedition. He was accompanied only by a native servant. They entered the jungle. Suddenly, and without warning, a huge female tiger sprang upon me—I mean, of course, upon your husband-and bore him to The servant fled for assistance, help arrived, and Mr. Rackett was found, faint from loss of blood, with his right arm torn out by the socket, his left eye destroyed, and the calf of his left leg deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster."

The narration of this remarkable story taxed Tom's imaginative faculties to their utmost limits, and it was therefore with considerable disappointment that he heard his wife simply exclaim, " How alarming!"

Mr. Rackett thought that she did not seem to feel the full force of the news, and he considerately repeated the harrowing details.

That fully explains his despondent frame of mind," said Mrs. Rackett. "His right arm-"Yes, torn out by the socket. He has learn-

ed to write with his left hand "Oh, dreadful!" ejaculated Dora. left eye destroyed?"

Yes; he wears a glass eve, poor fellow." "It must be agony," continued Mrs. Rackett.
"And the calf of his left leg deeply scored by the cruel claws of the ferocious monster! A terrible misfortune! And when you left him, Mr. Brackett, how was he? Can he survive?"

For the first time a dreadful suspicion entered Tom's mind. Did that wife of his still love him? He determined to test her.

'It is impossible to say with certainty," he replied, seriously; "but you must hope for the best. Let me beg of you, my dear Mrs. Rackett, to keep up your spirits."

"Oh, I assure you, Mr. Brackett, I am not in the least inclined to be miserable. There is very pleasant society here; and you know there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

Tom was thunder-struck. He felt that his fears were but too well founded; but he made up his

mind to put his wife to yet another test.

"Poor fellow," he said. "I assure you that your name was very often on his lips. In his delirium he called for you hour after hour."



"Indeed! It is very good of him not to have

forgotten me!" Forgotten you? Oh no! I am sure that it is the lot of but few women to have a husband half so affectionate."

"And of but few men," continued Mrs. Rackett,

"And of Dut few men, continued Mrs. Rackett, with an irresistible smile, "to have a wife—"
"Half so charming," assented Tom, who in spite of himself could not conceal his admiration. "Oh, Mr. Brackett!" ejaculated Dora, in con-tion. "But excuse me. Will you stay and dine here? Of course you will, to please me. You know that a woman hates solitude little less than small-pox. One moment." And she quitable to the second of ted the room.

Mr. Ruckett rose and paced rapidly backward and forward. His love and confidence had re-ceived a terrible blow, and he was extremely agi-

tated.
"Is she so heartless?" he reflected. "Perhaps I had better leave her at once, and never let her know the truth. But I can not go until I am quite sure, for I love her as much as I ever did. Just now I felt a hundred times impelled to take her into my arms and call her Dora again. I must be certain before I can act. I may be unjust. Perhaps that idiotic story I told her has made her hysterical. Some women will in such made her hysterical. Some women will in such circumstances say and do exactly the contrary of what they mean. Possibly she is weeping now in her own room, breathing my name, and longing to be at my bedside at Jubbalpore. The dear girl! I must go and see. But here she is again, and smilling too! Confound her!"

Mrs. Rackett re-entered with no traces of sorrow upon her face. "I have ordered dinner," she said, "for seven o'clock. Until then I must do my best to amuse you, for there is no one else in the house except the servants. I hone that

in the house except the servants. I hope that you had a pleasant voyage home, and that the memory of that unpleasant tiger incident did not

memory of the and unpresent sign indicate that all heat tyour dreams by the way."

"Not in the least!" returned Tom, and he bit his lip. "The voyage was delightful. I came by way of the Suez Canal. There were some charming girls on board, and of course we all enjoyed our-selves immensely. There was a moonlight party at Aden, and on that occasion the young ladies sang to us until two o'clock in the morning, when we had a champagne supper in a tent, which a friend of mine providentially had with him. shall never forget it."

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He was as reckless as any man could be, and cared no longer what he said.

"It must have been very delightful," laughed Mrs. Rackett. "I really wish that I had been

"So do I, I am sure," responded Tom, coldly.
"I am very fond of music," Dora went on; "but I enjoy above all what you men, I believe, call a spree. I'm afraid that I have a good deal of the

Bohemian in my nature."

"I suppose, however," queried Mr. Rackett,
"that you lead a very quiet life here?"

"Oh no, not at all. Of course I know every
one in the neighborhood; and, as a married woman, I ask whom I please to my house. I assure you I have very pleasant evenings now and then. You must come some day, Mr. Brackett-

"I am afraid," said Tom, despondingly, "that I shall not be here for long. I am thinking of going abroad. I can not rest anywhere."

"You are worried, then? I can sympathize

with you. A woman's sympathy, you know-"

"Yes; family matters and disappointments—"But you are not the man," said Mrs. Rackett, encouragingly, "who ought to be a prey to disappointments. You are young, and, if you will excuse my freedom, not bad-looking. Ha! ha! I hope you did not lose your heart to one of the young ladies at Aden."

"No, Mrs. Rackett. To tell the truth, I am doubtful whether any woman is worth worrying one's self about."

"Do not be cynical," exclaimed Dora. "All men have a period of cynicism, I know; but you surely must have outgrown it. Perhaps men expect too much from women."
"They expect sympathy, fidelity, and consider-

ation!" exclaimed Mr. Rackett, bluntly.
"But do they themselves practice those virtues? Ah me! What a terrible thing it would be to have a husband who would practice none of them-a husband cold and unkind!"

"And what a still more terrible thing," said Tom, bitterly, "would it be to have an unfaithful

and unsympathetic wife!"
"But do you believe," asked Dora, "that there are many such women?"

"I know to my cost that there is at least one. Yes! There are many women, Mrs. Rackett, who betray their husbands."

"I can not believe it; but when such is the case, I think that the husband is generally also to blame." And Dora looked demurely at the

I am afraid." soliloquized Mr. Backett. "that it is foolish to believe that any woman is virtu-

"It is absurd to believe that no woman is virtuous," said Dora, indignantly. "I see, Mr. Brackett, that after all you are worrying yourself

for some woman's sake."

"I? Oh no. It is not worth while."

"Well," she continued, "I am glad to see that you can forget your troubles. I do not let mine worry me. Cozy suppers and—"

"But the probable death of your husband?"

interrupted Tom.

errupted Tom.
"I am philosophical," said Mrs. Rackett, with
calmness which exasperated her visitor. "We a calmness which exasperated her visitor. only lived together for five weeks after our marriage; but even in that short period, happy as it was, we both of us doubtless developed little peculiarities of temper of which the other had previously been ignorant. I dare say he became rather tired of me. Don't you agree that marriage is a sad disenchantment?"

"No," replied Tom, sternly. "But, with all deference to you, I think that woman is."

"You are wrong, Mr. Brackett; I am sure you are wrong. I am convinced that any sensible woman who takes the trouble may save a man from ever feeling disappointed with her. Our doctor here is gallant enough to be of my opinion. He is an Irishman, and he has told me that no man could possibly be disappointed with Mrs. Rackett. Ha! ha! Of course I know that I rishmen sometimes say a little bit more than they mean, especially when they want to be pleasant; yet there is truth at the bottom of what he says, for I am sure that I could save any man who really loved me from being disappointed."

Tom's blood boiled up against the Irish doctor, and against Dora's plain-speaking. He decided to try if he could draw her into a flirtation with He would thus be able to satisfy himself of her baseness.

"Yes," he assented, "I can not doubt it. But all men are not so fortunate as to meet with women like you.'

Here he drew his chair nearer to Dora's, and continued, softly: "I confess that I have been unfortunate in my experience. If I thought that

I might hope for your sympathy—"
"Surely, Mr. Brackett, it would be unwomanly to refuse it to any one."

"Ah! If I really might hope for your sympathy," he went on, with well-simulated earnestness, "look for your regard and pity, and have such a one as you to live for, life, I assure you, would soon assume a new complexion to my eyes. Let us be plain. Your husband, we will suppose, is dead from his injuries, poor fellow. But why should you, who have seen so little of him, and who even during those short five weeks discovered so many imperfections, devote yourself to a long period of formal widowhood in memory of a man whom you do not respect? Why, indeed, my dear Mrs. Rackett, when you can meantime make another happy, and bestow your sympathy and your love upon one who can value such gifts at their true worth?"

"Really, Mr. Brackett," said Dora, gently, rising from her seat, "I was scarcely prepared for this. I confess that I feel the need of love such as yours, but under the circumstances can I—" And overcome by her feelings, she sank upon an otto-man and buried her face in her hands.

Tom bent over her. This, he thought to himself, is my faithful and devoted wife. Still doubtful, however, of his conclusions, he took a seat beside her and put his arm around her waist. "Dear Mrs. Rackett," he said, may I not call you by another name? I love you." He was holding

her disengaged hand, which certainly squeezed his, "You may call me Dora," she said, not, however, without hesitation.

Tom drew back for a moment; but his love

for his wife overcame him still. "Dora, my own!" he cried—this time with more earnestness than dissimulation; "say that you love me, even that you will try to love me. Forget the past. Dora, do you love me?" and he seized her hand and kissed it. "Do you love me, my own?"

"Yes," murmured Mrs. Rackett, softly and hesitatingly; but in a moment her arms were around her husband's neck, and she whispered, "You know I do."

Tom started up from the ottoman and freed himself from her embrace. "This is terrible," he thought. "This places it all beyond a doubt. he thought. "This places it all beyond a doubt. She can not possibly love me now. Yet how I love her! Good heavens! she is willing to give her heart to the first stranger who asks for it. But I can not leave her without a kiss." And he controlled himself again. "Then you will be mine, my own, my darling?" he cried. "Dora!" and busiling hofe her he embraced her. Dora!" and kneeling before her, he embraced her fervently. Then he rose and stood upright, while she remained with bowed head, and seemed to be weeping. At last he summoned up courage to speak once more. "Mrs. Rackett!" he exclaim-

She looked up for an instant, and having com-

posed herself, faced him.
"Mrs. Rackett," he said, "what would your husband say to this? You have disgraced him."

Dora smiled imploringly, but meeting with no responsive glance from her visitor, continued Tom's sentence by adding, "That is, provided that he is absurdly jealous."

"Not at all," returned Tom. "Are you not a vicious woman?"

"I beg your pardon," said Dora, with returning coolness, "but are you married?"
"I? Well—unfortunately I am—at recover."

"I? Well—unfortunately I am—at present."
"Then, at all events," said Mrs. Rackett, "the guilt, if guilt it be, of both of us is equal."

"Equal?" sneered Mr. Rackett. "Ha! ha! No true wife could behave as you behaved just

now."
"Neither," answered Dora, "could any true husband act as you have acted. Even if you be cynical enough to believe that all women are vicious, you do not better matters by encouraging them, and by being vicious yourself. Women are subject to little weaknesses. Their principles are too often the principles of those they But men should have more strength."

Weaknesses!" commented Tom, scornfully, "Do you call flirtation on the part of a married woman a little weakness?"

"On the contrary. It is, however, no more reprehensible than flirtation on the part of a mar-

You treat the matter with frivolity," said Mr. Rackett, turning on his heel.

"But you treat it illogically," persisted Dora. "We have just interchanged pledges. Is this a specimen of the mode in which we intend to car-

ry them out?"
"Pooh! what is the value of a pledge when

given by such a woman as you? Then why did you ask it?" demanded Mrs.

"In order," returned Tom, "that I might as-

sure myself that you are as vicious and worthless

as I now know you to be."

"I might," said Dora, "apply similar reproaches to you if, in spite of all that you have said, I did not really love you. And having told me that you love me, you can not surely so soon contradict yourself."

"Love you? I despise you!" cried Tom. But he silently added, "Yes, I do love her." "No; you have opened my eyes. I can respect you no longer, and therefore I had better leave you. Oh, Dora, if only you had been a good woman! Good-by,"

He approached her slowly, took her hand, and having kissed it, kissed her on the cheek, but their eyes did not meet.

"You are really going?" said Dora. Now?

"Yes; I am sorry. I must go. It is for the

best; we could not be happy."
"I think," murmured Mrs. Rackett, "that we might. I would put up with a great deal. I would not even be very jealous if you were to flirt again with young ladies at Aden."

"But I?"—and Tom nerved himself for the parting. "Would you not betray me? No; I must go. Good-by." He kissed her once more on the cheek, and then moved slowly and silently toward the door, where he stood for a moment.

Mrs. Rackett sank upon the ottoman. "Goodby," she said. "But—Tom—"
Mr. Rackett started. "Tom ?" he said. "Who—who told you my name was Tom?"
"Who told me?" cried Mrs. Rackett, as she rose with a gay laugh. "Why, I believe you did once, you foolish boy, only about a year ago. I

used to call you Tom then."

"And you know me, Dora," he exclaimed, stepping toward her with outstretched hands, and taking her in his arms. "My own! Then you have known me all along?"

"No, Tom, I did not recognize you until you told me that terribly big story about the tiger. What a stupid boy you were to say such a thing, and try to frighten me! And you have grown a beard! How could I expect you home so soon, too? Do you wonder that I did not know you a once? But there! I must forgive you, I think; for, after all, this love-making over again has not been altogether unpleasant." And she threw her arms around his neck.

"Yes, it was foolish of me," said Tom, a minute later; "but if you forgive me—"
"Forgive you? I am only too glad, now that I have you home again. How papa will laugh when we tell him! But there must be nothing more of this kind, Tom; no more flirtations at

"And no more Irish doctors, Dora. No. As far as I am concerned I promise that this shall be the first and last affair of the kind."

They dined cozily together that evening, and afterward, as they walked along the winding paths in the garden, they laughed to their hearts' content over their quiet comedy.

HOUSELESS AND HOMELESS.

See illustration on page 232.

IN this pretty picture the group of wandering musicians of gentle mien, betokening that they were not always nomads without a roof to cover their heads, contrasts strongly with the children trudging to school, who, humbly clad and coarsely fed, have yet a home, with its fos-tering care. The subject is admirably handled in the fine engraving, and the picture is well calculated to interest the family circle.

WINDY WEATHER.

No one who is at all subject to any affection of the chest should of the chest should expose himself to high wind. A high wind is always more or less cold; and, on the other hand, no matter how low the temperature is, exercise may, as a rule, be taken with benefit and comfort if there be no wind. The nervous, too, should avoid exposure to high winds, else headache will be the result, and general depression of the whole system will follow. Cold wet winds, especially those that blow from the north and east, seem to possess a peculiarly disturbing effect upon the mucous membrane of the digestive canal, which may result in a fit of dyspepsia, or in diarrhea, or even dysentery. It is these north and east winds that render the early spring months in this climate of ours so risky to the invalid, or those predisposed to consumption and various other complaints. But the east wind is more than any other to be dreaded by people liable to chest complaints; nor can any amount of care in clothing defend them against its evil influences.

But there are times when calm days are just as much to be dreaded by the delicate and invalid as the stormiest winds that can blowwhen the sky is overcast, and the atmosphere hot: when the gloom is general, when in towns evil vapors float low on the ground, and in the open country the exhalations from the earth's surface lie thick and stagnant thereon, poisoning the air we breathe. Such days are hard upon even the healthy, and it is no wonder, therefore, if the weakly suffer. Night air is greatly dreaded by many, and sometimes with good cause. There is not only always the danger of catching cold or receiving a chill-which is often even worsebut of breathing malaria or miasmata; and this danger is greatly increased if there be mist or fog, or even dew. It ought to be generally known that pasture-lands, woods, pleasure-grounds, and small lakes of water such as we have in our most beautiful parks, all send forth malaria to some considerable extent, and that the delicate do wrong to walk in such places, even in the most delightful evenings of summer.

How best, then, are the more tender among us

to shield themselves from the evil effects of bad weather and baneful atmosphere? to this question is this: we are to clothe ourselves in such a way as to be proof against cold and wet, and at the same time do all we can to keep our bodies as near to the disease-resisting standard of health as possible. Exercise must on no account be neglected, but it ought not to be exercise of too trying or even too exciting a kind. ought to study the kind and quality as well as the quantity of food we eat, not forgetting that people are all apt to err on the side of eating too much. It is the food which is digested with comfort that supports life.

Whatsoever lowers the nervous system renders us more susceptible to atmospheric changes, and vice versa. Healthful sleep should be procured at night, therefore, but only by rational means; and daily and complete ablution is imperatively necessary. People who are subject to colds should be particular to have their bedrooms well ventilated and comfortable, and the bed-clothes warm, but not heavy. I am quite con-vinced that colds are caught as often in bed as out of it, and those with weak chests would do well to wear a chest-protector at night as well as by day. The part of the body most frequently unprotected at night is that between the shoulder-blades. Many a one takes every care to wrap up well in bed, but leaves this door open for illness to walk in; and many a fatal illness might be traced to colds thus caught in bed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IDA.-Both "Thanks" and "Thank you" are proper phrases. "Thanks" is the fashionable form of answer

phrases. "Thanks" is the fashionable form of answer to the question which we quoted, but "Thank you" is the more cordial and agreeable phrase.

A Sussonier.—You will find your questions answered in an article, "Before the Wedding and After," in Bazar No. 43, Vol. XIV.

A Sussonier. Obang.—It is optional whether you drink your bouillon or eat it with a spoon.

Inquierr.—Your finner should furnish his own carriage unless your mother or chapter on chooses to each

riage, unless your mother or chaperon chooses to ask him to accompany you with her. It is not proper for you to send for him and go alone with him.

RUTH.—The gray and white Siberian squirrel lining is that you would be a simple to the send to be a send for him and go alone with him.

is what you want for a circular, and the outside should be heavily repped Messine or Sicilienne. It will cost you \$45 or \$55 at the best houses.

A Bowton Reader.—Your silk will look very pretty

A Boston Reader.—Your silk will look very pretty combined with brocade that has this shade for the ground, with rose-colored figures on it, or you might find nuns' veiling of a similar shade to the silk. Another pretty fashion would be a petticoat front of inexpensive pink satin Surah falling in loose pleats, edged with white lace, below which is a pleating of satin and one of your silk. Then have a basque of the silk, pointed in front source neek and others required. pointed in front, square neck, and clhow sleeves, trimmed with white lace. A flowing demi-train of the silk without any trimming completes the dress.

Mrs. J. W. D.-Ecru holland shades slightly embroidered and edged with fringe or with open patterns of lace are very fashionable. Scrim curtains with insertions and edging of antique lace are still much used, as are the Madras muslin curtains with colored figures. Lace curtains of small and quaint designs are again seen at the windows of handsome houses.

MADAME E. D.—A black ottoman silk or satin Surah

basque would be best with your silk skirts. Or you might get a larger check of the same black and white combination, and add collar, cuffs, and bows of black velvet ribbon to give it character, or you could use dark garnet velvet ribbon in the same way.

dark garnet vervet riboon in the same way.

Mas. R. W.—We answer our numerous correspondents as soon as possible; but our space being limited, and this column intended for regular readers, we can and this commit intended for regular realities, we can not repeat information already given, and are often forced to answer several letters together, or to refer inquirers to our fashion articles. We make no charge for answers, and take up the queries in turn.

JOY.—Your question was answered in Answers to Correspondents of Bazar No. 11, Vol. XVI.

Aut Stident.—The articles were published in Nos.
43, 44, 47, and 51, Vol. XV., of Harper's Bazar.

MOTHER.—Get some strawberry red or rose-colored satin Surah to make a basque and pleated fan for the gray chine dress. Then have a plain basque and a simply draped skirt of the chine. The prettiest overdress for your olive green satin would be nuns' veiling, or cashmere of the same shade, or else one of the new India pongees or foulards with olive ground and gay figures. Fine French cashmeres will be used again for spring dresses and cool days in summer.

C. F. B.—Get ottoman repped black silk; about twenty yards will be enough. Do not embroider it, as it is to be your best dress for several years; use selfpleatings, as they do not go out of fashion. Make it with a pointed basque, panels, box-pleated front, and draped back, with one or two fine pleatings around the skirt. Cords and tassels tied in bows on the panels and basque. Small crocheted ball buttons

and basque. Small crocheted ball buttons.

K. B. P.—Boys of four years wear English dresses with the front in plain sack shape, while the back is pleated; kilt suits are also worn by tall boys of four years. A blue flaunch dress of the English shape will years A base and the constraint of the plant, be best for him to wear when travelling. White plant, ecru linen, small checked wool, and flannels are the materials for boys' suits. White cashmere or nuns' veiling trimmed with pleatings of the material, and made with a basque and trimmed skirt, will be suitable for you.

LOUISE.—Address your note either to "Mr. John Brown," or to "John Brown, Esq."; either is strictly proper, although the latter is at present the more fash.

MISS CABRIE F. J.—The Longfellow memorial will be placed in Westminster Abbey by the authority of the Dean of Westminster. Shakspeare's remains have not been transferred from their original resting-place at Stratford-on-Avon, where they are gnarded by the curse of the poet on whoever presumes to lay sacri-

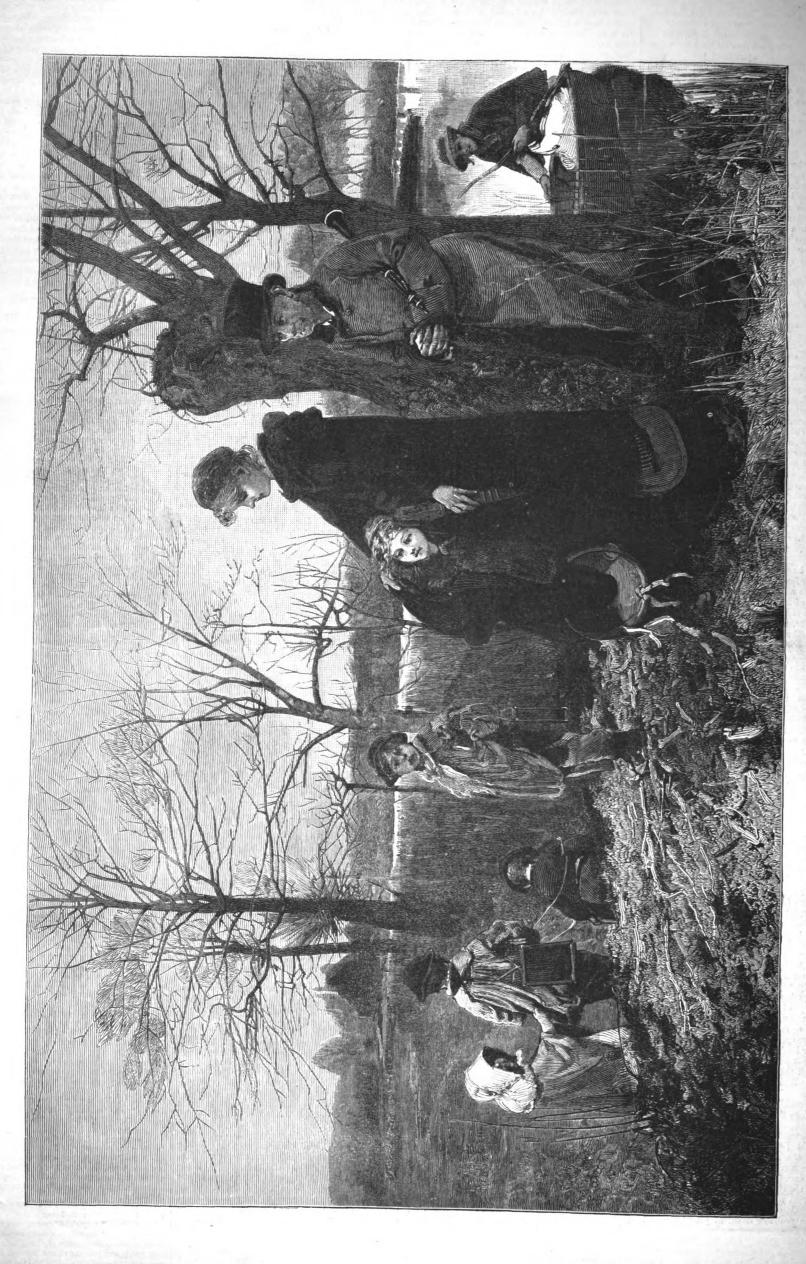
GERMANIA.—At any dealer in artists' materials. The natural color of the corn-flower is blue.

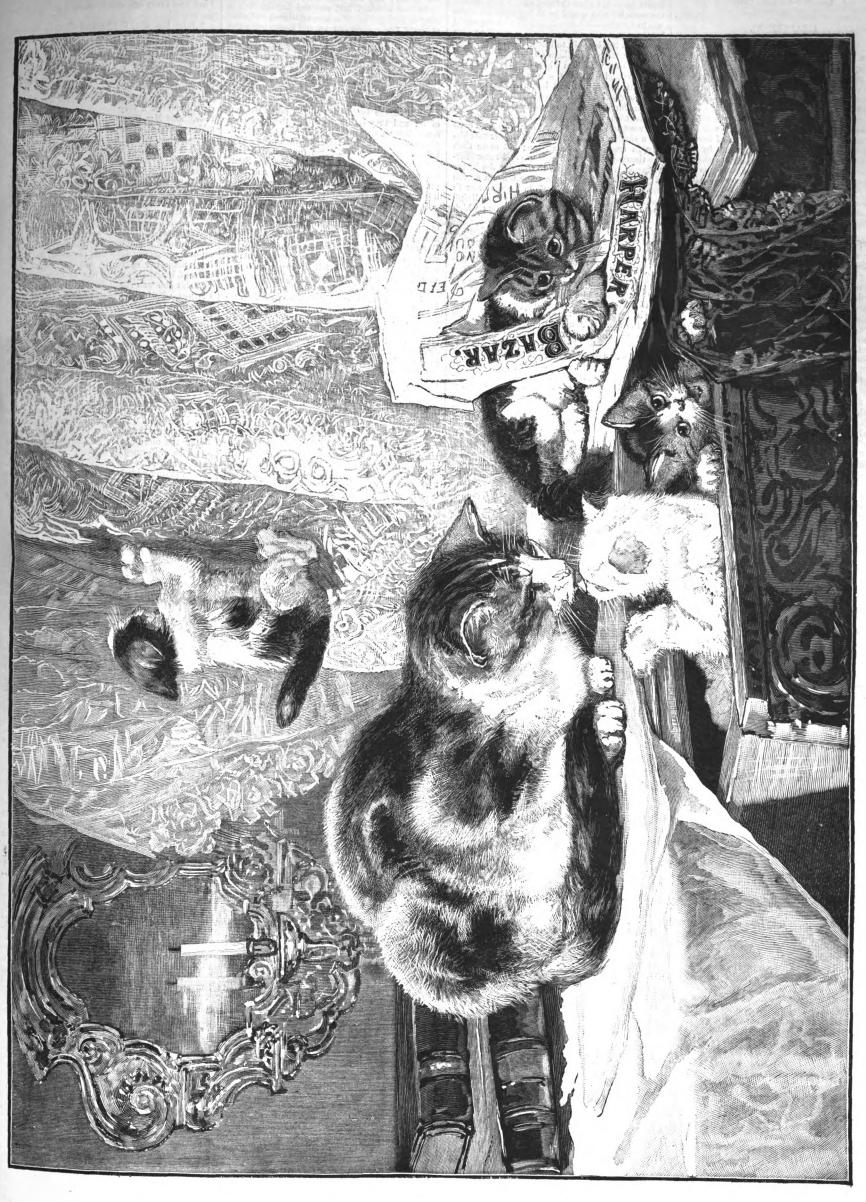
Precision.—To work a double crochet put the

working thread around the needle, which has already a stitch or loop on it, insert the hook into the foundation stitch, and pull the thread through it there are now three loops on the needle; pull the thread through the first two, leaving one and forming a fresh one, then pull the thread through these two. For a short double crochet proceed as above until the three loops are formed, then work them off together by pulling the thread through all at the same time.









IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KRMBALL," "THR ATONEMENT OF LRAM DUNDAS," "UNDER WHICH LORD?" "MY LOVE," RTC.

CHAPTER XI.

BY NATURE AND BY ADOPTION.

THE Stewart family at this time consisted of the Captain and his wife, their daughter, a little over twenty-three years of age, and a girl two years younger-just lately come to her majority whom they called their adopted daughter, and treated in all outward matters as they treated their own. They had taken her, they said, as a companion for Clarissa, as it was not well for a child to grow up without a playmate of her own age and sex to teach her unselfishness by sharwith her the cares of the elders and the love of the world. But who this child was, who were her father and mother, beyond the vague designation of "friends of Captain Stewart's" her real name, birth, or nationality-remained a profound mystery to every one save Captain and Mrs. Stewart themselves. The Englishmen of the colony called her Miss Ione; the Palermitans "la bella Signorina"; Clarissa clipped her name to Nony, and Captain Stewart to Io; but his wife, to whom familiarities were an abomination savoring of democracy and bar-maids, always called her Ione, with all the letters carefully pronounced. Sometimes, when she spoke of her in private to her husband, she said, "that poor girl," or "that unfortunate child."

Mrs. Stewart treated this girl whom she had adopted as her own with a certain gentle but persistent coldness, which seemed like the chronic displeasure of a kind-hearted woman, without active ill-will for the one part, but immovable in her prejudices for the other. She did not wish to show that she resented the child's presence here among them, as in truth she did, nor yet did she wish to be unkind. Nor was she, according to her lights. She, like her husband, was always quite just to Ione. So much must be conceded for truth's sake. In the girlish quarrels which necessarily arose between the two children Mrs. Stewart was careful to keep the balance exactly even, giving the blame where it was due-if anything, indeed, more inclined to blame her own than the other. But justice is not love; and Ione used to feel that she would rather have had the scolding and the love than this icy justice which "gave her reason," but denied her affection. She lived on the outside of the family life, so far as love and confidence went; and as in her childhood vaguely, so now in her girlhood was she keenly, conscious that she was an unwelcome, albeit, it was to be supposed, voluntarily adopted member of the household. She knew that she was not Clarissa's real sister, and that Captain and Mrs. Stewart, whom she had been taught to call papa and mamma, were her parents by adoption only, not by the grace and gift of Whose child she was-who were her true father and mother—was the one secret which she could not prevail on them to divulge. Nor did Clarissa know; else in all probability the confidence of their state and age would have made the secret of the one the open possession

Since she had wakened up to conscious mental life Ione had had two great desires—that of knowing who were her parents, and that of leaving the home where she was sheltered but not cherished. She longed to know herself and to be with her own, and she longed to be free from an obligation which pressed on her like an intolerable burden, and which she felt was as onerous to these others as to her. If she could but make her own living independent of all aid! But how? She could do nothing that would give her only the elementary "piatto di maccheroni" a day. She was too indolent to give herself up to earnest study and really hard brain-work. For all her electric force, she burned herself out in impatient desire of, rather than in steady preparation for the freedom she so ardently craved. She had learned nothing thoroughly, and not very much even superficially. Music was the art wherein she had touched the highest level, but that highest level was a very modest altitude at the best, and she could neither have played in public nor have taught in private. For the rest she was nowhere. In matters of moral speculation—that region of thought known by the name of "opinions" put her intellect into forming judgments without knowledge of that other of the two sides which every question has. She adopted only the one and refused to consider the other; liking to "think things out of herself," as she used to say, rather than to learn from experience or be guided by better knowledge. It was the easiest thing to do. It gave life more color, by reason of the normal attitude of opposition in which she held herself. It strengthened in her that sense of isolation and martyrdom by which she made herself unpleasant and the others uncomfortable; and it widened the distance already, by the nature of things, separating her from her pseudo family.

With this impatience with things as they were and inability to work herself clear of them, there was but small chance of her marrying. She had no marriage portion, for Clarissa's was too small to divide; and naturally in this their own came first with the father and mother who had shared all else. Ione was not much liked by the English colony, and Italians do not take kindly to dowerless wives. They adored her to a man here in Palermo; but a portionless bride did not come into their ordering of social life, and they could only look and long and sigh, and pass by like erotic Levites on the other side. How, then, could she leave this home which was her prison?

Begun ju Harper's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.

-this beautiful island, which was her rock of exile?--these care-takers who were not her parents, and whom she counted as her jailers? ing the god coming down from the skies to carry her off, a second Europa, a gladder Proserpine, a more fortunate Psyche—failing the deliverer who would be to her what Perseus was to Andromeda, the consoler who would be to her what Dionysos was to Ariadne—it seemed unlikely that she would be rescued or relieved; and patience was the weary

lesson set her by pain to learn. As for the sister whom Captain Stewart had brought over with him when he first came, she had remained with them a couple of years only. The climate did not suit her, and she had left rather hurriedly. A few months after her departure the family went into mourning, for poor foolish, credulous Aunt Helen was dead; and the Captain went to England to bury her. She had been but a shadow crossing the field of the Stewart history, as transacted at Palermo; but more than one thought of her with pleasure and remembered her with regret. Even to this day the image of "la bella Elena" was in some sense a sacred memory to one to whom little in heaven or earth besides was sacred. Who that one was Ralph never knew. There were some secrets which Helen could not keep, but this she did to the day of her death. She had translated the old phrase, "Not wisely, but too well," to her own enduring sorrow; but at least she kept the clew close hidden, and the robber who had despoiled her was never known. Indeed, like those cunning birds which lure the seeker after their nests far away from where they lie close to his feet, Helen contrived to throw suspicion on a passing stranger, who had come and gone and vanished into darkness, the more thoroughly to divert it from that handsome and penniless young Count, whose morals were as loose as his pedigree was exalted Penniless as he was, with an income which gave him just one room, with a balcony for flowers and his own favorite chair, enough wine and macaroni for his simple sustenance, a good coat for "la societă," and a carriage for the evening drive -marriage for reparation was out of the question; and the weaker had to bear the burden. Helen was self-betrayed, but the Count was both undiscovered and unsuspected; and for his own part he took care never to show the Englishman that tress of golden hair which he kept in his desk, along with some others, and labelled "La bella Elena." Also, as time went on, he took care not to show anything like especial interest in Ione

no living man divined—as indeed how should any? But what Captain and Mrs. Stewart themselves did not even suspect, the Count's own friends knew from end to end, and kept as religiously as if it had been a Carbonari oath, or a mafiose sign. If in Italy "tutto si dice, tutto si sa," the saying holds good for Italians only. We foreigners do not participate; and our concerns are discussed, our secrets are told, before our eyes, while we see no more than if we were stone-blind. As now, in this matter of Ione's parentage, of which the Stewarts knew only half the truth, and the Count and all his friends the whole.

as she grew up under his eyes, and nature reveal-

ed to him the secret which the Stewarts thought

Among these friends was his own nephew Vincenzo-the same who, not having even his uncle's pittance, and being thus forced to work for his daily bread, had taken service under the Captain, and was now the head man of the mill, and the most trusted of all the "impiegati" at the Villa Clarissa.

The two Stewart girls were equally pretty, so that it was not from jealousy that the father and mother thrust Ione on the edge of the family nest, and kept her on the outskirts of the family life and love. Indeed, some would have said, as the Stewarts naturally thought, that Clarissa was the prettier of the two. It all depended on the individual taste and amount of artistic perception possessed by the critic, which was the more ad-

Both girls were fair; but this fairness was quite different in character, the one from the Clarissa had that kind of light brown hair which the French call "blonde cendrée"-per fectly smooth and glossy, and as soft as so much spun silk. It was fine, long, thick, in every way creditable hair, and to be counted as a beauty, if not indeed taking rank as a minor moral vir-It was always carefully brushed and noticeably neat. It was obedient, well-conditioned well-trained hair-hair with never a line broken nor a tress astray-hair which plaited to perfection, and which would have enabled the girl to have played the part of Lady Godiva had need been, when she unloosed those long thick coronals so neatly wound about the small smooth head. and let them fall in a shining curtain almost to her feet. Everything was small and round and smooth about Clarissa. Her head was small and smooth and round: so was her forehead: so were her rose-leaf cheeks; so also was her nice little chin, like the half of an ivory ball with a cleft in the middle. She had not an angle anywhere; and she was as soft as a well-stuffed satin pincushion, or a bird with all its feathers puffed out. Her arched and somewhat indefinitely marked eyebrows were of the same shade of brown as was her hair: so were her evelashes-these last being rather short and thin. Her eyes were as blue as two big turquoise beads, whereof the holes or pupils were patently small. Her nose was perhaps a little too void of character, but it was a nice nose on the whole, with a good outline, if a little unfinished about the small pinched nostrils, which, however, were modest if opaque, and decently impossible to dilate. The lips were like a couple of tight little cherries, with the dew still glistening on the shining crimson skin; the shape of the face was round; the color pure pink and white—like a monthly rose steeped in milk; and the figure which belonged to that face was small,

round, plump, and appetizing.

In character Clarissa was an amiable little per-

son, with no inconvenient aspirations, no fiery passions, no unpleasant tempers, and with a great many qualities which went well in the domestic harness, where strong individuality is as difficult to manage as vice in horses. She had almost as many friends as she had acquaintances; not a few lovers; and not one enemy. The Sicilians liked and admired her, and the English had a kind of national pride in her prettiness and amiability. She was one who would never bring the national name into discredit, and who could be quoted as a meritorious example of Anglo-Saxon blood and Angio-Saxon training. She might have been married scores of times since her sixteenth birthday, and she had wished to have been perhaps a dozen. But her parents had resolutely denied her to all natives. They were English to the backbone; in the place but not of it; and they could not admit the idea of a son-in-law who was not English like themselves. So, as none of the marriageable men in the English colony had as yet come forward, and only Sicilians had demanded her hand, Clarissa Stewart was a flower still ungathered, and the fairy prince who alone would be held good enough for her had not yet appeared to claim her.

Ione too was fair; but how different was her tone from her adopted sister's well-regulated harmonies! Tall and slender, she had the supple grace of movement of a panther or a leopardess. Her red-gold hair, which looked as if the sun had got entangled in it, glistened like metal, but did not shine like silk. It fell no lower than her shoulders, and was one mass of rebellious curls and arbitrary, disobedient, unmanageable ends. No brushing could make it smooth; no fixature keep it straight; no pins confine it long within bounds. Fasten it as she would, before half an hour had passed it had set itself free of all its re straints, and had broken into a turbulent kind of aureole about her head, and into a mazy tanled curtain over her forehead, falling to her eyes

But what eyes they were which the broad white lids concealed and that rebellious fringe of hair overshadowed! Green in some lights; hazel shot with orange in others; sometimes angry as a stormy night, then radiant as a sunny day; sometimes with the pupil dilated so that the iris was nothing but a line of vellowish-red: and some times shown as a mere streak of glittering color from between the narrowed lids and long dark lashes—they were eyes which spoke as eloquently as words. But they were eyes which you could not look at steadily when they looked at you, for the strange fascination which oppressed and the subtle domination which overpowered. The brows above were thick and broad, and as straight as if ruled by a line. They were many shades darker than the hair, as were the long upturned lashes, which were like spreading flower-rays about the lids. The nose was smaller than Clarissa's, and not so well shaped in profile, and the nostrils were open, thin, transparent, palpitating—according to Mrs. Stewart, almost indelicate. The lips were full and wide, but too pale for perfect beauty, and about the whole mouth was a look of cruelty, which you saw at first sight and afterward forgot.

The complexion was a low soft cream-color running into the gold of the hair where this fringed the broad low brow, and curled in gracious little rings about the nape of the neck, and the skin was thicker than Clarissa's. It had none of that rose-leaf bloom, that clear transparency, that pretty tracery of blue veins, like a finely lined net-work under the fair flesh, which were such marked features with the elder girl. Neither was it skin that blushed under excitement, whether of pain or pleasure. On the contrary, it had the trick of turning pale when any thing touched the heart, stirred the imagination, or woke the lightly slumbering passions of the girl whose nature was like nothing so much as that grand old mountain whose head they could see on clear days—that Ætna, with its heart of fire ever ready to break forth in active storm and desolating tempest. And that cream white face which passion turned to deathly pallor, those dilating nostrils, and those flexible pale lips, with the eyes which were apparently of all colors, and as changeful in expression as in hue, were more eloquent as evidences of feeling than all Clariscrimson flushes and tearful or it might be dancing eyes, and red lips frankly pouting or as frankly laughing. The face altogether was of the most beautiful type of Saracenic-Sicilian, and the color was that strange warm whiteness of one of a dark race who has fallen by chance on gold for amber and on ivory for milk. It was something entirely sui generis, and could scarcely be classified; but it was a face which once seen could never be forgotten, and which you would either love or hate, admire or shrink from, according to your own individual idiosyncrasies.

The hands were large, white, well-shaped, with long taper fingers, transparent nails, and a flat. tened, rather hard, and always burning palm. Clarissa's were round, pink, soft, small, dimpled, and always moist. Though Ione's hands were beautiful in shape, few people admired them, and no one could perhaps say why. Certainly an adept in palmistry had once said, roughly, "They are cruel." But even Mrs. Stewart had put in her disclaimer on this, though Clarissa had looked grave, as if there were something in it, and Captain Stewart had glanced up sharply from beneath his eyebrows, with one of those searching looks of his, which few people could bear unmoved.

Ione was one of those few. Looking first at

the hand-reader, and then at her adopted father, she said in her hardest and most defiant way:

"Yes, that is quite true. I could be as cruel as anything you like, as a tigress if you like, if I had reason to be so-if any one wronged me

"Do not give yourself a worse character than you deserve, Ione," said Mrs. Stewart, gravely; while Clarissa added, quickly, "I believe you could be, Nony, as cruel as a tigress, as you say,

if you were roused"; and Captain in his lazy way, "What kind of w

Anything that interfered with my right," she

"Your rights!" said Mrs. Stewart, with weak sarcasm.

"Have I none, mamma?" asked the girl. "Am I not like every one else? Have I no rights like the rest?

"Who has any, Io?" asked Captain Stewart. Our rights are only those which we can win and

hold for ourselves. They do not come by nature."

"Yes, they do," said Ione, doggedly. "We all have some rights. We have the right to live and to be loved," she added, boldly, "and the right to the constancy of those whom we love." "Not a very profitable subject for a girl to dis-

cuss, Ione, nor a very lady-like sentiment at any cuss, ione, nor a very many-mae senument at any time," said Mrs. Stewart, coldly; and the conver-sation dropped, after Ione had fired off, as her parting shot, "It is not improper, mamma, because it is natural; and I do not care whether it is lady-like or not-it is true."

Here, then, was the central point of Ione's char. acter and the core of her discontent-her craving for that love which she held to be her right, and which she knew that she did not possess, and the fiery jealousy, the arbitrary tyranny of possession, which burned in her heart like a consuming flame

As a last contrast it may be said that Ione looked as if the abounding fullness of life, the all-pervading electricity that possessed her, would have made her energetic, restless, and as impatient of inactivity as she was of restraint. But in habit she was silent, inactive, indolent; while Clarissa, who had no such reserve fund of latent force, was talkative, good-natured, mildly energetic, and notably industrious. Without Ione's natural intelligence, she had more application; and though her thoughts were like birds with broken wings, unable to rise from the ground of everyday life, while Ione's went careering into space, bold and fearless in their flight, still the first were as those useful fowl which lay eggs and serve the family table, while the second were as eagles which keep the flocks and broods in fear, and the appearance of which is ever a signal for defense and opposition. The practical result was that Clarissa knew three things to Ione's one, and was by far the more agreeable, the more useful, and the better informed of the two.

This, then, was the family to whom Armine St. Claire, taking with him his letter of introduction from Edward Formby, set out one afternoon to leave that and his card, wondering what fortune would befall him after.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOLANDE.*

By WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BRILS," "MACLEOD OF DARR"
"WHITE WINGS," "SUNRISE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CONFIDANT.

ONE evening John Shortlands and Jack Melville were together standing at the door of the lodge, looking down the glen at the very singular spectacle there presented. The day had been dull and overclouded, and seemed about to sink into an equally gloomy evening, when suddenly, at sunset, the western heavens broke into a flame of red; and all at once the stream flowing down through the long valley became one sheet of virid pink fire, only broken here and there by the big blocks of granite in its channel, which re-

mained of a pale and ghostly grav.

The big, burly M. P., however, did not seem wholly occupied with this transfiguration of the heans. He looked vexed, perturbed, impatient.
"Mr. Melville," he said, abruptly, in his broad

Northumbrian intonation, "will you walk down the glen for a bit?"

Yes; but we should fetch Miss Winterbourne to show her the skies on fire." "No: it's about her I want to speak to you. Come along."

"About her?" he repeated, with the large clear

gray eyes showing some astonishment. Or, rather," said his companion, when they had got as far as the bridge, "about her father. Winterbourne is an old friend of mine, and I won't just call him an ass; but the way he is going on at present, shilly shallying, frightened to say this, frightened to say that, is enough to wora far stronger man than he is into his grave. Well, if he won't speak, I will. Dang it, I hate mystery! My motto is-Out with it! And he would never have got into this precious mess if

he had taken my advice all through.' Melville was surprised, but he did not inter-

Ought he or ought he not to confide certain matters to you as a friend of young Leslie? Well, I am going to take that into my own hand. I am going to tell you the whole story-and a miserable business it is.'

"Do you think that is wise?" the younger man said, calmly. "If there is anything disagreeable, shouldn't the knowledge of it be kept to as few people as possible? I would rather have my illusions left. The Winterbournes have been kind to me since they came here, and it has been delightful to me to look at these two-the spectacle of father and daughter.'

"Oh, but I have nothing to say against either of them—God forbid!—except that Winterbourne has been a confounded ass, as it seems to me; or perhaps I should say as it used to seem to me.
Well, now, I suppose you know that your friend Leslie and Yolande are engaged?"

"I have understood as much."

^{*} Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 8, Vol. XVL

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"But did he not tell ye?" said Shortlands, with

a stare.
"Well, yes," the other said, in rather a cold way. "But we did not have much talk about it.
Archie Leslie is a very fine fellow; but he and I don't always agree in our ways of looking at

things."
"Then, at all events, in order to disagree, you must know what his way of looking at things is; and that is just the point I'm coming to," said Shortlands, in his blunt, dogmatic kind of way. "Just this, that Yolande Winterbourne has been brought up all her life to believe that her mother died when she was a child; whereas the mother is not dead, but very much alive—worse luck; and the point is whether he ought to be told; and whether he is a sensible sort of chap, who would make no fuss about it, and who would see that it could not matter much to him; and, above all. whether he would consent to keep this knowledge back from Yolande, who would only be shocked and horrified by it. Do ye understand? I think I have put it plain—that is, from Winter-

think I have put it plant—that is, from Winterbourne's point of view."

"But, surely," exclaimed Melville, with wideopen eyes—"surely the best thing, surely the natural thing, would be to tell the girl herself, first of

all!"
"Man alive! Winterbourne would rather cut his throat. Don't you see that his affection for the girl is quite extraordinary? It is the sole passion of his life: a needle scratch on Yolande's finger is like a knife to his heart. I assure you the misery he has endured in keeping this secret is beyond anything I can tell you; and I do believe he would go through the whole thing again just that Yolande's mind should be free, happy, and careless. Mind you, it was not done through any advice of mine. No; nor was it Winterbourne either who began it; it was his sister. The child was given to her charge when she was about two or three years old, I fancy. Then they were liv-ing in Lincolnshire; afterward they went to France, and the aunt died there. It was she who brought Yolande up to believe her mother dead; and then Winterbourne put off and put off dead; and then wither worth put on an put of the ling her—although twenty times I remonstrated with him—until he found it quite impossible. He couldn't do it. Sometimes when I look at her now I scarcely wonder. She seems such a radiant kind of a creature that I doubt whether I could bring myself to tell her that story-no, I could not—dang it! I could not. And even when I was having rows with Winterbourne, and telling him what an ass he was, and telling him that the torture he was going through was quite unnecessary, why, man, I thought there was something fine in it too; and again and again I have watched him when he would sit and look at Yolaude and listen to all her nonsense, and have seen his face just filled with pleasure to see her so happy and careless, and then I thought he had his mo-ments of recompense also. When he goes about with her he forgets all that worry—thank good ness for that! and certainly she is high-spirited enough for anything. You would think she had never known a care or a trouble in all her existence; and I suppose that's about the truth.'

John Shortlands had grown quite eloquent about Yolande—although, indeed, he was not much of an orator in the House; and his companion listened in silence—in a profound reverie, in fact. At last he said, slowly,
"I suppose there is no necessity that I should

know why the girl has been kept in ignorance of her mother's existence?"

"Oh, I will tell you the story-miserable as it is. Well, it is a sad story, too; for you can not imagine a pleasanter creature than that was when Winterbourne married her. He was older than she was, but not much: he looks a good deal older now than he really is: those years have told on him. It was neuralgia that began it; she suffered horribly. Then some idiot advised her to drink port-wine—I suppose the very worst thing she could have tried, for if it is bad for gout, it must be bad for rheumatism and neuralgia and such things; at least I should think so. However, it soothed her at first, I suppose, and no doubt she took refuge in it whenever a bad attack came on. But, mind you, it was not that that played the mischief with her. She did take too much—I suppose she had to go on increasing the doses-but she had not destroyed her selfcontrol; for quite suddenly she went to her husband, who had suspected nothing of the kind, told him frankly that the habit was growing on her, and declared her resolution to break the thing off at once. She did that. I firmly believe she did keep her resolution to the letter. But then the poor wretch had worse and worse agony to bear, and then it was that somebody or other—it wasn't Winterbourne, and he knew nothing about itrecommended her to try small doses of opium-as a sort of medicine, don't ye see. I think it was Opium, for I am not sure whether chlorodyne was in use just then; but at all events it was chlorodyne soon afterward: and it seems miraculous how women can go on destroying themselves with those infernal drugs without being found out. I don't know whether Winterbourne would ever have found it out; for he is an indulgent sort of chap, and he was very fond of her; but one night there was a scene at dinner. Then he discovered the whole thing. The child was sent away for fear of further scenes, and this so terrified the mother that she made the most solemn promises never to touch the poison again. But by this time-here is the mischief of those infernal things-her power of self-control had been affected. Man alive! I can't tell ye what Winterbourne had to go through. His patience with her was superhuman; and always the promise held out to her was that Yolande was to be restored to her, and sometimes she succeeded so well that every one was hopeful, and she seemed to have quite recovered. Then again there would be another relapse, and a wild struggle to conceal it from the friends of the family, and all the rest

of it. What a life he has led all those years, trying to get her to live in some safe retreat or other, and then suddenly finding that she had broken out again, and gone to some people—Romneys or Romfords the name is—who have a most pernicious influence over her, and can do anything with her when she is in that semi-maud-lin state! Of course they use her to extort money from Winterbourne; and she has drugged half her wits away; and it is easy for them to per-suade her that she has been ill-treated about Yolande. Then she will go down to the House, or hunt him out at his lodgings. Oh, I assure you I can't tell you what has been going on all these There is only one fortunate thing-that the Romfords are not aware of the terror in which he lives of Yolande getting to know the truth, or else they would put the screw on a good deal more forcibly, I reckon. As for her, poor wo-man, she has no idea of asking for money for herself; in fact, she has plenty. It is not a ques-tion of money with Winterbourne. His dread is that she might stumble on them accidentally, and Yolande have to be told. That is why he has consented to her remaining all these years in France, though his only delight is in her society. That is why he won't let her live in London, but would rather put himself to any inconvenience by her living elsewhere. That is why he looks forward with very fair composure to a separation: Yolande living in peace and quiet in this neighborhood here, and he left in London to take his chance of a stone being thrown through his window at any hour of the day or night."

But that terrorism is perfectly frightful!" "How are you to avoid it?" said Shortlands, coolly. "There is the one way, of course—there is the heroic remedy. Tell Yolande the whole story; and then, the next time the stone is thrown summon the police, give the woman in charge, bind her over in recognizances, and have all your names in the next day's paper. Some men could names in the next day's paper. Some men could do that. Winterbourne couldn't; he hasn't the

The answer to that was a strange one. It was a remark, or rather an exclamation, that Melville seemed to make almost to himself.

"My God! not one of them appears to see what But the remark was overheard.

"What would you do, then?"

"I?" said Melville—and John Shortlands did not observe that the refined, intellectual face of his companion grew a shade paler as he spoke-"I? I would go straight to the girl herself, and I would say, 'That is the condition in which your

mother is: it is your duty to go and save her."
"Then let me tell you this, Mr. Mclville," said
Shortlands, quite as warmly, "rather than bring such shame and horror and suffering on his daughter, George Winterbourne would cut off his fingers one by one. Why, man, you don't understand what that girl is to him—his very life! Besides, everything has been tried. You don't suppose the mother would have been allowed to sink to that state without every human effort being made to save her; and always Yolande herself held out to her as the future reward. Now we must be getting back, I think. But I wish you would think over what I have told you, and let Winterbourne have your opinion as to whether all this should be declared to your friend Leslie. Winterbourne's first idea was that if Yolande were married and settled in the country-especially in such a remote neighborhood as this there would be no need to tell even her husband about it. It could not concern them. But now he is worrying himself to death about other possibilities. Supposing something disagreeable were to happen in London, and the family name get into the paper, then Yolande's husband might turn round and ask why it had been concealed from him. That might be unpleasant, you know. If he were not considerate, he might put the blame on her. The fact is, Winterbourne has had his nervous system so pulled to pieces by all this fear and secreey and anxiety that he exaggerates things tremendously, and keeps speculating on dangers never likely to occur. shoot half as well as he used to: he is always imagining something is going to happen, and he does not take half his chances, just for fear of missing, and being mortified after. He has not had a pleasant time of it these many years."

They turned now, and leisurely made their way back to the lodge. The red sunset still flared up the glen; but now it was behind them, and it was a soft warm color that they saw spreading over the heather slopes of the hills, and the wooded corries, and the little plateau between the convergent streams.

"May I ask your own opinion, Mr. Shortlands," said Melville, after a time, "as to whether this thing should be kept back from Leslie?"

"Well, I should say that would depend pretty nuch on his character. " was the answer. to that I know very little. My own inclination would be for having a frank disclosure all round; but still I see what Winterbourne has to say for himself, and I can not imagine how the existence of this poor woman could concern either your friend Leslie or his wife. Probably they would never hear a word of her. She can't live long. She must have destroyed her constitution com-She can't live long. pletely. Poor wretch! one can't help pitying her; and at the same time, you know, it would be a great relief if she were dead, both to herself and her relatives. Of course, if Mr. Leslie were a finical sort of person-I am talking in absolute confidence, you know, and in ignorance as well-he might make some objection; but if he were a man with a good sound base of character, he would say, 'Well, what does that matter to me?' and he would have some consideration for what Winterbourne has gone through in order to keep this trouble concealed from the girl, and would

himself be as willing to conceal it from her."
"Don't you think," said Melville, after a minute's pause, "that the mere fact that he might make some objection is a reason why he should | be informed at once?

"Is he an ass?" said John Shortlands, bluntly. "Is he a worrying sort of creature?"

"Oh, not at all. He is remarkably sensible."

very sensible. He will take a perfectly calm view of the situation: you may depend on that."

"Other things being equal, I am for his being told—most distinctly. If he has common-sense, there need be no trouble. On the other hand, you know, if you should think we are making a fuss where none is necessary, I have a notion that Winterbourne would be satisfied by your judgment, as an intimate friend of Leslie's."

"But that is putting rather a serious responsibility on me. Supposing it is decided to say nothing about the matter, then I should be in the awkward position of knowing something affecting Leslie's domestic affairs of which he would

be ignorant."
"Undoubtedly. I quite see that. But if you are afraid of accepting the responsibility, there's an easy way out of it. I will go and tell it myself, and have it over. I have already broken away from Winterbourne's shilly-shallying by speaking to you; he would never have done it, and he is worrying himself into his grave. He is a timid and sensitive fellow. He now thinks he should have told the Master, as he calls him, when he first proposed for Yolande, and perhaps it might have been better to do so; but I can see how he was probably well inclined to the match for various reasons, and anxious not to put any imaginary stumbling-block in the way. But now if you were to go to him and say, Well, I have heard the whole story. It can't concern either Yolande or her future husband. Forget the whole thing, and don't worry any more about it,' I do believe he would recover his peace of mind, for he has confidence in your judgment."
"It would be rather a serious thing."

"I know it."

"I must take time to turn the matter over."

"Oh, certainly."

They had now reached the bridge, and happening to look up, they saw that Yolande had come to the door of the lodge, and was standing there, and waving a handkerchief to them as a sign to make haste. And what a pretty picture she made as she stood there !-- the warm light from the west aglow upon the tall English-looking figure clad in a light-hued costume, and giving color to the fair, freckled face, and the ruddy-gold aureole of her hair. Melville's eyes lighted up with pleasure at the very sight of her: it was but natural—she was like a vision.

"Ah," said she, shaking her finger at them as they went up the path, "you are wicked men. Seven minutes late already; and if the two-pounder that Mr. Melville brought for me has fallen all to pieces you must have yourselves to blame-

"I wish, Miss Winterbourne," said Jack Mel-ville, "that some noble creature would give me a day's salmon-fishing. Then I could bring you something better than loch trout."

"Oh no," she answered, imperiously, "I will not have anything said against the loch trout. No, I am sure there is nothing ever so good as what you get from your own place—nothing. Papa says that never, never did he have such cutlets as those from the roe-deer that he shot last

week."
"I can tell you, Miss Yolande," said John Shortlands, "that others besides your father fully appreciated those cutlets. The whole thing depends on whether you have got a smart young nousekeeper; and I have it in my head now that I am going to spend the rest of my days at Alltnam-ba; and I will engage you, on your own terms—name them; you shall have the money down; and then I will have Duncan compose a march for me; why should it be always 'Melville's Welcome Home'?"

But you are also to have the 'Barren Rocks of Aden' to-night," said she, brightly. "I told Duncan it was your favorite. Now, come along -come along-oh, dear me! it is ten minutes

Jack Melville was rather silent that night at dinner. And always-when he could make perfectly certain that her eyes were cast down, or turned in the direction of John Shortlands or of her father-he was studying Yolande's face; sometimes he would recall the phrase that Mrs. Bell had used on the first occasion she had seen this young lady, or rather immediately after parting with her, "She's a braw lass, that; I fear she will make some man's heart sore;" and then again he kept wondering and speculating as to what possible strength of will and womanly character there might lie behind those fair, soft, girlish features.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PRETTY Mrs. Graham was standing in her room at Inverstroy, ready to go out; her husband was in the adjacent dressing-room, engaged in the operation of shaving.

"You need not be afraid, Jim," said the young matron; "everything has been arranged. Every thing will go quite right till I come back. And Archie is to meet me at Fort Augustus, so that the ponies won't have the long pull up Glendoe."
"Why can't he manage his own affairs?" the

stout warrior grumbled.

'Aunt Colquhoun isn't easy to get on with." "And I am beginning to feel anxious. What would you say to his getting spiteful, and running away with Shena Van?"

"Oh. I don't know. If I chose I could show you something I cut out of the Inverness Courier about three years ago. Well, I will show it to

She went to a drawer in her wardrobe, and hunted about for a time until she found the newspaper cutting, which she brought back and put before him on the dressing table. This was what he took up and read:

" FOR SHENA'S NEW-YEAR'S DAY MORNING.

"Her eyes are dark and soft and blue, She's light-stepped as the roe: O Shena, Shena, my heart is true To you where'er you go.

"I wish that I were by the rills
Above the Allt-cam-ban;
And wandering with me o'er the hills,
My own dear Shena Van.

"Far other eights and scenes I view: The year goes out in snow: O Shena, Shena, my heart is true To you where'er you go."

"Well," said he, contemptuously throwing down again the piece of paper, "you don't suppose Archie wrote that rubbish? That isn't his line." "It's a line that most lads take at a certain

said Mrs. Graham, shrewdly. age," said Mrs. Graham, shrewdly.

"More likely some moon-struck ploughboy!"
her husband interjected; for indeed he did not

seem to think much of those verses, which she regarded with some fondness.

"I am afraid," said she, looking at the lines, "that the ploughboys in this part of the world don't know quite as much English as all that comes to. And how many people do you think now, Jim, have ever heard of the Allt-cam-ban? And then Shena, how many people have ever heard of Janet Stewart's nickname? There is another thing. Those verses appeared when Archie was at Edinburgh, and of course he knew very well that, although he was not allowed to write to her, the Inverness Courier would make its way into the manse. I think they are very pretty.

O Shena, Shena, my heart is true To you where'er you go.'

That is the worst of marrying an old man. They

never write poetry about you."
"You call that poetry!" he said.

"Well, good-by, Jim. I will tell Mackenzie when he is to meet me at Fort Augustus."

"Bring back Yolande Winterbourne with you," said Colonel Graham, who had now about finished his toilette.

"How can I, without asking her father? And

there wouldn't be room."
"I don't want her father. I want her. There is no fun in having a whole houseful of married women.'

"I quite agree with you. And who wanted them? Certainly not I. There is only one thing more absurd than having nothing but married women in the house, and that is having nothing but married men. But you have had a warning this year, Jim. Everybody acknowledges that there never was such bad shooting. I hope another year you will get one or two younger men who know what shooting is, and who can climb. Well, good-by, Jim." And presently pretty Mrs. Graham was sented in a light little wagonette of polished oak, the reins in her hand, and a pair of stout little ponies trotting away down through the wooded and winding deeps of Glenstroy.

It was a long drive to Fort Augustus; and although from time to time a refrain went echoing through her head,

"O Shena, Shena, my heart is true To you where'er you go,"

and apparently connecting itself somehow with the pattering of the horses' feet on the road, still her brain was far from being idle. This expedition was entirely of her own proper choice and motion. In truth she had been alarmed by the very fact that the Master of Lynn had ceased to wish for her interference. He had refused to urge his case further. If the people at Lynn Towers were blind to their own interests, they might remain so. He was not going to argue and stir up domestic dissension. He would not allow Yolande's name to be drawn into any such brawl; and certainly he would not suffer any discussion of herself or her merits. All this Mrs. Graham gathered vaguely from one or two letters, and as she considered the situation as being obviously dangerous, she had, at great inconvenience to herself, left her house full of guests, and was now about to see what could be done at Lynn Towers.

When she reached Fort Augustus, Archie Les lie was waiting for her there at the hotel, and she found him in the same mood. He did not wish to have anything said about the matter. He professed to be indifferent. He assumed that his sister had come on an ordinary filial visit, and he had luncheon ready for her. He said she was looking prettier than ever; and was anxious to know whether they had done well with the shoot-

ing at Inverstroy.
"Now look here, Archie," said she, when the waiter had finally left the room, "let us under-stand each other. You know what I have come about—at some trouble to myself. There is no use in your making the thing more difficult than needs be. And you know perfectly well that matters can not remain as they are."

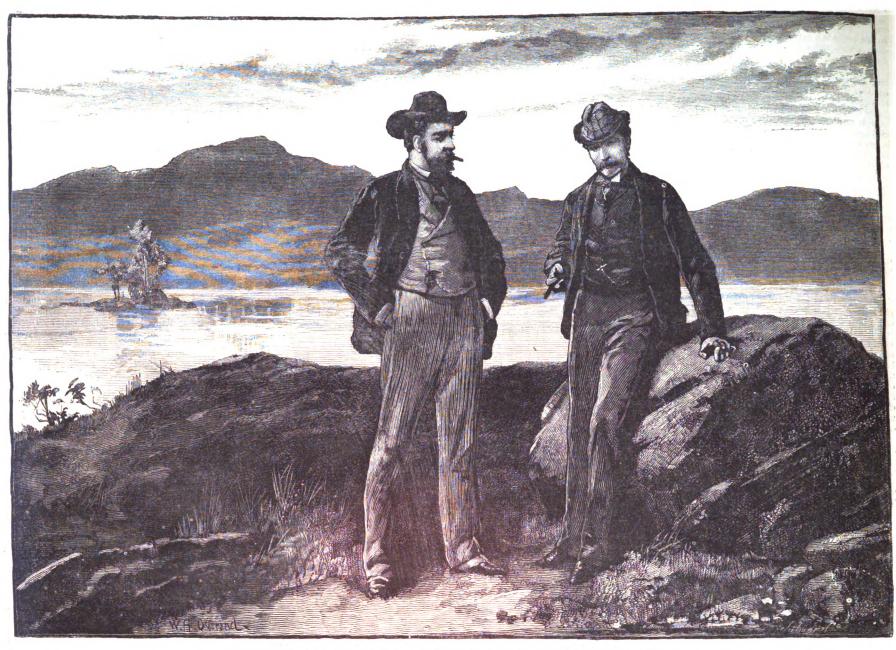
"I know perfectly well that matters can not remain as they are," he repeated, with some touch of irony, "for this excellent reason, that in the course of time the Winterbournes will be going south, and that as Mr. Winterbourne has never been within the doors of Lynn Towers, and isn't likely to be, he will draw his own conclusions. Probably he has done so already. I haven't seen much of him since his friend Shortlands came. Very likely he already understands why our family have taken no notice of them, and I know he is too proud a man to allow his daughter to be mixed up in any domestic squabble. They will go south. That will be—Good-by."

"But, my dear Master," his sister protested,

if you would only show a little conciliation-

"What!" he said, indignantly. "Do you think I am going to beg for an invitation for Mr. Winterbourne? Do you expect me to go and ask

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"MY GOD! NOT ONE OF THEM APPEARS TO SEE WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE!"

that Yolande should be received at Lynn Towers? I think not! I don't quite see my way to

"You needn't be angry—"
"But it is so absurd!" he exclaimed. "What have Winterbourne's politics to do with Yolande? Supposing he wanted to blow up the House of Lords with dynamite, what has that got to do with her? It is Burke's Peerage that is at the bottom of all this nonsense. If every blessed copy of that book were burned out of the world, they wouldn't have another word to say. It is the fear of seeing 'daughter of Mr. Winterbourne, M.P. for Slagpool,' that is setting them crazy. That comes of living out of the world; that comes of being toadied by gillies and town councillors. But I am not going to trouble about it." collors. But I am not going to trouble about it," said he, with a sudden air of indifference. "I am not going to make a fuss. They can go their way: I can go mine."

"Yes, and the Winterbournes will go theirs," said his sister sharply.

said his sister, sharply. "Very well."

"But it is not very well; it is very ill. Come now, Archie, be reasonable. You know the trouble I had before I married Jim; it was got over

by a little patience and discretion."
"Oh, if you think I am going to cringe and crawl about for their consent, you are quite mistaken. I would not put Yolande Winterbourne into such a position. Why," said he, with some sense of injury in his tone, "I like the way they talk—as if they were asked to sacrifice something! If there is any sacrifice in the case, it seems to me that I am making it, not they. am doing what I think best for Lynn, that has always been starved for want of money. Very well; if they don't like it they can leave it alone. I am not going to beg for any favor in the mat-

"It might be as well not to talk of any sacrifice," said his sister, quietly, and yet with some significance. "I don't think there will be much sacrifice. Well, now, I'm ready, Archie: what have you brought—the dog-cart?"

Shortly thereafter they set out for Lynn; and they did not resume this conversation; for as they had to climb the steep road leading into Glendoe, the Master got down and walked, leaving the reins to his sister. They passed through the deep woods, and up and out on to the open heights. They skirted the solitary little lake that lies in a mountain-cup up there. And then, in due time, they came in sight of the inland country—a broad and variegated plain, with here and there a farm-

house or village.

They came in sight of something else too—the figure of a young woman who was coming along the road. Mrs. Graham's eyes were fixed on that solitary person for some time before she ex-

"Archie, do you see who that is?"

"Of course I do," said he, not with the best

"It is she, isn't it?" she said, eagerly. "I suppose you can see that for yourself," was

"Perhaps it isn't the first time to-day that you have met her?" said she, looking up with a quick scrutiny.

"If you want to know, I have not set eyes on her since last Christmas. She has been living in Inverness.

He pulled up. This young lady whom they now stopped to speak to was a good-looking girl of about twenty, with light brown hair and very dark blue eyes. There was some firmness and shrewdness of character in the face, despite the shyness that was also very visible there. For the rest, she was neatly dressed-in something of a town style.

She merely nodded to the Master, who took off his hat; but as she was on Mrs. Graham's side of the dog-cart, she shook hands with that lady, and her bright, fresh-colored upturned face had something of diffidence or self-consciousness in it.

"Oh, how do you do, Miss Stewart? It is such

long time since I have seen you!" said Mrs.

Graham.
"You do not come often to Lynn now, Mrs. Graham," said Miss Stewart, with just a touch of a very pretty accent, "and I have been living in Inverness.

"Oh, indeed. And how are the people at the manse?

They chatted in the ordinary fashion for a few minutes, and then the Master of Lynn drove on again—in silence. Mrs. Graham ventured to repeat, apparently to herself, though he must have

"And wandering with me oo.
My own dear Shena Van";

but if he did overhear, he took no notice, and certainly he betrayed neither confusion nor annovance. Perhaps the verses were not his, after The minister's daughter was the belle of those parts; she had had many admirers; and the Inverness Courier was the natural medium for the expression of their woes. Still, Mrs. Graham asked herself how many people in the world knew of the existence of the Allt-cam-ban, far away in the solitudes over Allt-nam-ba.

Mrs. Graham, as it turned out, had a terrible time of it with her father. This short, thickset man with the voluminous brown and gray beard, shaggy eyebrows, and bald head surmounted by a black velvet skull-cap, was simply furious; and so far from being affected in any degree by his daughter's blandishments, he seemed inclined to direct his wrath upon her as the chief aider and abettor of her brother's high treason. his lordship's language marked by much gentleness or reticence.

"The idea," he exclaimed, "that Dochfour, and

Lochiel, and Culloden, and the rest of them, might have to rub shoulders with a low, scoundrelly Radical! The mere chance of such a thing happening is monstrous."

"I beg to remind you, papa," said Mrs. Graham, with her face grown a little pale, "that my husband is not in the habit of associating with low scoundrels of any kind. And I would rather not hear such things said about the father of my required friend? particular friend.'

Then she saw that that line would not do. "Papa," she pleaded, "a little civility costs nothing. Why should you not call? You must have known it was this Mr. Winterbourne who had taken the shooting when we telegraphed you from Malta."

"I must have known? I did know! What has that to do with it? I do not let my friend-ship with my shootings. What my tenant may is nothing to me, so long as he can pay; and he is welcome to everything he can find on the shooting; but it does not follow he is entitled to sit down at my table, or that I shall sit down at

"But you were very kind to Yolande Winterbourne when she came up at first, and you knew whose daughter she was," pretty Mrs. Graham pleaded again.

"I did not know that that young jackass proposed to make her one of the family—it is too great an honor altogether."

"You know, papa, it is such a pity to make trouble when it is not likely to help. Archie can marry whom he pleases-

"Let him, and welcome!" said this fierce old gentleman. "He can marry whom he pleases, but he can not compel me to associate with his wife's father."

She went away somewhat crest-fallen, and sought out the Master, whom she found in one of

the greenhouses.
"Well?" said he, with a smile, for he had an-

"His lordship does seem opinionated about it," she had to confess. "And yet I think I could talk him over if only Aunt Colquboun were absent. I suppose she will be back from Foyers by dinner-time."

"I wish she were sewn in a sack, and at the bottom of Loch Ness," said he.
"Archie, for shame! You see," she added, thoughtfully, "I must get back to Fort Augustus by four to-morrow afternoon. And I haven't come all this way without being resolved to see Yolande before I go. That leaves me little time. But still— Have you asked Mr. Melville to speak

"No. Jack Melville and I nearly quarrelled over it, so I dropped the subject. He doesn't understand matters, don't you know, Polly; he doesn't understand what the improvement of a poor estate costs. He has forgotten his Horace -pennis non homini datis-that means that hu-

man beings aren't born with enough money. He made quite a fuss when I showed him that there were prudential reasons for the match, as if there were any use in blinding one's eyes to obvious facts. Well, I don't care. I have done my best. My intentions toward Lynn were sincere and honorable; now they can make a hash of the whole thing if they like."

"It is folly speaking like that," his sister said, sharply. "Surely you have too much spirit to yield to a little opposition of this kind."

"A little opposition!" he said, with a laugh.
"It's about as bulky as Borlum Hill; and I for one am not going to ram my head against it. I prefer a quiet life."

"But you are bound in honor to Yolande Win-

terbourne not to let the engagement cease," she cried. "Why, to think of such a thing! You ask a girl to marry you; she consents; and then you throw her over because this person or that person objects. Well, I never heard of one of the Leslies acting that way before. I was only a girl, but I showed them what stuff I was made

of when they tried to interfere with me."
"Oh, but that's different," he said, coolly.
"Girls are romantic creatures. They rather like a shindy. Whereas men prefer a quiet life."
"Well, I never heard the like of that—"

"Wait a minute. I am going to talk to you plainly, Polly," said he. "I wanted to marry Janet Stewart; and I dare say she would have

had me if I had definitely asked her—"
"I dare say she would."
"Oh, you think she hasn't as much pride as anybody else because she is only a minister's daughter? That is all you know about her. However, they all made such a row, and you especially, that I consented to let the affair go. No doubt that was wise. I was young. Stand no money, and Lynn wanted money. V well. I made no objection. But you will observe, my dear Miss Polly, that when these stumbling-blocks are again and again put into the road, even the most patient of animals may begin to get fractious, and might even kick over the traces. At present I hope I am not in a rage. But I am older now than I was then, and not in the least bit inclined to be made a fool of."

"And do you really mean to say," said Mrs. Graham, with her pretty dark gray eyes regarding him with astonishment, "that you are deliberately prepared to jilt Yolande Winterbourne

merely on account of this little difficulty?"
"It isn't my doing," said he. "Besides, they seem bent on piling up about three cart-loads of difficulty. Life isn't long enough to begin and shovel that away. And if they don't want to have Corrievreak back, I dare say Sir John will be quite willing to bean it?"

"I don't think I will speak to papa again until after dinner," said she, musingly. "Then I will have another try—with Corrievreak."

TO BE CONTINUED.



Ladies' Neck-Wear.-Figs. 1-3.

Some dressy neck-wear for brightening evening toilettes is shown in these illustrations. Fig. 1 is a jabot of cream-colored Spanish guipure lace, which is connected with a narrow ruby velvet collar. The collar has a stiff foundation covered over with bias velvet. The jabot is composed of six pieces of four-inch lace, each half a yard long, which are joined row upon row to form one piece, that is then pleated in at the top, and at six inches from the bottom; a full frill of the lace is set along the upper nine inches on each side, and tacked in shells. A thick crêpe lisse ruche is basted in the neck of the dress, and wide lace frills are in the sleeves. The fichu Fig. 2 is made of a



Fig. 2.—SILK MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU.

which and access of form a bot-side, of the of a

Fig. 1.—VELVET COLLAR AND LACE JABOT.

JAPANESE ART.

WHATEVER be its origin, the devotion of the Japanese workman to his work, and his intense appreciation of all that is beautiful and of much that is grand in the sensible world, are alike unquestionable; and throughout its history generally the circumstances of the country have greatly favored the growth of these dispositions. If the principle of division of labor, which

is nowadays supposed to be the very foundation of Western civilization, is not unknown among them, the Japanese workman has always been disposed to carry his work himself through every one of its stages, whether his task be that of working in metal or lacquer, of preparing woven fabrics, or of pottery in any of its branches. Each workman thus looks on his work, while it is going on, as on a child that he loves. He is striving after beauty in every shape, not after money; and he has his recompense in a way which must cause some surprise to us. In Japan the merchant has no status whatever, though he be as rich as Crœsus. Money alone buys no position, and a prince will spend hours in conversation with a skilled workman, while the richest merchant would be beneath his notice. Some of the greatest



Fig. 3.-LACE FIGHU.

square of white silk muslin, which is folded on the bias, and has the middle corners sloped away. This scarf is edged with a frill of silk Oriental lace on both sides and around one pointed end, and is folded as shown in the illustration. A long-stemmed bunch of roses is fastened in the folds at the middle of the front. The made-up fichu, Fig. 3, requires a foundation neck-band, with a narrow pointed foundation plastron attached at the front. Wide gathered Oriental lace is set around the band, and continued along the side of the plastron, which is covered by folds of thickly gathered lace set on to form curves. The neck-band is edged with a lace ruche, and covered with a velvet ribbon that is ornamented with a steel buckle at the front, and finished with a bow at the back. A bouquet in which a small bird is fastened is placed on the right side. Pleated lace is turned up around the elbow sleeves.

Spring Costumes.—Figs. 1 and 2.

In the costume Fig. 1 a mantle of black satin brocade is worn over a dress of grayish-blue silk cross-barred with brown. The mantle is medium long, with bishop sleeves, and a full back produced by two wide triple box pleats, faced with satin, which are added a short distance below the waist. Three pleated frills of Spanish guipure lace border the bottom at the front and sides, and lace frills with ornaments of jet passementerie falling over them trim the neck, front, and sleeves. Dark blue straw hat, trimmed with a velvet band and a gray-ish-blue ostrich plume.

ish-blue ostrich plume.

The dress Fig. 2 is of sage green cashmere, trimmed with dark red cashmere that is embroidered in sage green soutache. The skirt trimming is a four-inch pleating surmounted by a wide flounce in slanting side pleats, and above this a valance, cut in wide scallops, and trimmed with an appliqué border of red cashmere braided with soutache, and with ball pendants. A vertugadin puff is around the top of the skirt, and longer puffed drapery on the back. The pointed basque has a vest and cuffs of braided red cashmere. The sage green straw bonnet is faced with red velvet, and trimmed with sage green satin ribbon and ostrich tips clustered on the left side. Large cardinal red parasol of ottoman silk, with ribbon tied in a bow around the handle.



Fig. 1.—BROCADE MANTLE.

Fig. 2.—Cashmere Dress.

Figs. 1 and 2.—SPRING COSTUMES.

of Japanese potters and lacquerworkers may be said to know nothing of money, the wife or child taking charge of the work when it leaves the hand of the master, who takes no thought for anything else. The establishment of feudalism under the Daimios, although it involved fierce persecutions of the Buddhist monks, in no way affected the conditions needed for the growth of the highest art in Japan. The palace of the baron became to the workman what the monastery had been thus far. He became one of the chief's retainers, clothed, fed, and lodged by him, the return expected from him being the production of the best work in his power; and with this golden leisure and freeden from him being the production of the best work in his power; freedom from care his power was increased tenfold. Thus has been developed not merely a patience al-together marvellous in the most minute and complete finishing of every detail, not merely a mechanical excellence seldom equalled and never surpassed, but a power of de-lineating life, especially the life of birds and beasts, which places the Japanese in the front rank of the artists of any age or country. It is strange to see, in drawings which exhibit great defects of general perspective, portraits of animals which actually live on the canvas or the paper. We may look at a parlia-ment of storks, each in a different attitude, all studied with the most affectionate care—all made, we might say, to show their thoughts, without imparting to them in the smallest degree the appearance of exaggera-tion or caricature. We may fix our eyes on a peacock, radiant with a splendor of coloring which brings out the wonderful vigor of the drawing; and then we may go on to mark that this power is not confined to the treatment of such subjects on flat surfaces. The metal-caster will not hesitate to east a crowd of birds in their flight, the birds composing it being almost separate one from the other, and yet forming one con-

timous casting.

The whole field of Japanese art enforces the one lesson which bids us do with all our might whatever we may have to do. The ceiling of a temple soaring in the sun as high as the vault of Westminster is worked up with the same unwearying care which is bestowed on a bracelet or a lacquer box. Hinges and locks are fashioned with equal boldness and grace; and some nails from the doors of a temple at Nara are objects on which the eye must rest with exquisite delight. In short, if we were seeking simply to point

out the merits of Japanese workmanship, we should have to go through every branch in the art of a people who have carried their art into everything. But, to say the least, it is our duty, if we care to promote art education in this country, to note every point in which the Japanese not merely leave us far behind in the race, but in which they teach us lessons which we have not yet learned. Here we know nothing of the splendid effects of color attained by combining metallic alloys with pure metals, or of the value of reflected light in relation to metal composition.

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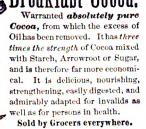
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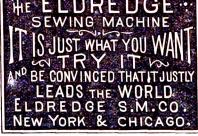
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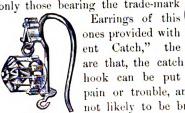
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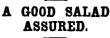
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We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for HARPER'S BAZAR Patterns or for any other business. HARPER & BROTHERS.

Spring Fashions, 1883.

STERN BROTHERS' Spring Catalogue.

plete descriptions of all new and desirable styles of goods for LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR in

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Will be issued about March 28th, and will be mailed upon application.

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Importers, Jobbers, and Retailers, 809, 811, 813 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

WILL ISSUE THEIR

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MARCH 28th, CONTAINING A FULL LINE OF SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS, and DRESS GOODS; UPHOLSTERY GOODS; LADIES' AND MISSES' SUITS AND CLOAKS, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, AND SHOES; GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, BOYS CLOTHING, LEATHER GOODS, AND SILVERWARE.

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50 DOZEN LADIES' GENUINE ENGLISH SPUN SILK HOSE, ALL THE NEWEST SHADES OF TERRA COTTA, PINK, BLUE, AND CARDINAL, AT \$159 PAIR; USUAL PRICE \$1.95. 50 DOZEN LADIES' ENGLISH HOSE, RIBBED, SOLID COLORS IN BLACK AND MOST DESIRA

ABLE SHADES, AT 59c. PAIR; USUAL PRICE 70c.
40 DOZEN CHILDREN'S SOCKS, FANCY
STRIPES, BEST ENGLISH GOODS, SIZES 4 TO
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L (Copyrighted and Registered by R. H. Bragdon, 1882.) Complete set of colors for this easily acquired and beautiful art-work, in a box, for \$5 00; with full instructions. For sale by F. W. DEVOE & CO. C. T. REYNOLDS & CO., or BRAGDON & FENETTI, Artists, 23 Union Square, New York City.

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30 GILT-EDGE COMPLIMENT CARDS, with name and elegant case, 10c. H. M. Cook, Meriden, Conn.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Carde, no two alike, SNOW & CO., Meriden, Ct. O72 AWEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address Taux & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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OUR ARTIST'S INTERPRETATION OF A FASHION ITEM. "Mr. De Lincey Smallbody led the German."

A LOVE OF A BONNET.

FACETIÆ.

"So it was Spriggins that forged Fogg's name! Why, I understood that Fogg was the rogue. In fact, I just gave that impression to Mrs. Smalltalk."

Mrs. Easycorno. "Well, don't think of correcting it. Mrs. Smalltalk always tells things somewhat differently from what she hears them, and like enough she'll hit it right on Spriggins."

SYMPATHETIC DRY-GOODS CLEEK. "What are you crying for, little girl? Have you lost something?" Cauto (holding up some samples of silk), "No-o-o, sir; but the man at that other counter cut such big notches in 'em, sir, that they're no use at all in the quilt."

Recent excavations at Pompeii have uncovered the remains of a man with both hands resting on his stomach. This would seem to indicate that the early cucumber was not unknown to the ancients.

To what, though agreeable, do we often turn the cold shoulder?—The fire.

TABLE-TALK BELOW-STAIRS.

BRIDGET. "And how much the pale young lady that sat nixt the military gintleman resimbled her father!"

DENNIS. "Indade it's meself that remarked that same to Mary! I should have known she was his daughter if I'd niver laid eyes on him."

[A fact.

THE RULING PASSION.

Angelica (raising her head from the fashion books over which she has been poring). "If you'd only leave those stupid, stupid cards, Algernon, and tell me whother you think I'd best have my dress long or short!"

Algernon (looking up from his solitaire). "Why not decide it by cutting?"

MES. NEGLIGENOR (who has come in great haste to her room for her gloves). "Jane, my gloves! Hasten and find them!" (Aside.) "How stupid! she's looking in my glove-box."

One day last week Postmaster Pearson received the following modest request from a resident of New Jersey: "Would you accommodate me by Sending me the names of all the Blank family which is on record at the Post Office or in citty Directory. I am verry anxsious to find out abut my Posterity which i have been absent from, and havent had no record of for Twenty Eight years."



GOING A TRIFLE TOO FAR.

MAMMA. "CHARLIE, WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING—SITTING ON WILLIE'S HEAD?"

CHARLIE. "We're Playing Horse, Mamma, and he's tumbled down, and I've got to sit on his Head until he's quiet. But he won't keep quiet."

Last Christmas-eve Mrs. J—went upstairs to see if the children had hung up their stockings for Santa Claus, and found that little Fred had pinned his up in a prominent place, with a little slip of paper attached, containing this suggestive sentence: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

THE LITERARY MOUSE.

There was a mouse who had the luck to be
Born in an ancient study, still and warm.
One ionely student kept him company;
There was no enemy to do him harm.
And he loved books, and was in tiptop feather
Among the parchments and the Russian leather.

A mouse of letters, that knew naught of cheese, Or cake, or dainties, but was well content To nibble on a sage, and take his ease:
A mouse, indeed, of literary bent;
Who breakfasted upon a bit of Cato,
And took a pleasant dinner out of Plato.

One day, more reckless grown, he showed himself (He had been dining on some poetry), And so the student saw him on the shelf, And softly nurmured, "Tis a mouse I see; A mouse, no doubt, who has a taste for letters, And dips into my books just like his betters."

On which he got some cheese and set a trap, Some tempting cheese, that had a toasted smell; And when the mouse woke from his noonday nap, He gazed, he smelt, he dared, and so he fell; For well the student knew who'd be the winner: What classic bait could rival such a dinner?

Poor mouse! he thought himself both wise and strong, And only meant the dainty fare to see; Though something told him that it was all wrong, And that from danger he would better flee, He risked his life, as has done many a mortal Within some fatal but seductive portal.

Then said the student to his son: "Be sure In every circumstance some lesson's sent:
This mouse had been both happy and secure,
If with less tempting fare he'd been content,
Let not strange lures thy simple heart awaken,
Lest unawares thou too be trapped and taken."



AT THE CHILDREN'S TABLE.

MANIMA. "DUDLEY, WHY WILL YOU NOT EAT YOUR OATMEAL? DON'T YOU WANT TO BE A DUDLEY. "IF I DON'T EAT OATMEAL WILL I GROW TO BE A GIRL? DID YOU NOT EAT OATMEAL WHEN YOU WERE LITTLE, MANMA?"



THE WRONG FISH THIS TIME. "HIT BEHIND, GUY'NOR! THERE'S A CHAP TARIN' A RIDE THERE!"



VOL. XVI.—No. 16. Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE great affair of the moment, in the domain of fashion, is the new stuffs designed for summer toilettes. The predominating colors in these are all the old-fashioned tints seen in the costumes of the ancient portraits after which modern dresses are modelled, more or less. For example, moss green is mixed with the different shades of gold, gar-

net with red, rose boréale, and all the shades of old ond all the states of old rose; dregs of wine with old blue, prune with light lilae, etc. As for the style, many black and white fabrics have regular checks, or are crossed by slender threads of black and white; these will be much in vogue at the beginning of the season. We shall also see a revival of all the Scotch plaids and Madras patterns, the novelty in which naturally consists in the diversity and arrangement of colors. We have also remarked among the new summer goods Cashmere and Persian designs, either with red and gold colors, engagesting the rich Persian embroideries, or with palm-leaf designs, like those of India shawls. Indeed, India square chawls may be utilized for scarfs and paniers. We also see wool goods with distinct figures of full moons, crescents, animals' heads, etc. Convenient and effective fabries are the brocaded woollen satteens, with a silky lustre. We will also cite the heavily repped ottoman woollens (silk and wool), brocaded with plain material to match, and cotton crépon in all shades. There are a large number of robes, with an embroidered tablier composed of applied flowers on a lace or gui-pure ground, and em-broidered bands for trimmings. We will finish this enumeration by saying that the percales, sat-inettes, etc., designed for summer dresses are all in the Louis XV. style, with large bouquets in charming colors, or de-tached tulips, roses, etc., on an écru, cream, or

ivory ground. Embroidery is still in fashion—application, plumetis, etc., mixed with pearls; this of course is reserved for dressy toilettes of satin, velvet, etc., soutache embroid-ery being used for street and walking suits. Sometimes two kinds of cord are used, one of which is mottled, and the other of the same color as the dress.

A certain mystery surrounds the preparation of summer bonnets; those most in vogue at this moment are capotes of all sizes, with a more or less bouffant crown. These are made of embroidered gauze, with a simple ribbon crossed under the chin and fastened with a jewelled brooch; and also of lace, without lin-

ing, showing the hair beneath the meshes. These lace bonnets are of all colors, and are sometimes spangled with gold or silver. Other capotes are of satin, lined with satin of a lighter shade, with a half-wreath of flowers on the top, and another inside the brim. As regards straw bonnets, they are seen in shaded straw, braided with fine chenille, and in *gros bleu*, garnet, maroon, myrtle green, etc., trimmed with huge bunches of flowers, buds, and a profusion of ribbon cockades, with the ends cut in cockscombs. We have

counted eight cockades of different colored ribbons, in which old rose was mixed with garnet, brown with green, etc., on a round hat of seal brown straw, lined with velvet of the same color. As was the case last spring, yellow predominates for trimmings, in flowers, feathers, and aigrettes.
Gloves are still extremely long, and are fancifully trimmed.

Very pretty Suède gloves are shirred at the wrist, and again two or three times higher up, and are run with ribbons, which are tied

in small bows to suit the size of the arm. The most elegant ones are adorned with tiny bouquets of apple blossoms, guelder - roses, lilies - ofthe-valley, or myosotis. White or cream gloves designed for full-dress occasions have shirrs with silk cords and tassels, with fine pearls.

There are charming little visites adapted to spring and summer. Al-though black is the pre-vailing color, as being more convenient and suited to almost all dresses. many of these wraps are in colors, either plain or figured. We will cite a visite mantelet of light seal brown ottoman velvet, trimmed with two

thickly game.
black Chantilly lace
about four inches wide. A light fringe of gold was mixed with the lace, and produced a charming effect. Another was made of very fine sand gray wool, brocaded with owls' heads in black, brown, and white; these three colors were repro-duced in the rich fringe

that edged the garment. We have noticed a number of plain woollen dresses, trimmed simply with clusters of six or eight rows of braid twofifths of an inch wide. For example, with a straight skirt, trimmed on the bottom in this manner with braid, is worn a long redingote, crossed on the breast with revers, and falling straight in front, that is, scarcely open at all, and trimmed around the edge with similar clusters of braid matching the dress in color. This makes a very simple and styl-ish costume for morning promenades and country

Although white muslin bows are decidedly out of fashion, there is an infinite variety of fichus of both white and black tulle, sprinkled with clusters of jet ornaments, which give a dressy air for evening to a demi-toilette. Apropos to jet, we will mention a dress of black faille, with a of black faille, with a tablier entirely covered with flounces of tulle sprinkled with black jet sequins, which scintil-lated and glittered with every movement of the wearer, and gave an air of elegance to the toilette, which was completed by a scarf mantelet of black velvet, which came just above the waist in the back, so as to give space for the pouf to spread out in all its amplitude. EMMELINE RAYMOND.



-Cashmere and Faille Dress.-Front.-[For Back, see Page 244.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 8-19.

Fig. 2.—Brocaded Satin Manile. For description see Supplement.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1883. WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hymn"—the drawing to be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age—Messes. Harper & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messes.

The drawings must be received by MESSES. HAPPER & BROTHERS not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; and MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., Superintendent of the Art Department, HARPER & BROTHERS, will act as judges of the competition. It is intended to engrave the successful drawing

H is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for Harper's Magazine of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harper's Weekly, \$300; one page Harper's Poung People, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messas. Harper & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-

open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York,

knocking of the porter on the gate in Macbeth. After having obtained consent-to refuse which would have been too ungracious and churlish-for attendance at a university lecture now and then, they simply acquired after a while an unsuspecting concession from the authorities of Harvard University -a concession which seemed to their bland dignity likely to appease the desire and end the whole matter-that women should be allowed to pass an occasional examination, and take some sort of a degree; not the real degree, but something supposed to be as satisfactory to the lower range of feeling in woman's breast. And although one jests, there is not a woman of us all who does not feel deep gratitude, for herself and her sex, for this great and generous and magnanimous concession.

But facile descensus: the faculty had but a step to take, and the Harvard Annex was a thing of life; and after four years of a modest and perfectly satisfactory existence, during which it has been endowed, chartered, and incorporated, the association, through its president, Mrs. AGASSIZ, makes known its intention of asking Harvard to receive the Annex as a woman's college, with a fund of one hundred thousand dollars, within its own establishment.

Nothing could have been done more quickly, more gracefully, and, up to the present point, more successfully. It has all been managed as a lady in her drawing-room might present a case, and ask possibly as a favor what it is impolitic to claim as a right, and what is not entirely conceded to be a right. It is the old fable of the north wind and the sun; although for our own part we are a little inclined to doubt whether, if the north wind had never blown, this particular sun would ever have shone; indeed, was not that the way it all happened in the fable?

That a thing of this nature could proceed as rapidly and as unheeded as this has done shows that it was urged by no idle vanity or shallow claim, but that women under great odds are really in carnest about taking their proper place in the world, and making as much of themselves as the law of nature allows, and that they are doing it at home, without the benefit of lectures and emulation and that personal contact of classes which makes learning seem sometimes almost contagious.

Perhaps the noiseless manner in which

THE VANDERBILT FANCY BALL.

It is very rarely the case that an entertainment is so widely talked about and so long and so eagerly anticipated as was this—a ball which had even invited a rumor so disagreeable, even so frightful, as that the Communists meant to attack the house and to sack it, with its immeasurable wealth of jewelry, bric-a-brac, silver and gold, and objets d'arts, on this eventful evening. It is seldom that such an entertainment goes off so serenely, without accident and without a single untoward event, as did Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's ball of March 26, 1883.

The guests on arriving at the white marble doorway in Fifth Avenue were told to order their carriages at four o'clock. All around the neighborhood a black dense mass of figures waited to see the guests alight. A large force of policemen kept back this crowd, which looked dangerous. Whether the great question of wealth versus poverty, which agitates all minds now, was uppermost in their minds, or whether it was merely curiosity, one can not say. It was a picturesque contrast—the cold gloomy night without, the unrivalled light and luxury within.

As one entered the spacious hall, and was led by a powdered footman to the wide staircase, a sense of vastness overcame the gazer. It was like Milan cathedral, this wilderness of white marble and stained glass. The broad staircase, like that in a feudal château, was wide enough for a troop of cavalry to ride up, and with its gradual ascent, broken by frequent turns, it might be ascended by horses. Indeed, a charge of the light brigade of hobby-horses was made later down its splendid extent. The ladies were shown into a grand state bedroom, where a four-poster hung in tapestry stood at one end-just such a bed as one sees in palaces abroad, or in the pic-tures by Lacroix. Out of this apartment opened a fairy-like dressing-room, all mirror, painted over with apple blossoms, and with an alabaster bath. tub fit for Undine to take her swim in. Beyond this room another magnificent apartment opened, where sat a little nun writing a regular "bonne sœur de bon secours," very pretty, and her black robes a contrast to the gay and glitterg dresses which constantly arrived.

Here gathered Marie Stuart, Lady Washington, Mother Goose, Mary Quite Contrary, Carolina Comaro, a Gypsy, and all the characters of the opéra bouffe, ready to go down when the time came. It was cleven o'clock before the company descended to the superb French drawing-room—a room à la Louis Quinze—where Mrs. Vanderbilt and Lady Mandeville sat to receive their gnests. They had been standing long, and were worn out. Both were in Venetian or Italian costumes, Lady Mandeville wholly in black, Mrs. Vanderbilt in light colors, with a Milan bon-

net covered was mannonus. The studen tume will find this Milan bonnet in Shakspeare's play of All's Well that Ends Well, in Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare. It radiates from the face like a halo, and is very becoming. Mr. Vanderbilt, the host, wore a superb copy of the dress of the Duke of Guise, the trunk - hose, long silk tights, and puffed sleeves, being one of the most becoming dresses a gentleman ever wore, and in this case especially so. As the Lalla Rookhs, knights, princes, and courtiers, dukes, kings, queens, fairies, peacocks, pheasants, and opéra bouffe "Monsicur le Diable" and "Madame le Diable" came in in groups, this scene became enchanting. The next move was to the grand dining-room, with its wonderful stained-glass window of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," other almost equally beautiful windows, and its extraordinary height. It is a banqueting hall of the Middle Ages, and is unusually magnificent. Its great extent, the wonderful carving, the medieval fire-place, the carved buffets, all made it a fitting spot for a fancy ball.

Soon the groups began to wander to the grand staircase to see the quadrilles come down. First Hobby-horse Quadrille, wonderfully funny. The horses and artificial outside legs of the riders who were in the pink coats of the hunting field, the long skirts of the lady riders, and the energy and *élai* of this dance, in which all the move-ments of the circus were laughably attempted, gave the ball that spirit of fun which should ever open an entertainment. After these energetic riders had galloped off, the Mother Goose Quadrille entered. This was a very pretty sight, as all our old friends, Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, with the pig under his arm which he feloniously had captured, and the Grenadier, and the Old Woman in a Shoe, followed each other through the mazes, Then came the Opera Bouffe Quadrille, too mixed in color to be quite as effective as that which followed it, the Dresden China Quadrille. purest white, in court dresses, with the little mark of the two crossed swords hanging on their breasts, these imitators of Dresden china made an effective sweep of white color in the midst of medley. They were all very handsome and effective people, the dresses of white satin and brocade very pure and elegant; the powdered wig-like the one worn by Frederick the Greatwas most becoming, and the dance was stately, elegant, and refined. This was the success of the evening. After it came the Star Quadrille, a dance not so striking as the last, but very pretty; it was danced by young ladies, each adorned with a diamond star on the forehead, and with wands tipped with stars. The electric light intended to add its radiance to this quadrille had to be abandoned as a too uncertain guest.

The ball now began to present a saturnalia of color like a picture by Alvarez. There were Cardinals of the Holy Roman Empire, Eastern Fakirs, and officers of the Cent Garde, noblemen of every age and country, and Commander Gorringe as an Arab Sheik in his best clothes. The women were resplendent in diamonds. A Joan of Arc walked about in full armor; an Egyptian Princess

with a gold Sphinx on her head maintained all the royal state of Queen Hashop, sister to Rameses I. Birds and hornets, butterflies and fishes, mingled in the crowd. Yellow, that deep color of beaten gold, was seen in profusion. Miss Fish wore the beautiful pointed cap of Mary of Burgundy, and the long regal cloth of gold. Mrs. Paran Stevens in a red wig was magnificent as Queen Elizabeth. Mrs. Pierre Lorillard wore a resplendent dress as a Phœnix arising from its ashes. Mrs. Eliot F. Shepard was very gorgeously arrayed as a Venetian Lady in high pearl collar. All the Vanderbilt ladies were splendidly and correctly dressed.

One of the most effective costumes was that of Richard M. Hunt, the architect of this beautiful house, as Cimabue, from the painting by Giotto. It was a happy thought, for the early Florentine dress of white and gold, the hood and short cape, was one of the most distinctive dresses present. How pleased must have been this man of genius to thus stand amid his thoughts, now expressed in deathless marble, and to see a pageant pass far finer than anything since the palmy days of Lorenzo de' Medici, in one of the most gorgeous houses of modern times, into which he has brought the learning, thought, and culture of all the ages!

Another effective and well-carried-out costume was that of a Chinaman. A veritable Indian chief's dress, fresh from the plains, was very effective. A "Daughter of the Forest," with the skin of an animal wrapped around her, with ferns and butterflies and jewelled lizards, was exceedingly striking. Then came the eccentric costumes—Fire, Ice, Snow, and the Comet. Black and cream-colored was the Comet, with streaks of gold thread artistically woven through, and an embroidered comet on the skirt; the hair, wild and flowing, had streamers of gold radiating. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt was very charming as the Electric Light. Fire was illustrated by a curious gleaming red substance which flamed up the skirt and around the neck; it was an impressive dress; and the lady wore those now rare old-fashioned deep orange topazes which our grandmothers loved. Snow is, of course, always simulated by eider down and the frequent interpolation of crystals or diamonds. Amongst these impersonal dresses one to resemble Music was most ingenious. A dress of white satin, trimmed with five rows of black velvet like the music staff, had here and there musical notation; the bodice, cut low and square, was trimmed with little brass musical instruments; a music scale was embroidered on the bodice; the cap of red satin was trimmed with triangles, bells, and balls. The lady carried a Spanish mandolin. Then came Autumn with her grapes—a beautiful dress—Spring with her apple blossoms, and a lovely dress called "Cherry Ripe," in which red cherries, white biosons, and the "overhanging bough" were all reized in flowers and embroidery.

Then came the religious orders. Mr. Hurlburt, of the World, had an especially correct and beautiful costume as a Spanish Knight of Calatrava, a sort of religious Knight Templar order, with long white cloak, with black satin hood, red cross on the arm, and a black velvet suit of the seventeenth century, with collars and cuffs of old point de Venise. This was one of the most striking of all the dresses. Capuchin Friars and splendid Cardinals elbowed each other at every turn.

The stage, of course, afforded the ideas for the greatest number of fine dresses. Mr. Hewitt, our well-known Congressman, went as King Lear, with leis mind, and with his three daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Turnure were splendid as Huguenots. Miss Townsend, as the Fairy Queen in Iolanthe, wore a very handsome dress, white embroidered in gold. Madame Nilsson came as Marie Stuart.

The opera bouffe, as we have said, sent many representatives. The Comte de Brie, Charles Surface in the School for Scandal, Romeo, the Huguenot Count de Môle, Marguerite in Faust, and Harlequin all had their copyists. Historical characters like Sir Walter Raleigh, Don Carlos, Christopher Columbus, and Charleses L., II., and IX. all were in order. Henri Deux is the most picturesque of kings to copy. There were no classical dresses, no Greek, Roman, or Neo-Greek white draperies; the absence was conspicuous. There were some very fine knights in armor, especially one, Mr. Hoyt, who married a daughter of Chief Justice Chase; his dress of chain-armor of the time of Edward the Black Prince was very much admired. Mr. Butler Johnstone, the owner of the Raphael at the Museum, personated in a beautiful dress of the age of Louis XII., dead gold satin embroidered in gold, gray hat, and white plume, the Marshal Tribulzi of Milan.

But all this glory was human, and needed supper. Ascending again the grand staircase to the third story, a banqueting hall was discovered in a large room called the Gymnasium. Here the walls were lined with roses, and the most fabulous floral display made this room as redolent of nature as the lower rooms had been of art,

Here sat a lady in the dress of Madame Thermidor, of that eccentric dress of the French Revolution (not quite the Incroyables, but as eccentric), looking delightfully pretty in an enormous hat, talking to a Venetian of 1450 and to Don Carlos. Blue-Beard and the Phænix took a glass of champagne together, and two of the most extravagant Incroyables walked and talked with my Lady Washington; a dignified Queen's Counsel joked with Joan of Arc and with Monsieur le Diable, and so on; the contrasts were endless.

The supper was luxurious in the extreme, and it was long after daylight before the superb French chateau of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt had been cleared of its motley troop and late reveilers.

It was the best-ordered, the most cool, delicately lighted, and enjoyable ball ever given in New York; and for magnificence, quite unprecedented, and creditable to host and hostess.

POSSESSING THE LAND.

W HILE various good and righteous people, actuated by the best of motives, have been wasting their breath in declaiming against the advancement of woman in any material degree from her original position as the bearer of burdens, a goodly number of women have quietly let them talk on, to divert attention, as it were, and have gone to work to make the advancement not a talked-of possibility with a train of evil, but an accomplished fact with a train of blessing, so far as acquiring extraordinary educational advantages-extraordinary in view of the difficulty of getting them at alland so far as making the most of them implies.

Within the last fifty years graded and high schools-the latter thought by many at the time to be a Quixotic and radical experiment-have made the first educational step from the superficial private classes that preceded them. From these to the Normal School was an easy progress, and the Normal School has grown into the college, as in Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Cornell, and Oberlin, some of which are entirely for women, and some for both women and men. Moreover, a school for the pursuit of various studies at home has been originated and carried on, and the opportunities it promised sedulously followed up till quite thorough special culture has been reached in numerous instances, the person applying for instruction being assigned to a particular correspondent of the association, to use that title, who begins by telling the novice what books to read and how to read them, and afterward so conducts the correspondence that it answers the place of periodical examinations in the study selected.

But just as the colored race have not been content with special privileges unless allowed them with no distinction of color at all, so women have not remained content with all this, however great was the triumph over prejudice and ancient custom involved in obtaining even so much; but they have been knocking at the doors of the old colleges, choosing, with the natural audacity and perhaps the enforced cunning of their sex, the richest, oldest, and most important of all, sure that if one citadel yielded, there was victory all along the line as well, since the smaller and humbler institutions could hardly hold out alone.

They did not begin their bold attempt, however, by any loud clamoring, like the

all this has been accomplished is worthy of a little attention. There are some people who will not have by strategy what they can take by force, who perhaps like the riot, and who prefer making a clamor to the less obvious way of going in and taking possession, and then letting the enemy see what they can do about it. These people always remember that when Virgil and Dante encountered Cerberns and he showed his fangs, and shook in every limb from desire of their flesh, Virgil threw lumps of dirt into his mouth and silenced him. More than one Cerberus, more than a hundred, have followed this movement, but not one grain of dirt has been thrown by the movers. The truth is that the women have long pass ed Cerberus by; he may growl and snarl, his jaws dripping with virus, but they are on their way up, and nothing in the power of his voice can stop them. They have attained much of what they wish, and even if the grandees of knowledge refuse them any extended aid, and insist, if they will still continue the pursuit, upon their studying apart and submitting to examinations under disadvantages to which men have never been subjected, they have not gone so far as they have to turn back now: some day the door will open, if only because one tires of hearing them knock. They have showed the capacity of woman to receive education, and have convincingly demonstrated that her desire is a real one for the object itself as a positive good, and not merely for something that has happened to be denied to her, nor for something desired

just because men already have it. In all the progress of the last century there has been no healthier movement than this-confined to a small number and a limited space though it is-where women have gone in and possessed the land, and possessed it so thoroughly that it has not only become impossible to oust them, but has become necessary to acknowledge their right, though it be but the "squatter's right," and to render them service. And surely it has its reaction upon all men, for it is not impossible that with this continued aspiration, struggle, and achievement which the mothers of the generation to come have been making and are yet making, another century may see yet greater marvels wrought by men than ever have been wrought, since men only attain the whole of their rights, and a possibility of the whole of their growth, when they inherit from the side of their mothers as well as from that of their fathers a complete and trained intellectual

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NEW YORK FASHIONS.

INFANTS' CLOTHING.

THERE is little change to note in the dresses worn by infants; they are still made of white nainsook and French lawn with a high-necked yoke of tucks, lace, or embroidery, and long sleeves; the skirts gathered to the yoke are very long and full, and are more often trimmed around near the hem with insertion, tucks, puffs, embroid-ery, or lace than with the lengthwise rows on the front in the robe fashion formerly used. Their long cloaks are of white or gray cashmere, trimmed with embroidery for winter use, or the more elaborate white ottoman and brocaded silks are used for richer garments; for the summer white repped piqué, either plain or embroidered, or else white basket-cloth, is used. These cloaks may be cut to represent two very large rounded capes, or they may be made in Mother Hubbard fashion with straight breadths gathered to a yoke, or shirred around the neck and furnished with sleeves. The newest caps for babies are the close cottage shapes made of embroidered muslin done in very open patterns in arabesques, wheels, stars, and like the designs used for braid laces; they are edged with a full frill of Valenciennes lace, and there is a rosette of ivory white satin ribbon on top near the front, and another low behind the crown. The dainty French caps of fine muslin tucked by hand and with rows of feather stitching, or else slightly puffed by rows of shirring, are still much used for both boys and girls. Small sacques for the house are of crocheted zephyr wool—white, rose pink, or baby blue—with a netting of silk all over them. Soft fine socks of crocheted silk are shown in colors to match the sacques.

SHORT CLOTHES.

The first short dresses, put on at the age of six months, are white nainsook slips with high vokes and long sleeves, and may be made of the first long dresses shortened to escape the floor, and not be in the child's way when it first attempts to walk. Sashes are little used with these dresses, as they appear to cut the short figure in two, and the full flowing effect is simpler and every way prettier. The first short wrap is usually white or pale gray in sacque shape, with a cape, and should be deep enough to cover the little white dresses. The second set of short dresses, put on at the age of two years, or at eighteen months if the child is large, has more variety of shape, and a good deal of color is then introduced both in the dresses and wraps. The guimpe dresses, flowing Mother Hubbard dresses, and the half-loose English princesse dresses are worn by girls of two years. White dresses of muslin with guimpes are for the nicest occasions, while those of colored cashmere, flannel, Chambéry, lawn, Scotch ginghams in pale blue and pink, and the darker Turkey red cottons and sprigged satteens, are also worn with white muslin guimpes, or else with a simulated guimpe of the material of the dress. This guimpe may be a separate highnecked waist gathered to a belt, and with long, slightly full sleeves made of muslin tucked and embroidered, and worn with any low-necked, shortsleeved dress, or else it may be a square voke and long sleeves of the muslin, to which the little full dress, white or colored, is permanently attached. The effect of a square low neck with short puffed sleeves passing high over the shoulders is most liked for these dresses, and the little voke slips so long worn may easily be given this appearance by adding a puff above the armholes, and placing edging to stand erect along the edges of the yoke in front and back and above the shoulder puffs. Such a guimpe of white muslin may have a dress of pale blue, buff, pink, or strawberry cashmere, or of embroidered muslin, white nainsook, cambric, Chambéry, écru batiste, Scotch gingham, linen lawn, or of light or dark blue flan-nel. The dress may have rows of shirring massed in the centre of the back and front, and hang loose thence, or be shirred again all around be low the hips, and sometimes the flounce of embroidery is attached to the waist in this cluster of shirring. There are also guimpe dresses with tucks or box pleats and insertion down the close front, with full backs that are shaped into the figure by wide sash-like strings of the material sewed into the side seams just at the waist line or else far below the hips, and tied in a large

Another plan with mothers is that of letting the child wear its white muslin voke slips to serve as a guimpe and petticoat, and putting on over this a low-necked dress of cashmere or muslin, which may have a belt, and look like a peasant dress, or else it may be shirred below the hips. That this makes the child look bunchy does not matter, as all dressing for very small children is now very full, and nothing so quickly detracts from its picturesqueness as any appearance of scantiness either in length or breadth. For travelling and summer dresses in the country grayblue, garnet, and brown flannel dresses are made with simulated guimpes of the same, or of white cashmere, or of flannel of a contrasting color, and rows of braid to match the guimpe trim the skirt, sometimes heading tucks that are so useful for lengthening the skirt as the child grows or the material shrinks. Mother Hubbard dresses of full straight breadths gathered to a plain or shirred yoke are liked for every day dresses of wash goods, and for the electric and navy blue and strawberry red dresses of cashmere or of flannel that children now wear with French aprons of sheer white Victoria lawn, or cross-barred muslin, or French nainsook. These aprons are half-high and square on the shoulders, or else round and low in the neck, with the merest strap of edging, a little puff or cap for sleeves, and are long enough to entirely cover the dark dress which may have grown shabby during the winter, and needs the touch of freshness that the white apron gives. For slender children the apron is full and

straight, but for those who are quite plump there are aprons with fitted fronts, striped and bordered with insertion, or else with box pleats down their whole length, separated by inch-wide rows of insertion. White cotton satteen in plain of insertion. reps, or striped like dimity, or else with woven Jacquard designs of leaves, stars, and daisies, is the novelty that rivals piqué for the half-loose straight English dresses that are made all in one piece, and are known as princesse dresses. These dresses now have lengthwise tucks, or else box pleats and insertion, from the neck to the hips, where there are basque-like pieces added to pass around the hips, and underneath this is sewed a pleating like a kilt to finish out the garment the proper length. Embroidery is the trimming for these thick white dresses, and similar designs are made of nainsook with lace, but for most of the dresses worn by very small girls embroidery is the trimming preferred. New caps for girls of two years are of Irish point embroidered muslin in close shapes, with a ruffle of embroidery on the edge. There are also small pokes with a cap trimming inside the brim, and others with a puffed soft crown and pleated front. Large brims with low crowns are seen on the straw hats to be worn by the smallest girls, and these are colored to match the wrap worn with them, or else they are white English straw trimmed with colored pompons and ostrich tips, and lined throughout the brim with dark satin, or it may be with velvet. Their pretty spring and summer wrap is a halflong straight sacque of English red, darker gar-net, or electric blue cloth, with white brandebourgs across the fronts, white braid in rows on the edges, and large white pearl buttons. This is short enough to display the flounces or half the skirt of white dresses. Longer coats to conceal the dress are also either red or blue cloth or a light quality of fine flannel, made with singlebreasted sacque fronts, while the back has two well-defined broad box pleats below the waist; rows of stitching are on the deep collar and sleeves. Very large round collars of écru or cream white embroiders, scrim, grenadine, or braid lace are worn with these coats. Black stockings or those the color of the dress are worm with black kid buttoned shoes.

FOR SMALL BOYS.

Boys of two years wear the English dress just described for girls, cut rather straighter in the side seams than those worn by girls, but like them otherwise. When made of piqué these dresses for boys have tabs around the hips, and box pleats or kilting, merely stitched, without embroidery. Buff or gray linen dresses made in this way with three box pleats down the front and back have deep square collars and cuffs of Turkey red satteen or of blue percale. Scotch ginghams in small checks and in large plaids, also in stripes, are made in the same way for these little fellows. Their spring and summer wrap is the half-long British red cloth or blue jacket described for girls, and in most other ways their clothing is like that worn by their little sisters. Pale or dark blue flannels, and dark cashmeres of gray, brown, garnet, or blue, with checked cloths of light quality, are made for their spring dresses, and for travelling and country dresses for summer. Their turbans and polo caps, how-ever, distinguish them from girls at a very early age; the former are soft puffed crowns that any ingenious mother can easily make of the material of the dress, or else a little velvet or cloth is made into a polo cap with a flat crown and straight band that fits the head closely. Next after these he wears a wide-brimmed flaring or rolling hat of colored straw with a band around it, for every day, and for nicest use a white English straw hat of the same shape with white pompons, or with many loops and notched ends of white ribbon. Ribbed cotton stockings long enough to reach above the knees are imported in black and dark colors with white feet especially for boys.

GIRLS OF FOUR TO TEN YEARS.

Girls of four to ten years of age wear dresses made in all the models just described, and to these are added the Jersey dresses and the sail-or-blouse dresses. The preference for these girls is given to the English princesse dresses made all in one piece. For the larger girls these are often made elaborate with pleated and shirred vests that fall in a puff below the waist, and have wide Directoire revers besides this vest. Mothers who prefer to dress their girls simply limit them to cashmeres, flannels, piqués, white muslins, and the pretty Chambérys, prints, and ginghams. Yet there are always to be found in the shops foulards, Surahs, and silks made in these princesse styles; but it is in far better taste to have a variety of simple woollens and wash dresses that may always be kept fresh and neat, instead of using silken fabrics that must be sent to the scourers to be cleaned. The Jersey dress with waist and skirt in one piece made entirely of the woollen Jersey webbing, or else with a flannel pleated skirt attached to a Jersey-shaped waist of webbing, will be much used for travelling and country dresses for girls from four to ten years of age. This waist buttons in front, and its only seams are those on the shoulders and under the arms. There may be tucks or a folded sash around the hips to conceal the seam that joins the skirt, and this skirt may have single kiltpleatings, or large box pleats, or else there may be a wide kilting with narrower pleating at the foot of the skirt. There are also many separate foot of the skirt Jerseys worn with a kilt skirt attached to a silesia waist, but active children twist about in these, roll them up over the hips, and displace them generally, so that mothers prefer such dresses all in one piece. The sailor-blouse waists are made and longer than they have been, so that they droop very low on the kilted skirt, and this skirt now has very wide loose-looking pleats, with sometimes the plain effect in front seen on

boys' kilts, and this is braided or wrought with anchors, stars, croquet balls and mallets, or with rows of soutache braid, or else trimmed with crosswise brandebourgs. Flannels, Cheviots, and Scotch ginghams are the materials for these dresses, and very often they have the blouse of plain goods with the kilt of plaid or stripes. e and the Jersey dresses are accompanied by wide-brimmed dark straw hats, either plain or in the new Scotch plaid straws, or else they are worn with the peaked front pokes of the rough English straws called tramway braids, or with the basket bonnets of dark colors that are also in poke shapes. White cashmere dresses are very tasteful for girls, but their dresses for gay occasions are most often of white muslin, with a ruffle of embroidery sometimes forming the entire skirt, and the loose drooping waist finished in guimpe style. Their spring wraps are Cheviots and cloths of light weight cut in long coat shapes, with deep collars that are almost capes; red blue, and drab are the colors. For dancing par-ties light kid slippers and stockings to match are worn, but the preference is for black stockings first, then those of dark colors, with high black kid shoes that support the ankles and are without heels.

FOR BOYS OF FOUR TO EIGHT YEARS.

Kilt suits and the straight English dresses are worn by boys of four years, but when they are five years old they use kilts altogether, and it is now the custom to keep them in these skirts until they reach eight years, when short knicker-bockers are put on, and retained until they are twelve years of age, and then long pantaloons are worn. The kilt skirts have wider side pleats than formerly, or else are in eight box pleats, and may be attached to a silesia waist, or pro vided with a band to be buttoned on pleated shirt waists of plain white linen, or else percale with small colored figures. Their jackets to wear with kilts are mere roundabouts with two wide forms making the French back, or else with four narrower forms in the English fashion. They are sometimes cut in tabs on the edge, and others have pleats behind. The Norfolk jackets, with tucks or box pleats in front and back and a wide belt, are also worn with kilts. The sailor blouses are looser and longer than ever, and have deep sailor collars, with sometimes revers down the fronts. Dark cloths, Cheviots, and flannels of light quality, shepherds' checked twilled woollens, piqués, blue and buff linens, and the Jersey webbings are used for these suits. Straw sailor hats, small felt Derbys, the red fez, and polo caps are worn by boys. Black suits with a belted Norfolk jacket, straight knickerbockers, and long black ribbed stockings are stylish for boys from eight to twelve years of age. For the summer in the country blue flannel and Havana brown cheviot suits are made for every-day use, with the ribbed stockings of the same color, while more dressy knickerbocker suits are of white Cheviots and twilled cream white wool. Soft felt Cheviots and twilled cream white wool. hats of light or dark blue, white, or light brown are worn in the country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The rule for the lengths of girls' dresses is to gradually shorten them from those that reach the foot, worn by girls two years old, until for those ten or twelve years of age they extend only far enough below the knees to conceal the drawers, which are now never visible; after this age for girls in their teens they are gradually lengthened until they reach the walking length of ladies

Small girls wear their hair with the Vandvck front and flowing back hair very slightly crimped; for this the hair is parted across the crown, and all that part combed forward is cut short in a way very wholesome for growing hair, and falls in a straight bang. No ribbons are used. If curls are worn, they are arranged in five very long thick tresses. Misses wear their back hair in a small knot low behind, and their front hair is cropped short and made in rings all over the top of the head. The forehead is much less covered than it has been lately.

Shoes without heels are worn by small girls and boys, and it is the sensible as well as fashionable custom to use only the low English heels for large girls and misses.

Loose wrinkled Mousquetaire gloves of tan-colored kid are worn by girls of eight years and upward. Pretty silk or wool mittens are liked for smaller girls. The long lace mitts in red, blue, and cream shades, as well as black, will be worn in midsummer, and there are lisle-thread gloves of white, écru, and slate shades.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; JAMES McCREERY & Co.; and STERN BROTHERS.

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES G. LELAND proposes that children should be taught in the schools some remu-nerative trade, such as designing for wall-papers and carpets, setting mosaics, carving, and in-

laying.

One of the greatest actors of China, Loo

Chin Goom, who has been playing in San Francisco, talks of a Chinese theatre in New York.

The granddaughter of Robert Toombs, who refused a hundred thousand dollars rather than give up her lover, is in the condition of the person who cats her cake and has it too, as her grandfather has now restored her to favor.

—It is thought that MARTIN LUTHER'S journey to Worms might have been cheered if he could have looked forward long enough to have

seen the Emperor unveiling his statue on the fourth centenary of his birth.

—WILLIAM R. BROOKS, the discoverer of the new conets, lives in Phelps, Ontario County, New York, and at one time resided in Boston.

—Thirty thousand dollars has been left by the late Naturally. late NATHANIEL THAYER to the Massachusetts General Hospital, the income to be devoted to

the support of free beds; and the day before his death he gave twenty-five thousand to the Institute of Technology. He had already largely benefited Harvard University.

—"Nobody," said WILLIAM C. BRYANT, on one occasion, "in years after seventy can produce anything in poetry save the thick and muddy last runnings of a cask from which all sprightly liquor has been withdrawn." He had never read Mr. Alcott's sonnets.

—Probably the first white man to tread the streets of Kienghi-tao will be Hon. Lucius H. Foots, United States Minister to Corea.

—Albani says she would rather sing in Amer-

-ALBANI says she would rather sing in Amer

—ALBANI says she would rather sing in America than anywhere else, and gives New York the preference in America.

—When a young American lady in Italy word a black gown which she had herself ornamented with painted duisies, the Italians cried, as she passed them in the street, "Look! she wears margnerites for the Queen!"

—PAUL TULANE, the millionaire, proposes to found a poor boys' college in New Orleans.

—The daughter of ex-Secretary Fish, Miss EDITH FISH, is reported engaged to Mr. OLIVER H. NORTHCOTE, a younger son of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

Northcotte.

—Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith wrote, "My Country, 'tis of thee," fifty years ago, when he was in

—Seventy-five thousand dollars has been given, for the erection of a library building, to the University of Vermont, by Hon. FREDERICE BILLINGS, of Woodstock. It looks as if after a time we should have some educational facilities in

America.

—The author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," Nicholas N. Crouch, who is now old and poor, having formerly been a music teacher of W. W. Corcoran, was lately presented with fifty dollars by the philanthropist. If every one to whom his song has given pleasure gave a fiftieth part as much, he would be in comfortable circum-

stances.

—At the unveiling of Bornm's statue of Car-

stances.

—At the unveiling of Boehm's statue of Carlyle, Professor Tyndall expressed the hope that some day Emerson's might stand beside it.

—Three Philadelphia women have married German noblemen, Miss Florence A. Smith being the last, who has married a Baron Gisbert von Friesen, with two castles on the Rhine.

—The present chief of the Cherokee Indians, William P. Ross, is a fine orator, remarkable for culture, and a graduate of an Eastern college.

—The list of nineteen women qualified to vote for School Committee this year in Concord, Massachusetts, is headed by Louisa M. Alcott.

—The manuscripts of Dickens's Our Mutual Friend, the first book of Bryant's translation of the Iliad, and Poe's Murder in the Rue Morgue are in the library of G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, as well as a letter written by Franklin Pierce to James T. Fields on the morning after Hawthorne's death.

—A position in the Luited States Mint at San

FIERCE TO JAMES 1. FIELDS On the morning after Hawthorne's death.

—A position in the United States Mint at San Francisco has been given to Miss Sarah Brown, daughter of "Osawatomie" Brown.

—The wife of Senator Platt can paddle her own canoe with skill, being an expert with the oars.

—A London paper says Mr. Lowell, is not only an ambassador, but a distinguished man of letters, and one of the most courteous of hosts,

resembling Hosea Biglow only in shrewdness.

—Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, is beloved by all religious denominations of that city. He keeps aloof from controversies and all purely worldly affairs. He is tall, erect, and benignant-looking, and makes every one his friend at

-The American minister to Rome, Mr. Astor, -the American minister to Rome, M. Aston, occupies the highest floor of the Palazzo Rospigliosi. It is a colossal palace built on the ruins of the Thermæ of Constantine. It is the healthiest spot in Rome, and has the purest water the party where wedgingers might men ter. It has courts where regiments might manœuvre, and hanging gardens, and has been decorated by MICHAEL ANGELO, LEONARDO, RUBENS, and TITLAN. The ASTOR apartment includes five spacious salons.

—MAURICE, son of CHARLES KINGSLEY, a man of literary teleut himself is employed in the of

- MAURICE, SOIL OF CHARMS AND CONTROL OF STREET THE OF STREET THE OFFICE OF THE GRANT THE CHARMS AND CONTROL OF THE CONTROL OF THE CONTROL OF T

The daughter of Fechter, Mile. Marie Fechter, was recently married in Paris to her cousin, Henri Porree, a Parisian merchant.

—Cetywayo presented the Savage Club, of London, with his club.

London, with his club.

—The effect of alcohol is always to arrest viality, says Dr. T. K. Chamberlain, physician to the Prince of Wales. He ought to know.

—A constant reader of English and German books and newspapers is the Crown Princess of Germany, who keeps herself up in all that is going on in society and politics of both countries, and seems to be a perfect woman in her place.

—The whole civil list of Norway is but a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and there

dred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and there are threats of cutting off twenty-five thousand dollars from the King's allowance.

dollars from the King's allowance.

—A laborer at Calne, a few weeks since, showed a singular resemblance between his opinions and those of Dr. Dix, as he certified that the reason he did not send his young child to school was because it made him fat, hazy, and saucy.

—Mr. Rassam, the Chaldee explorer, has brought back to the British Museum many thousand exhibites covered with the quantiferry

thousand cylinders covered with the cunciform writings, from the library of the Assyrian kings. As the British Museum will not share the glory of their translation with savants not belonging of their translation with savants not belonging to that institution, and as there is but one person connected with the Museum who can read them, and the process is slow at the best, this generation will be none the wiser for the find.

—As an orator, Bismarck coughs and stammers and stops for the right word; his sentences are involved, and often a foot long; but when he writes his native toware it is idlomatically

he writes his native tongue it is idiomatically

he writes his native tongue it is idiomatically and gracefully.

—A memorial to John Milton is projected in the village of Horton, Buckinghamshire, where he wrote "Il Penseroso," "Arcades," and "Comus," which will probably take the shape of a stained-glass window in the village church.

—The Queen at her recent Drawing-room wore a black moiré antique dress, trimmed with ostrich feathers and jet, a white tulle veil and corotet of diamonds, diamond necklace, ear-rings.

trich leathers and jet, a white tuffe veil and coronet of diamonds, diamond necklace, ear-rings,
and brooches, not to mention the ribbon and
star of the Order of the Garter, the orders of
Victoria and Albert, the Cross of India, Louise
of Prussia, St. Catherine of Russia, the Spanish
and Portuguese orders, and the Saxe-Coburg and
Gotha family orders. The effect must have been
sincular.

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seen often enough to enter a list even of extraordinary foods; but smaller cuttle-fishes are beloved of many men, especially by Italians; and in

CASHMERE AND FAILLE DRESS.—BACK. [For Front, see Fig. 1, Front Page.] For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. S-19.



OTTOMAN CLOTH MANTLE.—FRONT.—[For Back, see Page 245.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3417: Price, 25 Cents. For description see Supplement.



HAMMERED SILVER BROOCH.



Fig. 5.—FOULARD AND VELVET DRESS. Back.—[See Fig. 1.] For description see Supplement.



fried crisp it might be mistaken for macaroni." Neapolitans come properly by their taste for the cuttle, since the Latins ate it, and have handed down a recipe for a cephalopod sausage. Pickled, you may find cuttle fish arms, suckers and all, among our fancy groceries; and in San Francisco you may buy tons of preserved cuttles. These are a Chinese preparation of the squid. It is split. open, cleaned, spread out flat, and dried. In this condition it is white, and with its fringe of stiffened ten-



Fig. 1.—FOULARD AND VELVET DRESS. FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.] For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Wool and Velvet Dress.—Back.—[For Front, see Page 245.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3418: Basque, Over-Skiet, and Skiet, 20 Cents each. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 36-44.



Fig. 3.—Embroidered Camel's-hair DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—Braided Cashmere Dress. For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—Dress for Girl from 2 to 6 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3413: Price, 15 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 23-30.

Fig. 2.—Dress for Girl from 6 to 10 YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3414: PRICE, 25 CENTS. For description see Supplement.

tacles resembles a Cape Ann cod-fish slitted into shreds at the broad end. Boiled and mixed with seasoned herbs, a popular soup or pudding results, the taste of which is mildly that of lobster broth. In the capture of the octopods of Vancouver's Island the canoeing Indians of that district have many an exciting and perilous adventure. Their usual method of cookery is the roast, but they do not hesitate to carve chunks from the quivering and slimy mass and devour them raw. The same remarks hold good, but in a less degree of danger, concerning the natives of New Zealand and other rocky shored islands. islands.

islands.

Considering the vast number of single-valved (spiral) mollusks, very few are eaten. The "conchs" of West Indian waters occasionally go to pot, and savages gather limpets and certain small fry for food when very hungry. In my Friends Worth Knowing (pp. 32–35) I have detailed the utilization of land snails for this and other purposes, to which account I could now add many facts. One family of univalves, nevertheless, the ear-shells or abalones (Haliotis), serves many utilities of ornament, not only, but its members are widely collected for food on the coasts of Asia and by the Chinese in California, the abalone trade of that State amounting to \$250,000 a year.

The flesh of these mollusks is dried and exported. It is rendered fit for food by soaking in hot water and seasoning. A friend of mine who has lived in Japan tells me that at first you think you have put India rubber between your teeth, for the awabi is tasteless and tough; in a very short time, however, the morsel breaks into granules, and you begin to enjoy its flavor.

The bivalved mollusks, on the other hand, form one of the most important of our food resources. Here stand Considering the vast number of sin-

The bivalved mollusks, on the other hand, form one of the most important of our food resources. Here stand oysters, some of which grow on trees, and which are dried and preserved by the Chinese and by American Indians; clams, an East Indian species of which is so huge that a single one will suffice for a boat's crew scallons mussels. for a boat's crew; scallops, mussels,



Fig. 3.—Dress for Girl from 2 to 4 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3415: PRICE, 15 CENTS. For description see Supplement.

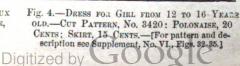
Fig. 4.—Suit for Boy from 3 to 10 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3416: Price, 25 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 45-55.



Fig. 1.—OTTOMAN CLOTH MANTLE.
BACK.—[For Front, see Page 244.]—CUT
PATTERN, No. 3417: PRICE, 25 CENTS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Wool and Velvet Dress.—Front.—[For Back, see Page 244.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3418: Basque, OVER-SKIRT, AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH. For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VII., Figs. 36-44.

Fig. 3.—Cashmere and Satin Merveilleux DRESS .- CUT PATTERN, No. 3419: BASQUE, OVER-SKIRT, AND SKIRT, 20 CENTS EACH. For description see Supplement.



cockles, and a thousand less-known sorts-all edible and nutritious and abundant.

Lowest in rank of all the mollusks are the ascidians, whose bodies, sometimes single and as big as a tea-cup, sometimes grouped into colonies of small, connected individuals, are protected by no shelly covering, and are very simply organized. A local species of these ascidians is eaten by the sac the size of a wine-glass, supported upon a short, flexible stalk rooted in the sand. By putting it into vinegar it is made palatable—to them.

It has been said of the Japanese that they will eat every living thing to be found in the sea, and it is near the truth. For example, there is a worm (Sabella) which makes its home in shore mud, and secretes about its tortuous length a limy tube, out of which it thrusts a tentacled head when the tide comes up. This wriggling creature the Japs pull from its tube, and out of it they make a soup, described as "tasting just as an exposed tide-flat smells." Barnacles they eat also, or at any rate Chinamen do; and that soft radiate, the holothurian (bèche de mer), or sea-cucumber, as the English call it, has become an article of commerce in its dried state along Malayan coasts under the name of trepang, details concerning which are easily accessible to the curious. Holothurians are plentiful on rocky shores in warm latitudes elsewhere, and especially so in the Florida reefs. At Key West an enterprising Yankee went into the business of making trepang a few years ago, but he did not succeed

Another radiate, and the only other one of this class that I know to be eatable, is the Echinusthe sea-urchin, or sea-egg. This animal carries a system of channels and membranes in a hollow globe of flinty but brittle texture, covered by spines, like a miniature hedgehog well rolled up. Examine one when it holds no eggs, and you will find nothing eatable about it, inside or out. Whatever the season, however, but especially in summer, a large proportion of them will contain several bunches of orange-yellow eggs so minute that the whole contents of a big echinus will not fill a dessert-spoon. These eggs taste like an oyster, and are nutritious; they call for no cooking, and are easily got at. Thus they have always been fed upon as a relish by half-refined coast peoples like those of Eastern Asia and its neighboring islands, and by the well-supplied Indians of Puget Sound and British Columbia, and have proved the stand-by of miserable savages whose desolate homes afford them little else to maintain life. Sea-urchins are a staple, for instance, with the brutish denizens of Tierra del Fuego, who may be seen diving for them in the coldest mid-winter. They are still sought at the opposite pole by the Alaskans, and the extensive shell heaps that abound along the shores of the Aleutian islands and peninsula show that the autochthons of that region, antedating the arrival of the present Innuit, relied upon echini almost exclusively for subsistence during an occupation embracing several centuries of the most degraded human existence known. So sunken were these sea-egg eaters that there is no evidence that they ever knew how to make a fire.

"HIRAM'S FOLKS." BY LUCY RANDALL COMFORT.

" CO Hiram's folks has made money, eh?" said

old Mr. Biggs.

Miss Paulina Prickett had invited the Biggs family to tea, with hot waffles, quince preserves, Sally-lunns, angel-cake, and the best quality of Young Hyson, to celebrate the purchase of a new tea set—white French china with a gold band on the edge-in which she had indulged. Inviting the Biggs family, as Miss Paulina very well knew was better than advertising the whole thing in the newspaper, for there was a goodly number of them, and they always talked to everybody about everything. The Biggses seldom invited compa-ny themselves, because, like John Gilpin's wife, they had a frugal mind, but they always came in

full force wherever they were bidden. 'Yes," said Mrs. Horatio Biggs; "in the book

business, I'm told."

"I knowed a book-maker once," observed Miss Prickett, liberally ladling out the golden syrup of the quinces, "as only got ninety cents a day, and found himself."

That was a book-binder, Aunt Prickett," said Esther, her niece, who was serving up the waffles hot and hot, with a countenance considerably inflamed from the vicinity of the kitchen stove.

"Well, where's the difference?" sharply retorted Miss Prickett.

"And everybody knows as printers don't get no wages to signify," joined in Mrs. Luke Biggs, who silk with plated brucelets and a cameo breastpin as large as an individual butter plate. "I saw one once standing on the steps a newspaper office, and he wore a dreadful shabby hat, with no coat, and a shirt as was all

blacks and grease spots, only fit for the wash-tub." Printers have to dress according to their work,

I s'pose," said Luke, surlily.

The Biggs family had not been like Dr. Watts's proverbial birds, which "in their little nests agreed." Horatio Biggs had overreached his two younger brothers in business, and had set up a "general store" in Biggsville, out of the result of his sharp practice, with a tall, angular wife, who despised Mrs. Luke because she had once worked in a factory, and scorned Mrs. Hiram because she was a teacher when her husband first met her. Luke Biggs was a selfish, grinding, miserly sort of fellow, who drudged away on the old farm because he was too parsimonious to spend the money necessary to enable him to enter any other business, and Mrs. Luke's chief end and aim in life was to screw enough cash out of her husband to outdress the other matrons and maids of the neighborhood. Miss

Josepha Biggs, the unmarried daughter, made dresses for "the genteelest families only," and old Mr. and Mrs. Biggs lived in a wing of the old homestead, and when they were not quarrelling between themselves, made common cause against Mrs. Horatio.

Under the circumstances it was not to be marvelled at that Hiram Biggs, who had contrived to get an education from his slender share of the family money (a few thousand dollars left by a distant relative, and gobbled up at once by the Biggses), and the young wife that he had mar-ried, had found the atmosphere too full of disagreeable electricity, and removed to New York.
"Take my word for it," said Mrs. Horatio

ggs, "you are making a mistake."
"Don't you expect us to support you when you

come back here without a cent," said Mrs. Luke, ruefully sighing.

"Hiram's marriage has been his ruin," whis-pered Miss Josepha. "I offered to pay his wife fifty cents a day to help trim dresses in busy times, but she declined it."

"Elizabeth always was too proud to put up with us plain people," said Mrs. Biggs senior, with the quiet malice that occasionally develops itself in a mother-in-law.

These family details may in some measure account for the animus displayed over the waffles and angel-cake at Miss Prickett's tea party that

afternoon.
"Well," sniffs Miss Josepha, "according to my idea of things, book-making ain't no business at all. If it was carpentering now, or the hardware line, or if Elizabeth had energy enough to go into the millinery trade, instead of paying four dollars in good hard money for a spring hat, as she did when she was staying here in April! But I've no faith in their calculations, and never had."

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Biggs, however, had ambitions which the family never dreamed of. Hiram's tastes had always been of a refined and literary nature, and several simple stories of rural life which he had ventured to send with fear and trembling to a popular monthly magazine had been accepted and liberally paid for. And Elizabeth, though she could not trim hats, and abhorred the dressmaking business, had a delicate fancy with her pencil in illustrating the ideal dreams of others, and she too tried her luck, and succeeded in the artistic world, much to her own amazement. And as time went on their good fortune became more pronounced. Mr. Biggs wrote a satirical novel, under the nom de plume of "Paul de Savez," which had a wide and brilliant circulation; Mrs. Biggs illustrated a popular poem which was brought out in an édition de luxe at Christmas. And the young couple became the fashion.

The Biggses of Biggsville, not being literary, were a long time in finding out that their kinspeople were succeeding in the world. At first they declined to credit the thing at all, having a settled idea that the "book-making business," as they persisted in calling it, was but a grade above the avocation of the rag-picker. But when at last they realized matters, they decided that Hiram and Elizabeth ought to be encouraged.
"I've never been to New York," said old Mr.

Biggs. "Folks tells me it's quite a stirring place. I guess I'll go and stay a spell with Hiram's folks.

And it 'll be a good opportunity for mother to buy herself that new alapacky gownd she's been cacklin' about this ever so long."
"I don't see why I shouldn't see the world as

well as other folks," remarked Mrs. Biggs senior. "I shouldn't wonder if I went along too, to get a look at the fall fashions," said Miss Josepha.

"Well, while we're about it," suggested Mrs. Horatio, "why don't we make up a party and get excursion tickets cheap? I've always wanted to see what the city was like myself, only I don't care about paying hotel prices."

Mrs. Luke entered with ardor into the scheme,

and the old man sat down, with a single sheet of fibrous paper, a muddy inkstand, and a stumpy steel pen tied on a stick with thread, to concoct a letter, in which he formally notified "Hiram's folks" of the pleasure which they might prepare themselves to expect.

The document was brought just as Hiram Biggs was getting into the spirit of his morning's work in his study, with Elizabeth dreaming at an adjoining table, and the breath of a vase

of Niphetos roses perfuming all the room.

"My dear," said he, looking aghast at his wife,
"what are we to do? All the family are coming to visit us! With the proof-sheets of my last novel coming in, and your etchings of 'Wild Rose' only half completed!"

"We must do the best we can, Hiram," said Elizabeth, perplexedly knitting her pretty brows

"My darling child, there's no 'best' about it," oaned Hirai tearing his hairbrown and curly, looked none the less picturesque for the operation. "You don't know the peculiarities of the Biggs family as I do. You will be dragged up and down Grand Street, Eighth Avenue, and the Bowery from morning until nightyou will have to visit every show, theatre, and picture-gallery in New York, and pay all the bills. Your housekeeping will be picked to pieces, your dress criticised, and ten to one my mother will offer to come here and take charge of the baby, while Josepha will volunteer to improve your most cherished drawings."

Mrs. Hiram Biggs glanced with terror at the plump baby who, in charge of its white-capped nurse, was being carried up and down the pave-ment in front of the house. Then she looked pitcously around the pretty Brussels-carpeted library, with its deep crimson - curtained bay-win dows, its tall Dracæna plants in majolica vases, its oil-paintings and Japanese scrolls, its cage of green paroquets, and shelves of china and bric-àbrac, and pictured to herself the whole Biggs family spreading themselves over its sacred precincts. She was only human, too, this young

wife; she could scarcely help remembering how Mrs. Horatio had snubbed her when she first came, a timid and shrinking bride, to the Biggs farm-house; how Mrs. Luke had once refused to lend her twenty-five cents, in Hiram's absence, to pay the charges on a telegram, alleging as a reason "that it wasn't never good policy to have business matters between relations," nor how old Mrs. Biggs had cried and said "that Hiram had shown dreadful poor judgment in selecting his wife," while Miss Josepha had taken especial pains to contradict every statement she made, and Luke and Horatio had ignored her altogether

Hiram laughed. "My little darling," said he, I can interpret that look. You shall not be tormented out of your existence to become a convenience to a swarm of relations-in-law, who don't any of them care a copper cent for you. If they had ever treated us decently it would be a different matter. As it is—"
"But, Hiram, you can't send word to your own

father and mother and brothers and sisters not

"No," said Hiram Biggs, thoughtfully, "I shall do nothing of the sort. But—I shall send no word at all."

"They'll come, all the same," said Elizabeth.

"But," said Hiram, with sparkling eyes, "they

don't know where we live."

"They'll look out your name in the Directory," sighed Elizabeth.
"It isn't there," said Hiram, chuckling.
"Not there?" repeated his wife.

"Don't you remember that we didn't move in here until the middle of June? How could our names be in the Directory?" argued Hiram.

Mrs. Biggs clasped her hands dramatically. "There's a family of Biggses in the next avenue," said she—"'H. Biggs, Books, Stationery, and News Agents.' They'll go there."
"Well, let them," said Hiram. "Just as they

please, so long as they don't come here." he threw the letter of Biggs père into the scrapbasket, secretly feeling himself to be avenged on the family for all the slights and jeers and neclect that they had cast not only on him, but on his gentle little Elizabeth.
"But, Hiram," said Mrs. Biggs, "it seems so

"Not half so dreadful as a visitation of the whole Biggs family would be," said Hiram, with

But Hiram knew little of the perseverance and energy of the Biggses if he believed that so trifling an impediment as a lack of invitation or a delay in sending addresses would keep out the invasion. It was Canute and the ocean over again; and in three days the whole family arrived, all packed into one hack to save expense, with a perfect Leaning Tower of Pisa of baggage on the roof, the driver perched in front nobody knew how, and Mrs. Luke's two little boys astride of the very apex of the tower.

At the first wholesale grocery store on Barclay Street a Directory was handed in and duly studied, and the driver, "hanging half-way down, like one who gathers samphire, dreadful trade," den to drive to No. 26,012 Thirteenth Avenue. "H. Biggs," said Mrs. Horatio.

"Book-maker and news agent," added old Mrs. Biggs, in a high falsetto.

And the man chirruped to his horses and drove

on.
"Humph!" sniffed Miss Josepha, who had had the good luck to secure a window, "if this is Himmonian it don't come up to elegant city mansion, it don't come up to my ideas of style. Brown brick, with dormer-windows, and only two stories high; and the whole ront a store, with the shutters up, just exactly as if there had been a death in the family."
"Dear me!" said old Mrs. Biggs, "how you do

startle one! But there ain't no crape on the

door."
"Mother takes everything so dead in earnest!" said Mr. Luke Biggs, scornfully.

"Lemme see," said Mrs. Horatio, crowding across the old lady, and giving her best hat a ' not intended by the milliner. "Well, I declare! I guess the book-makers' business ain't so dreadful full of money after all."

"And a liquor store next door, and a pawnbroker's across the street!" jeeringly observed Miss Josepha.

"P'r'aps that's the way folks lives in New York," said old Mr. Biggs, who was squeezed nearly flat between his wife and Mrs. Luke on the back seat.

"'Tain't what I expected to see," said Mrs. Horatio, in accents of scarcely repressed scorn.

"I don't know how they can accommodate us all," sighed old Mrs. Biggs, vainly endeavoring to straighten her bonnet.

"That's their lookout," said Mrs. Luke, leaning comfortably back, with the heel of her boot need on her father-in-law's most consist

The driver having by this time tumbled off his perilous seat, and rung the door-bell twice without evoking any signs of life from within, looked appealingly toward his fares.
"What am I to do?" said he.
"Ring again," said Mrs. Horatio.

And the hackman rang again, this time with so much energy as to pull the whole bell-wire out, and precipitate himself backward on the pavement, like Hamlet at the first sight of his father's ghost, at which the little boys laughed engagingly, and a hat-box tumbled down from the Leaning Tower into the gutter, where it split open like an overripe nut, revealing Mr. Horatio Biggs's best black felt hat.

"Boys, boys, do set steady up there!" screamed Mrs. Biggs. "Look! There's some one coming at last. Is it Hiram? Or is it Elizabeth?"

It was neither one nor the other, as it happened but a stout old woman in a flannel dressinggown, carpet slippers, and a red nose.

"Mr. Biggs's folks to home?" shrilly inquired Mrs. Horatto, who had constituted herself spokes-

woman for the party, without any formal appointment.

"Oh yes," answered the old woman, in a snuffy, confidential sort of tone, "they're to hum. But p'r'aps the children hadn't better come in."

By this time the hackman had opened the door of the vehicle, and the tide of Biggses had begun to flow out on the pavement. But Mrs. Luke stopped abruptly on the carriage step, with her father-in-law's bronzed visage peeping over her shoulder.

"Not come in!" said she. "Why, we're their relations—come to visit 'em."

"Not but what they're a deal better, and the doctor says there ain't no more danger of contagion," re-assuringly added the old woman. Contagion!" echoed the Biggs family.

"Hadn't you heard?" said the old woman, with the solid satisfaction which old women generally evince in communicating any startling piece of information. "Well, it ain't no secret in the neighborhood, especially as people ain't best pleased with the Board of Health's concludin' to insulate 'em here instead of sendin' 'em to hospital. They've every one of 'em had the smallpox. And that's the reason the store is shut up. I'm here to nurse 'em. I ain't afraid of the small-pox, bein' as I've had it a'ready.'

(Which was a self-evident fact to any one who looked upon her broad smiling countenance.)

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Luke, promptly retreating into the hack. "Very thoughtless of Hiram's folks not to let us know. Mother! Josepha! Harriet Ann! come in at once. Pick up the hat-hox. Tell the man to drive back to the ferry as fast as he can. P'r'aps we'll be able to

catch the four o'clock train back to Biggsville."
"I didn't know," suggested the old woman, rather disappointed at this sudden withdrawal of the invading forces, "but you might have come

to help nurse 'em."
"Nothing of the sort," Mrs. Horatio answered, as, forcing herself into the already overfull hack, she slammed the door with an emphatic bang, and shouted to the driver to "Go on!"

"The-small-pox!" groaned Mrs. Biggs senior. "And not one of the children has been vacci-

"We'd better stop at the nearest drug-store and have it done at once," said Mrs. Luke, breathlessly.

"It 'll be dreadful expensive," said Mrs. Horatio.

"But it 'll be cheaper than having the smallpox," argued Mrs. Biggs senior.

So, after this important sanitary ceremonial, during which the Biggs boys bawled as if they were being flayed alive, the family returned, with-

out loss of time, to Biggsville.

And Hiram's folks did not have the pleasure, then or ever, of entertaining their relations. In fact, they never dreamed how near they had been to that happiness. The Biggsville Biggses declared over and over again that they never should forgive their city relations, but as Hiram's folks did not know it, they were saved from any overwhelming pangs of conscience. They wrote a letter to the Board of Health, reproaching them bitterly with the bad management of the varioloid case in Thirteenth Avenue, but they never got any answer from that august body. In short, the Biggs family were very angry, but they would probably have been angrier still if they had known with what fortitude Hiram's folks endured the deprivation of their society.

IONE STEWART.*

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KENBALL," "THE Atonement of Leam Dundas," "Un Lord?" "My Love," etc. UNDER WHICH

CHAPTER XII.

VILLA CLARISSA.

It was more like the set scene of an opera than anything of real life - prosaic, unpicturesque, humdrum, as we know it in our practical old land of coal fires and east winds. The broad double flight of steps, lozenge-shaped, leading on the out-side to the "piano nobile"; the fountain in the court below, where the boy ever bestrode the dolphin, and the dolphin ever spouted water that made rainbows in the sun; the statues in the niches; winter though it was according to the solstice, the verdure of the evergreens, and the scent of English spring and early summer flowers, which mocked the seasons and deranged all the ordering of the zodiac; the bougainvilles flaming on the walls, and the Banksia roses shedding their petals over the heliotrope and mignongeons cooing on the roof; the peacocks screaming in the garden; the two pretty girls standing by the fountain in the sun, the taller erect, holding a canary on her finger, while the shorter, bending so as to bring her face in line with the bird, chirped and held out her hand to coax the creature to herself; the big dogs lying on the gravel; a bright-eyed, dark-skinned, barefooted boy laughing and showing his teeth, as he watched this little drama with the familiarity of a slave whom no indulgence can lift out of his servile condition—all was so strange, so beautiful, so unlike the life of winter either in France or England, that Armine halted at the gate to look at this living picture as he might have looked at an operatic mine en scène, loath to ring the bell which was to give him ingress and being him he had a superational to the school of th bring him back to real life.

How beautiful those two girls were, each in her own way, yet how unlike the one from the other! That tall, slender, graceful creature was dressed like a sixteenth-century picture-her colors old gold and green; the shorter was of more correct

Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 2, Vol. XVI.



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modern intention, but her rather hard blue gown looked like a copy of metropolitan fashions made by a local milliner who had more confidence in her ideas than diffidence in her method. And Armine, as became the woman-worshipper he was, had keen eyes for all the details of femmine adornment and attire. A high frill about her throat, slashed sleeves, and a girdle round her waist made that tall girl like a memory rather than a present fact; and something in her face seemed to take her back to the ages of long ago, as if she had been Catherine de Medicis before she had felt her power and learned to sin, or Lucrezia Borgia with her fair hair glistening in the sun, and the dread qualities of that Aqua Tofana as yet unproved. But her companion, all over little "kiltings" and superfluous bows of ribbons, was emphatically of the present day as far removed from crime as from poetry, from tragedy as from heroism.

Armine watched them for a few seconds, and saw, with a certain odd satisfaction, that the bird did not leave the hand of the one for all the invitation of the other. It fluttered its golden wings, and chirped back its cheery note of refusal; then finally flew up to the shoulder of the one who seemed to be its mistress, as if to end by a decisive protest a scene of unwelcome temp-

tation. "You little darling!" said the girl, in a caressing voice, taking the bird off her shoulder and pressing it against her face with fondness. Then a fierce light blazed up into her eyes as she said, in a curiously harsh voice, "But I would have killed you if you had left me."

"For shame, Nony! you jealous, passionate, cruel thing!" said the shorter girl, with temper.

On which St. Claire rang the bell, and a shuffling old woman, whom he had not seen crouching on the ground inside the gate, slowly raised herself, like an animated bundle of rags, and drew the bolt to let him pass.

As he entered she furtively crossed herself and spat on the ground. This stranger, with his soft, dark, melancholy eves, pale face, and clear-cut handsome features—so like the pictures of the Christ in all but the traditional coloring that even old Concetta saw the resemblance-he was only a heretic like the rest, and one whose baleful influence had to be exorcised by the divine grace of holy saints in heaven.

Both girls turned to look at the visitor; and then Clarissa ran into the house to warn her mother, as girls of a certain stamp always do. But Ione stood her ground, looking at the new-comer from under her dropped lids while seeming to be occupied only with her bird. As he came nearer she raised her head and opened her eyes on him with a sudden, swift, and almost dazzling flash, which made him feel as if he had been lightly struck across his eyes.

Standing there like some fearless creature of the woods and wilds at gaze, nothing on earth could have been more unlike Monica Barrington than was this slender girl, with her flashing eyes and panther-like grace, her strange commingling of Eastern modelling with Western coloring, her look of lightly slumbering and easily awakened passion, of desperate resolve when roused, of jealous tenacity when won. But to those who are in love everything is like the beloved. Art is the symbol, nature the garment; all charm has the same savor, all beauty bears the same impress; life and eternity are interpenetrated with the one thought, the one spirit, and love transforms to itself every circumstance and every association.

Something, he knew not what, in the pose, the lines, of the girl before him, perhaps in the color of her gown, perhaps in the way in which she held her head, her hand-something, no matter whatreminded Armine of Monica; and that sweet dreamy face, as he saw it when they had met in the garden and understood each other only too plainly, seemed to look at him through Ione's like a spirit faintly outlined in the moonlight, or like that moon itself when hanging like a cloud in the daylight sky. This strange mixture of the East and West—this woman with her pantherlike grace and flashing eyes, who involuntarily suggested Lucrezia Borgia and Catherine de Medicis—also reminded him of that mild and tender lily-lady, with whom dreams stood for realities, and regret was the strongest form of passion.

Love parts with no fantasies. Once created, they remain till they crystallize by repetition. No one on the outside ever knows how such a sudden and apparently inexplicable liking for one is due to this kind of vague resemblance to another. For after we have gone through our first youth, when alone our emotions are new and fresh, life ceases to be original, and love itself is more often repetition, remembrance, suggestion, than deliberate choice or irresistible sympathy.

Her eyes, still wide open, with that strange electric light within them as they looked into his -soft, tender, humid, loving, because full of the thought of Monica-lone took two steps to meet St. Claire, as he, still shaken by his strange confusion of perception and remembrance, went slowly forward to where she stood.

"Do you want papa?—Captain Stewart?" she asked, in English.

Her voice was penetrating and vibrating, but neither musical nor sympathetic. I came to leave my card and a letter of introduction," said Armine, with a slight smile.

The abrupt directness of her address, at once so graceful and so unconventional, roused him from himself and interested him.

What letter?" she asked.

"From a friend of his and mine-Edward Formby," he answered.

"Then you had better come into the house," said Ione. "It will give papa less trouble than if you leave your card and he has to go into Palara and a said and he had to go into Palara and a said and he had to go into Palara and a said and he had to go into Palara and a said and he had to go into Palara and a said and he had to go into Palara and a said and he had to go into Palara and he had lermo to find you out, as people generally do. Come with me.

Thank you," said St. Claire, with pleasure. At this moment a swarthy Moorish, almost

negroid-looking man, with glittering eyes, a flat nose, protruding jaw, and high cheek-bones, passed with a lounging kind of step under the arcade formed by the double flight of steps. He came apparently from nowhere, rounding the angle of the house like a shadow, as dark and as noiseless. He was not barefooted, like the boy, but his shoes were of some soft material which deadened the sound of his footsteps so that he made no more noise than a cat creeping by the wall.

'Vincenzo, where is papa?" asked Ione in Sicilian.

"At the mill, signorina," he answered, uncovering his head, and showing a shock of curly twisted hair of the same quality as her own, but dead black where hers was living gold.

"Ask him to come to the house," said Ione. "An English gentleman has a letter from a friend, and wants to see him."

She spoke in a curt, abrupt way, without the faintest pretense of courtesy, but the man was respectful to servility, and smiled as if the very insolence of her bearing conferred on him favor and honor. All the same, his eyes were bold, and seemed to take her in too completely for a servant-to express too much admiration, to confess her womanhood too openly, in view of the different positions in which they stood, and the respect due from him and owing to her. at least it seemed to St. Claire. But then he did not understand Italian eyes; and Ione, who was evidently haughty enough for a young queen, did not seem to see what he saw, and certainly not to resent what half annoved him.

"Come up to the drawing-room," she then said to Armine. "You can see mamma till papa comes from the mill."
"Thank you," repeated St. Claire, thinking the

whole affair somewhat of an adventure, and more than pleasant. His fancy and imagination both were excited, and the gentle kind of artistry which was one of his characteristics had food enough in the girl, the scene, the circumstances, all of which were so novel and so beautiful, so stimulating and so suggestive.

He followed Ione up the wide double flight of steps into a lofty hall, with frescoed walls, painted ceilings, and smooth blue shining tiles, for the marbled paper, uneventful whitewash, and moss, patterned carpets of home; through several rooms of unspecified character, and so to the last of all

a pretty drawing-room, filled with flowers and pictures, English books and English ornaments, and yet, for all these national addenda, not like an English room of native growth,

It was less luxurious and more brightly colored; less complete in its conditions and more scattered in its arrangement; evidently more adapted as a refuge from the heat of the day than as a comfortable retreat in the long dark winter evenings. And such home circumstances as were retained had somehow a transplanted look, as if out of place, and not in harmony with the true genius loci. Still, it was more homelike than the hotel

Here sat Mrs. Stewart, a fair, plump, not to say obese, little woman, like Clarissa grown older, with tints of blue and yellow for the pure overlay of milk and roses, and fully completed circles for the younger woman's slighter curves. But, unlike Clarissa, a discontented expression was stereotyped on her round face, as if she were one who has been hardly dealt with by fate, and who can not forget her griefs. It might be that she was unhappy because she was in delicate health; because her husband had been obliged to leave his place and all the social consideration that went with it; because she had had no son to inherit; or because she was discontented with her servants. Whatever the cause, the result was undeniable; she was evidently a woman with a grievance, who pitied herself and protested, impotent to prevent.

But she was gentle if fretful, and especially kind to those of her compatriots who brought letters of introduction from England. She had never really taken to the Sicilians; and her hospitality to her own was partly because of her want of affection for those who were not her own.

Such as she was, she received Dr. St. Claire with cordiality, and expressed her pleasure at seeing a friend of her husband's friend Edward Formby, whom, however, she knew only by name, and of whom she asked innumerable questions, after the manner of those to whom personal details are the most interesting things in life. She had a trick of sighing and easting up her eyes when she spoke, which was not conducive to cheerfulness; and she had always that queer self-pitying air which has been noted above. contrast between her exuberance of physical outline and persistent melancholy of manner was almost comical from its incongruity and misfitting oddity, and the first questions which every one asked about Mrs. Stewart were, "What is the matter with her?" and "Why is she so unhappy?"

Presently Captain Stewart came in. A tall,

lean, angular man, with a quiet manner, a slow utterance, a monotonous voice, speaking little, generally resting in sloping, lazy attitudes, on slight acquaintance he might have passed for indolent and apathetic; deeper knowledge revealed the dogged determination, inexhaustible energy, and that quiet courage of the practical and unimaginative nature which knows no fear and acknowledges no danger, by which he had made his way and held it in Palermo during the most lawless and disturbed times. The backbone of his character was respect for himself, his caste, his country, his religion, branching out into illimit-able contempt for all foreigners of every nationality, and for all people of lower social grade than

He was a man to whom those in his employ were always "those fellows," and sometimes "these ruffians of mine." But he did his duty by them, for all that he looked on them as little better than our ancestral savages, or our poor relations the apes. He gave them hard words and

good wages, and spent his strength in trying, as he said, to hammer some kind of principle into them by rebuke, exhortation, scorn, and honesty on his own part. He said it was heartless work, and that he knew any one of them, even Vincenzo. would buy and sell him before his eyes for six pence—yes, even Vincenzo, the overseer at the mill, and the deepest of all in his confidence and

It is but fair to add that Captain Stewart would have said the same of any working-men, English or other. It was not only because they were foreigners that he despised them, but because they were his social inferiors, though certainly being foreigners did add a finer flavor to his disdain, and made him ascribe to nationality much that was due to human nature. For his patriotism was of that robustly ideal kind which consists in calling every kind of trickiness and vice "un-English"; so that to be English was, according to him, to possess all the virtues in a lump while alien to all the vices—to be one of a nation where every man is honest, brave, pure-hearted, and true, and every woman unselfish, tender, domestic, and chaste.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DRESS REFORM FOR MEN.

CERTAIN English artists have lately been testing some of the features of men's dress by the principle of utility, sometimes too narrowly construed. One of the first things they have condemned is the cylinder hat. It would surely be hard to prove any basis of utility for that; it seems equally out of the question to claim for it that it is in itself ornamental. The best thing to be said for it is that many men's faces look well under the black cylinder, however absurd it may be in itself. There are several good substi-tutes. The black felt "deer-stalker" fulfills the requirement of utility, and is in itself of graceful lines; a man's face looks as well under it as under a cylinder hat. The "Tam o' Shanter," again, as a ne plus ultra of convenience, has no objectionable lines in its contour, and suits most faces. The clerical round soft black felt is as conducive to "respectability" of appearance as any possible head-covering; otherwise it would hardly have become clerical.

Next after the cylinder hat comes, in the condemned list, the article we call trousers. These it is said, sin against utility in that they ignore the knee, whereas men bend their limbs at this point hundreds of times a day. There can be no question, with any one who has tried them, of the superior convenience of the knickerbocker, which does not ignore the knee, but terminates at it. So, seeing further that the trousers are a garment with no claims to grace, the dress reformers propose to relinquish trousers for the knee-breeches of our grandfathers.

Our present coats have not been assailed with any great effect. The dress-coat is usually laughed at: but we question if it could be fairly ruled inconvenient, or on the whole ungraceful, when cut without curtness. Probably it could be improved by rounding off its sharper angles, and making it fuller. Against the usual coat of morning wear in the present day little has been alleged as yet, nor do we think there is much to be said to its detriment. It is not inconvenient, and it has little of foolish ornament, unless we reckon in that category the slit at the wrist and the two never-used buttons and button-noles. The two buttons put on the waist behing have been condemned as useless, and explained as survivals of the time when all gentlemen wore a sword, and required these buttons to keep the sword-belt in place; but it is a question whether the buttons might not fairly pass muster as ornamental detail, and in all probability they have been retained, in spite of the disuse of the swordbelt, because they satisfy a desire of the eye for some breaking point at the waist. They may pass, then, as ornaments having relation to the lines of construction.

Neck-ties are another article which dress reformers would like to see regulated. To construct a pasteboard and silk article in sham folds of an unnatural smoothness, and fix it under the chin as if it were really doing honest duty as a tie, is manifestly bad taste; these constructions should be eschewed by him who aspires to dress well. A kerchief which can be and is tied, or passed through a ring, or folded flat, passed round the neck, crossed in front, and fixed with a gold or jewelled pin, is the eligible substitute. Some men manage this quite faultlessly already.

Sticking-up collars must be condemned. In so far as they stick up they are inconvenient. and necessitate some fastening at the back of the neck to keep the tie in place, whereas the turned-down collar keeps the tie in place, and does not present a stiff edge to the cheek or

Men who care to dress with any regard to principle-in other words, with taste-will easily think out other details, or see modifications in the views expressed above, which we should be sorry to put as dogmas, though they may serve to set us thinking and discussing.

Some of the reformers call for more color in men's apparel. This is a thing to be desired, but also to be adopted with caution. To run into colors because a black coat does not look well in a picture-an objection frequently made to black—would be rash. The reason given against black is insufficient if black looks well in actual life, as on the whole it may be said to do. Still, it is probable that with careful artistic guidance. such as will not come all at once, men might use more color than they do. In this we want a guide, such as Morris has been to us in carpets and wall-papers. But it is not often that a poet will turn his thoughts seriously to such matters.

Texture is another matter which will have to be carefully considered. There are subtle difficulties connected with this, as all ladies know, and

subtle successes to be won. Between velvet and silk of the same shade there may be sufficient difference in effect to make or mar a costume. But here we are on the threshold of the milliner and dressmaker, and therefore pause discreetly.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Young Mother, E. M. C., Inquisitor, M. M. F., A Young Mamma, Constant Reader, Preplexed Mo-ther, Subscriber, and C. A. C.—Your inquiries about children's clothes are answered in the New York Fashions of the present number.

Blue-kyrd Susir.—In this country a young man

generally secures the lady's consent to be his wife be-fore asking that of her father. If you read the Bazar you must have seen that it has repeatedly said that a ady does not take a gentleman's arm in the daytime unless they are engaged.

CURIOSITY.—Directions for transferring embroidery designs were given in Bazar No. 48, Vol. XIII.

MARIE J .- A "high tea" is merely a hearty tea, or a meal which has both the characteristics of dinner and tea, as on Sunday evening in New York hot cakes and tea. The term arose in England, and comes from the hunting districts. You can write your invitations for a small evening party on your visiting-cards.

Frequency.—It would not be polite to offer a young

gentleman the use of a mustache cup. It would be a commentary upon his way of eating.

BRUNETE.—A lady would not ask a gentleman whom she did not know to drive with her. If she asked one whom she did know, and she were driving, he would get in at her left, of course. Young ladies of nineteen are prettier without ear-rings or other ornaments. Nineteen is an ornament of itself. Deep crimson, yellow, and scarlet are the best colors for a brunette. If she is short and stout, she should wear a high parrow hat.

DEW-DROP.—No; never wear gold with half mourning. When you put on gold your mourning is at an

IOLANTHE .- It would be very kind for you to call on

your sick neighbor, and not at all intrusive.

EUTERPR.—Let the invitations be in the mother's name. A good formula is this: "Mrs. Mason requests the pleasure of Mr. Bronson's company on Thursday evening at eight o'clock. Dancing." No young lady should ever issue invitations in her own name if it

CALLER. -Send your card in an envelope to the lady who asked you to the wedding, and after your term of mourning has expired make a personal call.

BAILER H.—As soon as you feel able to write a note, it is very proper to thank your friends for their notes

M. W.-There is usually no notice taken of the cards of bride and groom until one is able to call. For wedding invitation one should send cards by post, if too far off to call.

Celeste G.—A black velvet skirt, or one of dark

gray velvet, will be very handsome with your polonaise as it is now trimmed.

Novelty.-Do not alter your silk skirt, but add a NOVELTY.—Do not alter your silk skirt, but add a polonaise of tan-colored cashmere for spring, or of gay fonlard for summer. The Bazar is not given away for a year to those who have subscribed to it for five years. Colored bed-spreads to match furniture coverings are fashionable; also those of muslin and antique lace laid over colored silesia.

Polly.-Your sample is guipure lace of an old style similar to that which is being revived, though not precisely like it, as the new lace has Spanish lace figures on guipure ground. Black cashmere, camel's-hair, and Surahs will be trimmed with guipure lace for Spring

Martan.-Maroon plush or felt with a wide border like your olive felt sample will be pretty for all the

covers you mention.

Mrs. J. H. B.—Get tan-colored chuddah for your spring wool suit. Use cashmere of the same e pongee with your silk sample, and brighten it

with some dark garnet satin. Address as hitherto.
OLD SUBSCHIER.—Use your dark red goods for a pelisse or redingote, and put the Spanish lace down the fronts and up the open seam of the back, letting the lace lie on the goods as a border, with the scalloped edge turned upward. This will answer for either house or street with your black silk skirt.

M. W. S.—Read description of a basque or waist for

invalids given in the New York Fashions of a late number of the Bazar. You can also have basques fitted in the back, and omit taking up the darts of the Then wear a belt ribbon of velvet or of satin, and tie it as loosely as you please around the waist. The box-pleated hunting jackets are very pretty made this way, with the velvet belt passing under the three pleats of the back, and tied outside of the front pleats to conform the fronts easily to the figure. Over-skirts with an apron draped very low in front are becoming

to stout figures.

A. B. C.—The Jersey suits mentioned are woven in house or shirt shapes, or else the clastic wool webbing known as Jersey cloth is cut into these garments. Brown and dark blue are the colors that are being most used at the furnishing houses for boys' spring

Snow Burn.—The initials represented in Bazar No. 46, Vol. XV., are suitable for table-linen, and you are advised in the description given there to use colored

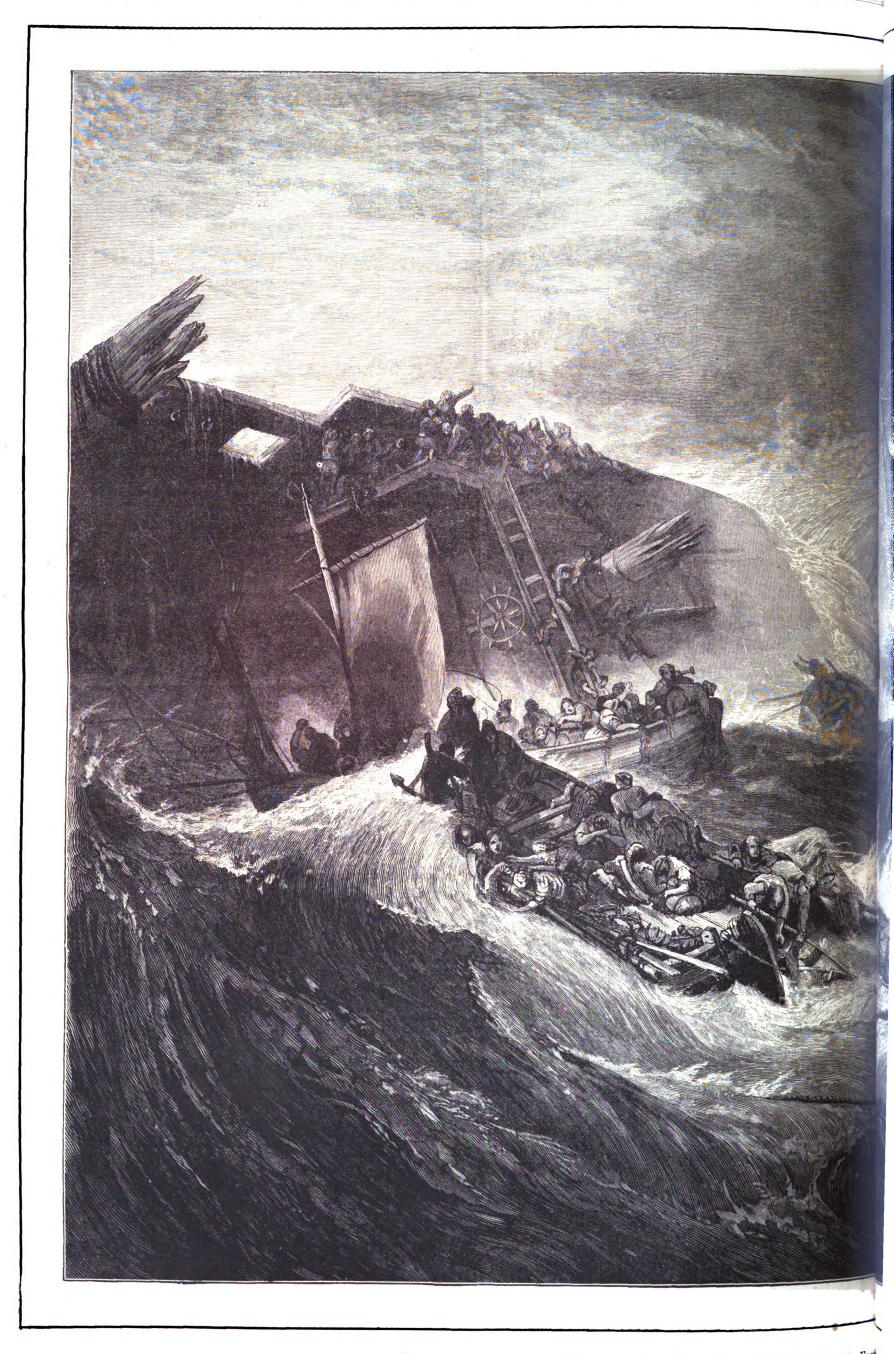
advised in the description given there to use colored cotton or washing silk for table-linen.

Ministric's Wire.—Plain silk mittens with fancy cuffs are liked best. You might use your velvet pieces for a mosaic quilt, or if you have not enough for a quilt you might make a patchwork cover for a chair, ottoman, or sofa pillow.

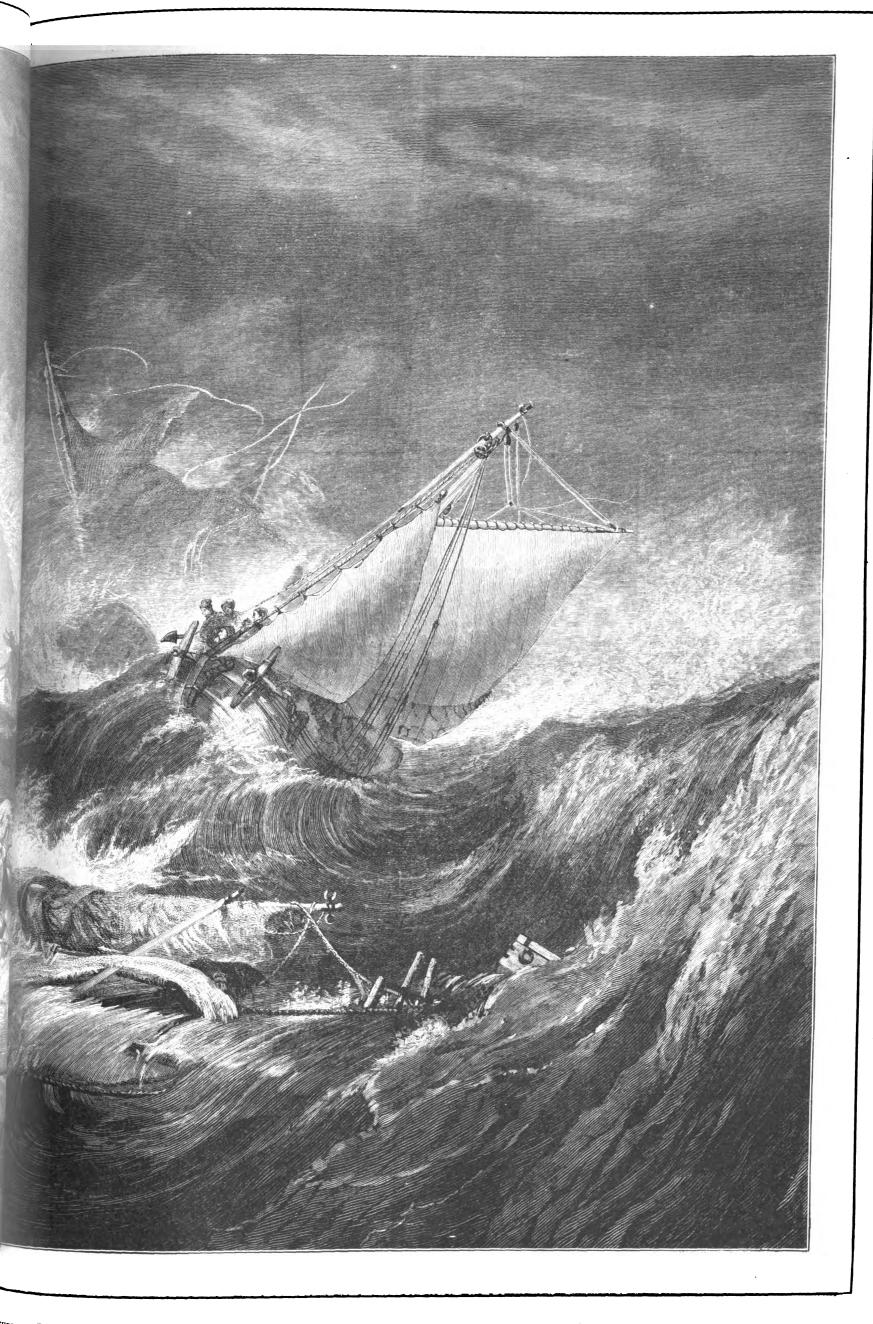
L. L. L.-Get some red and black brocade to combine with your black Surah silk, and trim it with Spanish lace, or else use red Surah with black lace laid upon it.

Boston .- An "at home" is an invitation to you to call on the writer, either day or evening, as the card may specify. If Mrs. Jones sends you her card with, "Mrs. Jones, at home Thursdays in February. Tea at four," it may mean a crowded or a small reception, but your course is the same in either. You go in street dress, with a bonnet, and make a call; a light refreshment of tea and cake is served. With a large acquaintance it would be impossible to announce such a fact without cards. An evening "at home" large informal party, a sort of reception which is not a ball. One does not wear a bonnet at these. It is proper for a lady to write this invitation on her visiting-card, but "regrets" should never be written on a visiting-card. Many ladies who always stay at home on a certain day have only "Thursday" printed on their cards. You call, then, between three and six. If they keep open house in the evening, "Thursday evenings" would be engraved or written on the card.

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"THE WRECK OF THE 'MINOTAUR.'"_FEO



TRE BY J. M. W. TURNER, R. A.-[SEE PAGE 250.]

I SHOULD NOT CARE. By MARY N. PRESCOTT.

I SHOULD not care though spring delayed To lure wild flowers from woodland nooks, Though the rose within its calyx staid, And frosts detained the singing brooks, Though leaf nor rain-fed violet Showed where their fragrant feet were set, If you loved me sall: should I repine Though spring-time made no sign?

I should not care though summer came With shining showers and balmy dew, Filling the world with her perfumed flame,

With her lilting bards and fairy crew Of rosy petals and winged seeds, With her troop of prankish weeds, If you loved me not: why should I care Though heaven and earth were fair?

"THE WRECK OF THE 'MINOTAUR.'"

See illustration on double page.

THE esteem with which he has inspired his brother painters, and the rank which, after a novitiate of more than sixty years, he has obtained in art literature, demonstrate that whatever else Joseph Mallard William Turner may have been, he was a great genius. No landscape painter that ever lived has been more studied and more praised by those whose study and praise are worth something; and art criticism. whose principles are simply generalizations from the methods of artists whose works artists study and praise, is, in the department of landscap more indebted to Turner than to any other man, We take, therefore, great pleasure in presenting to our readers—and particularly to those of our readers who care for art—the superb engraving of "The Wreck of the Minotaur." Nor is this pleasure lessened by the fact that the engraving is a picture more impressive than even the original oilpainting itself. Like several of Turner's most important canvases, "The Wreck of the Minotaur," now in Lord Yarborough's collection, has suffered from the decay that might have been expected in pigments too variously mixed with oils, water, wax, and varnish. The once transparent grays have become dark and opaque, and the entire surface of the painting has resolved itself into three perpendicular divisions of brown tones of different degrees, so that the original color is altogeth er a matter of conjecture. That noble masterpiece, "The Building of Carthage," which Turner directed should be hung in the London National Gallery next to a landscape by Claude, and as a perpetual challenge to him, has experienced a similar humiliation at the hands of Time; and that famous 'Lake of Geneva," which, when first shown to the British public, stood as the utmost exponent of Turnerian transparency and glow of color, is now only a beautiful ruin. Was it because the master himself was distrustful of the endurance of his painted work that he so early, persistently, and intelligently arranged for the production of engravings of it, and even in some instances handled the burin with his own fingers? If so, events have proven his sagacity. The creations of his brush disintegrate, and will continue to do so; but the engraver's reproductions of them perpetuate his fame, because artists prize them.

"The Wreck of the Minotaur," however, presents an especial attraction. At the time of its production Turner had travelled extensively in France, in Switzerland, and in the Rhine lands; had cultivated the warmest friendship for the rural scenery of England and Wales, whither he had gone a hundred times as an illustrator for books and periodicals; had been elected a member of the Royal Academy, and its Professor of Perspective; had begun to publish that marvel lous series of drawings now known to the world as the Liber Studiorum; and had become recognized by the chosen few as the first landscapist of his age. The usual preliminary studies and tentative efforts of his earlier years—or, to use the patois of the critics, his "first period," when he had played and painted with Girtin, had lost his insane mother, had been misunderstood by his father, the hair-dresser, had copied the marines of Vandervelde, had imitated the old masters, and had gone a respectable distance in applying the principles he had learned to the production of original compositions-were over. He was thirty-five years old, prosperous, self-reliant, sane, not yet attempting to re-arrange nature on the basis of dreams or brutal challenges, and not yet color-blind. Into the poetry of land and sea and sky, the mystery of light and shade, the glory of color, he would, to be sure, enter still further by-and-by: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" and "The Old Teméraire" were yet to come. But "The Frosty Morning," which perhaps more than any other of his works had stimulated his professional brothers, was only three years distant, if we reckon by the date of its first public exhibition, and possibly was already on the easel; and "The Southern which, by being engraved, was the first picture to carry his good name far and wide. "The Crossing of the Brook," that spacious landscape to which the author was so partial; and some of the brightest of his mythological subjects, notedly "The Building of Carthage," already mentioned, are almost contemporaneous with "The Wreck of the Minotaur."

Concerning this composition the late Admiral Bowles, of the British navy, distinguished himself by the expert opinion that "no ship or boat could live in such a sea." True enough; and perhaps within the next minute every member of the tossing craft will be swamped. The majestic might of the sea, compared with the weakness of man and of man's works, is the impression which the picture leaves upon the beholder. In his best paintings — water-colors not less than oils— Turner expresses sentiment, not like Corôt by ig-

noring details, nor like Holman Hunt by worshipping them, but by ennobling them. As for the fantastic impossibilities of his later productions, they may be forgiven in so great a genius, or rather may be respected for their strength, if they can not be admired for their soundness.

The first Turner paintings brought to this coun-

try were those purchased by Mr. James Lenox, of New York city, and now hanging in the Lenox Gallery. They are entitled respectively, "Sunset off Staffa" and "A Coast Scene." Mr. John Taylor Johnston bought of Mr. Ruskin the "Slave Ship," which had been exhibited in the London Royal Academy in 1840 under the title "Slavers throwing Overboard the Dead and Dying: Typhoon coming on," and is now owned in Boston. The gallery of Vassar College also contains an example of Turner's brush-work, and Mr. Thomas Moran has an excellent specimen of Turner's truest style.

WHEN THE ARCHITECT IS SELECTED.

THE modern Renaissance has grown so rapidly and created such a wide-spread interest in art that some acquaintance with architecture and its minor allies is gradually becoming a recognized part of a liberal education. Hence even those who have little real sympathy with the movement seek to obtain a slight idea of what it all means, or, failing that, to get a knowledge of art slang sufficient to enable them to converse without danger of making serious slips. They read up about dados and friezes, opalescent glass and tiles, Queen Anne and sincerity, until they see one thing clearly—that if they wish houses suited to their new ideas they must give themselves into the hands of some man who has made these things his life study. They decide to do so, and now begin their troubles.

No one has given them any practical informa-tion as to the relation that should subsist between architect and client. This may seem a simple matter, but experience has shown that the lack of information on this subject is one of the most fruitful causes of trouble in building.

Before entering upon the real subject let me urge you most strongly not to put off seeing your architect until just before you intend to build. Modern needs are complex and various, and a good plan of a house is not to be made in a month. It must be carefully thought over and discussed until the drawings represent exactly what you want. If the drawings are hurried through and the building prematurely started, one forgotten thing after another will crop up, you wish a change here and a change there, and finally, after nearly endless worry, you will enter a completed house that is not what you want, and that has overrun the estimate. The more time you can let the architect have on the sketch plans, the more likely you are to get a house into which all your little peculiarities will fit.

This being allowed, let me suppose that you, the chance reader, contemplate building, and have selected an architect in whom you have confidence. If you have chosen him for his cheapness merely, I am sorry for you, but your blood is upon your own head. Before going to him talk the matter over at home, and decide what rooms you wish, their general arrangement, and the amount you feel like spending. If you can roughly sketch a plan, do so. Then call upon your architect, and say to him: "I wish to build a house, of which this sketch gives an idea. I would like it of such and such materials, and I can spend upon it this amount of money. I do not wish an ultra fancy house, but something rather plainer and more reposeful than many I see. I am fond of ornament, but do not like architectural gymnastics. Can I build the house for my figure?"

He will ask you many questions, show you drawings of houses already built, and can soon tell you approximately the cost of your house as you desire it. If it is satisfactory, well and good; but if the price is too high, let him suggest what changes are necessary to bring it down. If you are reasonable, and do not insist upon having a \$10,000 house for \$5000, you will soon agree, but if you do so insist you had better give up

If you decide to go on, have a definite understanding with the architect. This is a thing too often omitted; but you will find that a short agreement, stating what you are to pay him, and at what stage of the work each payment becomes due, will prevent any future misunderstanding. The ordinary charge of the architect for plans, details, specification, and superintendence is five per cent. on the total cost of the work; if superintendence is omitted, three and a half per cent.; and if only plans and specifications are furnished, two and a half. Preliminary sketches, if carried to any extent, will cost you one and one-half per cent., if you decide not to have working drawings Of course these charges may vary, as no fixed rule can be given for all cases.

The architect will now make you preliminary sketches, which consist of plans and elevations drawn roughly to a small scale, with perhaps a sketch perspective. These you must take home and study, for the real planning is done in them, and you may have quite a number before all is satisfactory. Be sure that all is satisfactory before going further, for changes now are in order, but an apparently simple change in a finished set of plans may involve an entire redrawing and consequent charge. I recall one case where enlarging the hall fire-place necessitated re-arranging the staircase; this interfered with the rooms, and the whole set of plans had to be thrown aside and new ones made. The more compact the plan, the harder to alter any one point and leave the rest untouched. I do not mean to say that everything is settled on the sketch drawings. The working drawings may differ widely from them, and should be seen and criticised while still in

pencil. Having assured yourself that the paper holds the house as you wish it, have a rough draft of the specification made. This should contain a minute description of all the materials that are to go into the house, and the manner in which the work is to be done. Examine it and the drawings together; see that nothing is omitted, and have the drawings finished in ink, and a fair copy of the specification made. If your architect is competent, and you yourself are not of a fickle turn of mind, there will be no "extras." The whole thing lies in knowing exactly what you want before you begin to build.

So far no one has had to do with your house but yourself and your architect, but it is time for the contractors to appear. Detail drawings may or may not be made before estimates are obtained, though it is better that they should be, in contract work, as the builder, having them before him, can make a more accurate estimate of the cost, and will have no excuse, when the building goes up, to claim that the architect is calling for more elaborate work than originally intended; nor can he then, if he gets behindhand, say that he is waiting for drawings. Detail drawings are commonly full size, and, as the name implies, give particulars of form and construction. not a moulding about your house but will have its detail

Let your architect select the builders. Many will apply to you for a chance. Refer them to him, and let him decide, for he is better able to judge of their fitness. Do not let Tom, Dick, and Harry estimate on the job, but let three or four in each branch, men of known honesty and skill, be invited to bid, and unless their bids are very high or very low, give one of them the contract. Beware, as you would of the plague, of insisting upon giving the job to some jerry build-er because he is cheap. No man can get honest work from a scamp, and your architect must be either inexperienced or a scamp himself if he does not refuse to superintend a job given to such a one. Value for value the world over, and you will get no more for your money than you pay for, though all may be fair on the surface-

When the contractors are chosen, the architect will draw up the contracts between you, and a copy of each contract should be filed in the County Clerk's office to prevent any annoyance from liens, etc.

Now for the most important piece of advice, and the one most difficult for most men to fol-Your architect is your authorized agent with the contractors, and must have sole and entire charge. All your orders must go through him to the workmen, and if you are dissatisfied with anything, or wish some alteration, you must go to the architect, not to the mason or carpenter. You do not know them in the matter, or they you. The architect is the master-builder. More of the trouble and extra cost of building comes from the owner interfering with the workmen than from any other cause, as any architect or honest builder will tell you. Watch the works, note what you do not like, and speak of it to the architect; this is your right, and in some sense your duty; but keep away from the contractors. Not only does receiving orders from more than one man confuse a person, but the ordinary contractor, if he finds he can talk to the owner and influence him, will do it constantly, and seldom to his own disadvantage. Should the contractor find some real or fancied error, and come to you about it, refer him at once to the architect, to whom it was his duty to have gone in the first The contractor who goes to the owner rather than the architect has a ragged-edged axe to grind, and the owner's nose is ant to meet the stone if he attempts to do the turning.

If you fear lest the architect bring extras upon you, insert a clause in the contracts to the effect that no extra whatsoever will be allowed except for a genuine addition to the work, and that the contractor, before doing such extra work, must obtain a written order from the architect stating cost, said order to be countersigned by you. No order, no pay. This will protect you, as no order for extras is good without your signature; will protect the architect from your interference, as his written order is needful; and will save the contractor any dispute as to the amount due him.

Under this head come payments to the contractors under the original contracts. These should, under no circumstances, be made unless which shows that a certain amount of work having been done, a certain amount of money is due. have seen cases in which breaking this rule has brought on not only great trouble, but lawsuits. Interference with the contractors, giving them money before a certificate was due, because they "had payments to meet," brought on such a state of things that the contracts were no longer bind-An owner acting thus is certain to delay the work, is likely to run up the cost of his building without suspecting it, and, should there be legal trouble, will find that his having broken the contract is no small matter to him. For the protection of his client no architect should allow him to interfere in any way with the contractors. There can not be two "bosses"; and if you are so constituted that you can not help interfering, your architect should tell you honestly that either you or he must step out. Guide the work yourself, or let your architect do it, for both of you can not do it at once.

May I add, as a side remark, that many a fine house is spoiled by incongruous mantels, gas fixtures, and decoration that the owner puts in without consultation with the architect? These finishing touches often make or mar the whole, and the hand that designed the house should be felt even to the furnishing.

To sum up: Make up your mind what you wish to have and to spend, and if the two do not agree, either take what your money will pay for or do not build. Choose an architect in whom you

have confidence, and have a distinct understand. ing with him. Do not be in a hurry, but be satisfied with the sketches before having working drawings made. Get an honest contractor, pay him a fair price, and do not interfere with him. Have every step arranged beforehand, and committed to paper, and pay no money except upon certificate. And do not forget that from the moment your architect is engaged to superintend he alone has the right to give orders to workmen.

If you follow these few hints, there is no rea-

son why your house should cost you a cent be youd the estimated price, or why it should cause you more worry than getting a new suit of clothes.

YOLANDE.*

By WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BELLS," "MACLED OF DARR," WHITE WINGS," "SUNRISR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV, THE AMBASSADOR.

Now Jack Melville, or Melville of Monaglen, as Mrs. Bell (with her own dark purposes always in view) proudly preferred to call him, had not only decided that the Master of Lynn should know that Yolande's mother was alive, but he had also undertaken himself to tell him all the facts of the case, to Mr. Winterbourne's great relief. Accordingly, one afternoon he gave the school-children a half-holiday, and walked over to Lynn. He met the Master at the wooden bridge adjoining Lynn Towers, and also the dog-cart conveying Mrs. Graham back to Fort Augustus.

"There she goes," said young Leslie, sardonically, as he regarded the disappearing vehicle.
"She is a well-intentioned party. She thinks she can talk people over. She thinks that when people are in a temper they will listen to common-sense. And she hasn't even now learned a lesson. She thinks she would have succeeded with more time; but of course she has to get back to Inverstroy. And she still believes she would have had her own way if she had had a

day or two to spare."
"What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much," said the other, carelessly. "Only his lordship in a fury at the idea of my marrying the daughter of a Radical. And of course it isn't the slightest use pointing out that Mr. Winterbourne's Radicalism generally consists in opposing what is really a Radical government; and it isn't the slightest use pointing out that politics don't run in the blood, and that Yolande has no more wish to destroy the British Constitution than I have. However, what is the consequence? They can fight it out amongst themselves."

But Melville did not seem inclined to treat the matter in this off-hand way. His thoughtful face was more grave than was its wont. After a second or two he said:

"Look here, Archie, I have got something to say to you. Will you walk along the strath a bit?"

"You are going to try the loch?" said the Master, observing that his companion had his fishing-rod under his arm.

"Yes, for an hour or so, if they are rising."
"I will come and manage the boat for you, then," said the other, good-naturedly.

"Then we can go on together to Allt-nam-ba. You are dining there, I suppose."
"Well, no," said young Leslie, with a trifle of

embarrassment. But I was told I should meet you."

"I was asked. Well, you see, the lodge is small, and it isn't fair to overcrowd it, and give Yolande so much more housekeeping trouble. Then Macpherson may come down from Inverness any afternoon almost to arrange about the Glendyerg march. We have come to a compromise about that-anything is better than a lawsuitand the gully just above the watcher's bothy remains ours, which is the chief thing."

But Melville was not to be put off. He knew

this young man.
"What is the real reason of your not going up to Allt-nam-ba this evening?"

"Well, I will tell you, if you want to know. The real reason is that my people have treated the Winterbournes badly, and I am ashamed of it, and I don't want to go near the place more than I can help. If they imagine we are all very busy at Lynn, that may be some excuse for neither my father nor my aunt having had the common civility to call at the lodge. But I am afraid Mr. Winterbourne suspects the true state of affairs, and of course that puts me into rather a difficult position when I am at Allt-nam-ba; and when you see a difficult position before you, the best thing you can do is not to step into it.

"And do you expect everything to be made smooth and comfortable for you?" said Melville, almost angrily. "Don't you expect to have any trouble at all in the world? When you meet the difficulties of life, is your only notion to turn away and run from them?"

Yes, as fast as I can and as far as I can. Look here, Jack, different people have different views: it doesn't follow that you are right because you look at things not as I do. You think common-sense contemptible; I think Quixotism contemptible: it cuts both ways, you see. I say distinctly that a man who accepts trouble when he can avoid it is an ass. I know there are lots of women who like woe, who relish it and revel in it. There are lots of women who enjoy nothing so much as a funeral—the blinds all down, a mysterious gloom in the rooms, and weeping re-lations fortifying themselves all day long against their grief by drinking glasses of muddy portwine and eating buns. Well, I don't. I don't

[&]quot; Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI.



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like woe. I believe in what a young Scotch fellow said to me one morning on board ship when we were on the way out—I think he was a bagman from Glasgow—at all events he came up to me with an air of profound conviction on his face, and said, 'Man, it's a seeckening thing to be Well, that is the honest way of looking at it. And although I am arguing not so much with you as with Polly, still I may as well say to you what I said to her when she wanted me to do this, that, and the other thing: 'No; if those people don't see it would be to their interest and to everybody's interest that this marriage should take place, they are welcome to their opinion. I sha'n't interfere. I don't mean to have any domestic squabble if I can help it. I prefer a quiet

By this time they had reached the boat, which they dragged down to the water and shoved off, the Master of Lynn good-naturedly taking the oars. It was a pleasant, warm afternoon, and it looked a likely afternoon for fishing besides; but it was in a very silent and absent fashion that Jack Melville put his rod together and began to look over his casts. This speech of the young Master's was no revelation to him; he had known all that before. But, coming in just at this moment, it seemed to make the task he had undertaken more and more difficult and dangerous; and indeed there flashed across his mind once or twice some wild doubt as to the wisdom of his decision, although that decision had not been arrived at without long and anxious considera-

And it was in a very perfunctory way that he began to throw out the flies upon the water, insomuch that one or two rises he got he missed through carelessness in striking. In any case the trout were not rising freely, and so at length he

"Archie, would you mind rowing over to the other side? One of the shepherds sent me word that the char have come there, and Miss Winter bourne has never seen one. I only want one or two to show her what they are like; I don't suppose they will be worth cooking just now."
"But you have no bait."

"I can manage with the fly, I think."

And so they rowed away across the pretty loch on this placid afternoon, the while Melville took off the cast he had been using, substituting three sea-trout flies of the most brilliant hues. when they had got to the other side, Melville made for a part of the shore where the banks seemed to go very sheer down; and then proceeded to throw the flies over a particular part of the water, allowing them slowly to sink. It was an odd sort of fly-fishing, if it could be described as fly-fishing at all. For after the cast had been allowed to sink some couple of yards or so, the flies were slowly and cautiously trailed along; then there was a curious sensation as if an eel were swallowing something at the end of the line—very different from the quick snap of a trout—and then, as he carefully wound in the reel there appeared in the water a golden-vellow thing, not fighting for its life as a trout would, but slowly, oilily circling this way and that until a scoop of the small landing-net brought the lethargic, feebly flopping, but beautifully goldenand-red-spotted fish into the boat. When he had got the two that he wanted he had done with that: it was not sport. And then he sat down in the stern of the boat, and his rod was idle.

'Archie," said he, "there is something better in you than you profess."
"Oh, come," said the other, "char-fishing isn't

exciting, but it is better than a lecture.

"This is serious," said the other, quietly; " you yourself will admit that when I tell you.

And then, very cautiously at first, and rather in a roundabout way, he told him the whole sad story, begging him not to interrupt until he had finished, and trying to invoke the young man's pity and sympathy for what those people had suffered, and trying to put their action in a natural light, and trying to make clear their motives. Who was to blame - the indiscreet sister who had invented the story, or the foolishly affectionate father who could not confess the truth—he would not say; he would rather turn to consider what they had attempted and succeeded in securing-that the beautiful child-nature of this girl should grow up untainted with sorrow and humiliation and pain.

The Master of Lynn heard him patiently to the end, without any expression of surprise or any other emotion. Then he said:

"I suppose, Jack, you have been asked to tell me all this; most likely you are expected to take an answer. Well, my answer is clear. Nothing in the world would induce me to have anything to do with such a system, or conspiracy, or what-ever it may be called. You may think the incurring of all this suffering is fine; I think it is But that is not the point. I am not going to judge them. I have to decide for myself, and I tell you frankly I am not such a fool as to bring any skeleton into my cupboard. I don't want my steps dogged; I don't want to have to look at the morning paper with fear. If I had married and found this out afterward, I should have said I had been grossly deceived; and now, with my eves open, I consider I should be behaving toward my family if I let them in for

the possibility of any scandal or disgrace."
"Why, man, how could there be any such thing?" Melville exclaimed; but he was inter-

"I let you have your say; let me have mine. There is no use beating about the bush. I can have nothing to do with any such thing; I am not going to run the risk of any public scandal while it can be avoided."

"What would you do, then, if you were in Win-

terbourne's position?"

What would I do? What I would not do would be to incur a life-long martyrdom, all for a piece of sentimental folly.

"But what would you do? I want to know what you would do."

would lock the woman up in a lunatic asylum. Certainly I would. Why should such a system of terrorism be permitted? It is per-

fectly absurd."

"You can not lock her up in a lunatic asylum unless she is a lunatic, and the poor creature does not seem to be that-not yet, at least."

"I would lock her up in a police cell, then."

"And would that prevent exposure? "At all events, it would prevent her going down and lying in wait for him in Westminster Palace Yard. But that is not the point. It is not what I would do in his place; it is what I am going to do in my own. And that is clear enough. I have had enough bother about this business; I am not going to have any more. I am not going to have any secrets and mysteries. I am not going to submit to any terrorism. Be-fore I marry Yolande Winterbourne all that affair of that lunatic creature must be arranged, and arranged so that every one may know of it without

fear and trembling and dissimulation. "The message is definite," said Melville, absently, as his companion took up the oars and be-

gan to row across to the other side of the loch. It was characteristic of this man that he should now begin and try to look at this declaration from young Leslie's point of view, and endeavor to convince himself of its reasonableness; for he had a general wish to approve of people and their ways and opinions, having in the long-run found that that was the most comfortable way of getting along in the world. And this that the Master had just said was, regarded from his own position, distinctly reasonable. There could be no doubt that Mr. Winterbourne had had his life perverted and tortured mainly through his trying to hide this secret from his daughter; and it was but natural that a young man should be unwilling to have his own life clouded over in like man-Even John Shortlands had not sought to defend his friend when he told the story to Melville. As for himself—that is, Melville—well, he could not honestly approve of what Mr. Winterbourne had done-except when he heard Yolande

They rowed over to the other side in silence, and there got out.

"I hope I did not use any harsh terms, Jack," the younger man said. "But the thing must be made clear."

"I have been wondering," said the other, "whether it would not have been better if I had held my tongue. I don't see how either you or your wife could ever have heard of it."

"I think it would have been most dishonorable of you to have known that and to have kept it

back from me."
"Oh, you do?"

"Most distinctly I do."

"There is some consolation in that. I thought was perhaps acting the part of an idle busybody, who generally only succeeds in making mischief. And I have been wondering what is the state of the law. I really don't know. I don't know whether a magistrate would consider the consumption of those infernal drugs to be drunkenness; and I don't even know whether you can compulsorily keep in confinement one who is a confirmed drunkard.

"You may very well imagine that I don't want to have anything to do with police courts and police magistrates, or with lunatic asylums either, when I get married," said young Leslie, when they had pulled the boat up on the bank. "But this I am sure of, that you can always get sufficient protection from the law from annoyances of that sort, if you choose to appeal to it. On the other hand, if you don't, if you try to shelter people from having their deserts, if you go in for private and perfectly hopeless remedies, then you have to stand the consequences. I declare to you that nothing would induce me to endure for even a week the anxiety that seems to have haunted Winterbourne for years and years.

"But then he is so desperately fond of Yo-lande, you see," Jack Melville said, with a glance.

"I think you are going too far."
"Oh, I hope not. I only stated a fact. Come, now, Archie," he said, in his usual friendly way, "call your common-sense to you, that you are so proud of. You know I feel myself rather respon-I don't want to think I have made any mischief-"

"You have made no mischief. I say you would have acted most dishonorably if you had kept this back."

tion. No doubt you are vexed and annoyed by the opposition at home. That is natural. No one likes his relatives to object when he knows that he has the right and the power to choose for himself. But don't transfer your annoyance over that matter to this, which is quite different. Consider vourself married, and living at Allt-nam-ba or at Lynn; how can the existence of this poor creature affect you in any way? And, moreover, the poor woman can not live long-

She might live long enough to break some more windows, and get everybody's name into the paper," said he. "You don't suppose we should

always be living in the Highlands?" "I want you to come along with me now to the lodge; and you can say that, after all, you found you could come to dinner - there never were people so charmingly free from ceremony of any kind; and after dinner you will tell Mr. Winterbourne that certainly you yourself might not have been prepared to do what he has done during these years for Yolande's sake, and perhaps that you could not approve of it; but that for the short time likely to elapse you would be content also to keep silence; and you might even undertake to live in the Highlands until death should remove that poor creature and all possible source of annoyance. That would be a friendly, natural, humane sort of thing to do, and he would be [grateful to you. You owe him a little. He is giving you his only daughter; and you need not be afraid—he will make it easy for you to buy back Corrievreak and do all the other things you were speaking of. I think you might do that."

"Midsummer madness!" the other exclaimed, th some show of temper. "I can't imagine with some show of temper. "I can't imagine how you could expect such a thing. Our family is old enough to be haunted by a ghost, and we haven't started one yet; but when we do start one, it won't be a police-court sort of ghost, I can assure you. It is hard luck enough when one of one's own relatives goes to the bad-I've seen that often enough in families; but voluntarily to take over some one else's relative who has gone to the bad, without even the common protection of the policeman and the magistrate—no

"Then that is your message, I suppose."

"Most distinctly. I am not going into any conspiracy of secrecy and terrorism—certainly not. I told you that I liked a quiet life. I am not going to bother about other people's family affairs—assuredly I am not going to submit to any persecution or any possibility of persecution, however remote, about them."

"Very well."

"Don't put it harshly. I wish to be reasonable. I say they have been unreasonable and foolish, and I don't want to involve myself in the consequences. When I marry, I surely must have, as every human being in the country has, the right to appeal to the law. I can not have my mouth gagged by their absurd secrets."

Very well." "And I fancy," the Master of Lynn added, as his eye caught a figure that had just come in sight, far away up the strath, "that that is Yolande Winterbourne herself. You need not say lande Winterbourne herself. You need not say that I had seen her before I left." And so he turned and walked away in the direction of Lynn

And was this indeed Yolande? Well, he would meet her with an unclouded face, for she was quick to observe; and all his talk would be about the golden char, and the beautiful afternoon, and the rubber of whist they sometimes had now after dinner. And yet he was thinking.

"I wonder if my way would do," he was saying to himself as he still regarded that advancing figure. "Perhaps it is Quixotic, as Archie would say. Statistics are against me, and statistics are horribly sure things, but sometimes they don't apply to individual cases. Perhaps I have no business to interfere. No matter; this evening at least she shall go home to dinner with a light heart. She does not know that I am going to give her my Linnaa borealis."

The tall figure now advancing to him was undoubtedly that of Yolande, and he guessed that she was smiling. She had brought out for a run the dogs that had been left in the kennel; they were chasing all about the hill-side and the road in front of her. The light of the sunset was on

"Good-evening, Miss Winterbourne," said he, when they met.

"But I am going to ask you to call me Yolande," said she, quite frankly and simply, as she turned to walk back with him to Allt-nam-ba; for I have not many friends, and I like them all to call me Yolande."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A WALK HOME.

"But was not that Mr. Leslie?" she said.

"Oh yes, it was," he answered, with an assumed air of indifference. "Yes. It is a pity he can not dine with you this evening."

"But why did he not come along now, for a minute only when he was a far?"

minute even, when he was so far?'

She certainly was surprised, and there was nothing for him but to adopt the somewhat lame excuses that the Master in the first instance had offered him.

"I think he is expecting a lawyer from Inverness," said he, rather quickly slurring over the various statements, "and if he came by the afternoon boat he would be due just about now. They have a good deal of business on hand just now at Lynn."

"Yes, apparently that is true," she said, with rather a singular gesture—very slight, but significant. "We have not seen anything of them."

"Well, you see," he continued, in the most careless and cheerful way, "no doubt they know your father is occupied with the shooting, and you with your amateur housekeeping-which I am told is perfect. Mr. Shortlands says the lodge is beautifully managed."

"Ah, does he?" said she, with a quick flush of genuine pleasure. "I am glad to hear that. And it is very simple now—oh yes, for they are all so diligent and punctual. And now I have more and more time for my botany, and I am beginning to understand a little more of the arrangement, and it is interesting."

I consider you have done very well " said he -" so well that you deserve a reward.

"Ah, a prize?" said she, with a laugh. "Do you give prizes at your school? Well, now—let me see-what shall I choose? A box of choco-

"Did they allow you to choose your own prizes at Château Cold Floors? We don't do that here. No; the reward I have in store for you is the only specimen I have got of the Linnæa borealis-the only plant that bears the name of the great master himself, and such a beautiful plant too! I don't think you are likely to find it about here. I got mine at Clova; but you can get everything at Clova."

"It is so kind of you!" she said; "but what

am I to do with it?"

"Start a herbarium. You ought to have plenty of time; if not, get up an hour earlier. You have a fine chance here of getting the Alpine species. I have got some fresh boards and dryingpaper down from Inverness; and I meant to lend ou my hand-press; but then I thought I might want it myself for some other purpose; and as Mrs. Bell was glad to have the chance of presenting you with one, I said she might; it will be down from Inverness to-morrow.

"But I can not accept so much kindnessshe was about to protest, when he interrupted

"You must," he said, simply. "When people are inclined to be civil and kind to you, you have no right to snub them."

Suddenly she stopped short and faced him.
There was a kind of mischief in her eyes.
"Will you have the same answer," she asked,

slowly, and with her eyes fixed on him, "when Mrs. Bell presents to you Monaglen?"

Despite himself a flush came over the pale,

handsome features.
"That is absurd," said he, quickly. "That is impossible. I know the Master jokes about it. If Mrs. Bell has any wild dreams of the kind—"

"If she has," Yolande said, gravely, "if she wishes to be civil and kind, you have no right to

"You have caught me, I confess it," he said, with a good-natured laugh, as they resumed their walk along the wide strath. "But let us get back to the sphere of practical politics."

He then proceeded to give her instructions about the formation of a herbarium; and in this desultory conversation she managed very plainly to intimate to him that she would not have permitted him to take so much trouble had this new pursuit of hers been a mere holiday amusement. No; she hoped to make something more serious of it: and would it not be an admirable occupation for her when she finally came to live in these wilds, where occupations were not abundant? And he (with his mind distraught by all sorts of anxieties) had to listen to her placidly talking about her future life there, as if that were to be all very plain sailing indeed. She knew of no trouble; and she was not the one to anticipate trouble. Her chief regret at present was that her botanizing (at least so far as the collection of plants was concerned) would cease in the winter.

"But you can not live up here in the winter!" he exclaimed.

"Why not?"

"You would be snowed up."

"Could anything be more delightful than that?" she said. "Oh, I see it all before me—like a Christmas picture. Big red fires in the rooms; outside, the sunlight on the snow, the air cold and clear, and papa going away over the hard, sparkling hills to shoot the ptarmigan and the hares. Don't you know, then, that papa will take Allt-nam-ba for all the year round when I come to live here? And if Duncan the keeper can live very well in the bothy, why not we in the lodge? Oh, I assure you it will be ravishing."

"No, no, no; you could not attempt such a thing," he said. "Why, the strath might be quite impassable with the snow. You might be cut off from the rest of the world for a fortnight or three weeks. You would starve.

"Perhaps, then, you never heard of tinned meats?" she said, with an air of superiority.

"No, no; the people about here don't do like Of course in the winter you would naturally go in to Inverness, or go south to Edinburgh, or perhaps have a house in London."

Oh no, that is what my papa would never,

never permit-anything but London." "Well, then, Inverness is a pleasant and cheer-

ful town. And I must say this for the Master, that he is not at all likely to prove an absentee landlord, when his turn comes. He is quite as diligent as his father in looking after the estate; there won't be any reversal of policy when he succeeds, as sometimes happens.'

"Inverness?" said she, wistfully. "Yes; perhaps Inverness—perhaps here—that is what my papa would prefer; but London-ah, no! And sometimes I think he is so sadly mistaken about me-it is his great affection, I know-but he thinks if I were in London I would hear too much of the attacks they make on him, and I might read the stupidities they put into the newspapers about him. He is so afraid of my being annoyed —oh, I know, for himself he does not care—it is all me, me-and the trouble he will take to watch against small annoyances that might happen to me, it is terrible and pitiable, only it is so kind. Why should I not go to the House of Commons? Do they think I care about their stupidities? I know they are angry because they have one man among them who will not be the slave of any party-who will not be a-a cipher, is it ?-in a crowd-an atom in a majority-no, but who wish-

es to speak what he thinks is true."
"Oh, but, Yolande," said he (venturing thus to address her for the first time), "I want you to tell me: do you ever feel annoyed and vexed when you see any attack on your father 97

She hesitated; she did not like to confess.

"It is a natural thing to be annoyed when you see stupidities of malice and spitefulness,' said at length-with the fair freekled face a shade warmer in color than usual.

"For I can give you a panacea for all such wounds, or rather an absolute shield against

"Can you—can you?" she said, eagerly.

"Oh yes," he said, in that carelessly indifferent way of his. "When you see anybody pitching into your father, in the House or in a newspaper you have to do is to recall a certain sonnet of Milton's. You should bear it about with you in your mind; there is a fine wholesome tone of contempt in it; and neither persons in public life nor their relatives should have too great a respect for other people's opinions. It is not wholesome. It begets sensitiveness. You should always consider that your opponents are—are—"
"Ames de boue!" said Yolande, fiercely. "That

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"'ARCHIE,' SAID HE, 'THERE IS SOMETHING BETTER IN YOU THAN YOU PROFESS.'"

is what I think when I see what they say of my

papa."
"But I don't think you would feel so much indignation as that if you would carry about this sonnet with you in your memory:

'I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise environs me
Of owls, and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearls to hogs,
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when Truth would set them free.
License they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.'

There is a good, honest, satisfactory, wholesome contempt in it.'

"Yes, yes; will you write it down for me?" said she, quickly and gratefully. "Will you write it down for me when we get to the lodge?"
"If you like."

When they drew near to the lodge, however, they found that something very unusual was going forward. The whole of the women-servants, to begin with, were outside, and gazing intently in the direction of a hill-side just above the confluence of the Dun Water and the Crooked Water, while the pretty Highland cook was asserting something or other in strenuous terms. The moment they saw Yolande those young people fled into the house, like so many scurrying rabbits; but Sandy, the groom, being over near the kennel, did not hear, and remained perched up on the fence, using an opera-glass which he had filched from the dining-room mantel piece. lande went over to him (as she had to kennel up

the dogs in any case), and said to him,
"What is the matter, Sandy?"
He very nearly dropped with fright, but in stantly recovered himself, and said, with great ex-

"I think they are bringing home a stag, madam: I am sure that is it. I was seeing the powny taken down to cross the burn; and it was not the panniers that was on him; and there is the chentlemen standing by the bridge, looking.

There certainly was a small group of figures standing on the further side of that distant bridge-a slim little structure slung on wires, and so given to oscillation that only one person could cross at a time. This performance, indeed, was now carefully going on; but what had be-come of the pony? Presently they saw something appear on the top of the bank on this side of the stream.

"It is a stag undoubtedly, Yolande," Jack Melville said (he had got hold of the opera-glass), "and I should say a good one. Now how could that have come about? Never mind, I dare say your father will be delighted enough, and I should say Duncan will tune up his pipes this evening." Yolande looked through the glass, and was

very much excited to see that small pony coming home with its heavy burden; but the gentlemen were now invisible, having passed behind a hillock. And so she sped into the house, fearful that the curiosity of the women servants might have let affairs get behindhand, and determined that everything should be in readiness for the home-coming sportsmen.

Melville was left outside; and as he regarded now the gillie leading the pony, and now the party of people who were visible coming over the hillock, it was not altogether of the dead stag that he was thinking. In this matter of the Master of Lynn he had only performed his thankless duty as messenger, as it were; still, it was not pleasant to have to bring back bad news. Sometimes he wished he had had nothing whatever to do with the whole complication; then, again, he reminded himself that that secret had been confided to him by John Shortlands unsolicited; and that he, Melville, had subsequently done what he honestly thought best. And then he turned to think about Yolande. Would he grudge anything he could do for that beautiful child-nature-to keep it clear and bright and peaceful? No, he could not. And then he thought, with something of a sigh, that those who were the lucky ones in this world did not seem to place much value on the prizes that lay within their hands' reach.

The corpulent John Shortlands, as he now came proudly along, puffed and blowing and breathless, clearly showed by his radiant face who had shot the stag; and at once he plunged into an account of the affair for the benefit of Jack Melville. He roundly averred that no such "fluke" was known in English history. They were not out after any stag. No stag had any right to be there. They had passed up that way in the morning with the dogs. Nor could this have been the wounded stag that the shepherds had seen drinking out of the Allt-corrie-an-eich some four days ago. No: this must have been some wandering stag that had got startled out of some adjacent forest, and had taken refuge in the glen just as the shooting party were coming back from the far tops, Duncan had proposed to have a try for a few black-game when they came down to these woods and so, by great good luck, John Shortlands had put a No. 4 cartridge in his left barrel, just in case an old black-cock should get up wild. Then he was standing at his post, when suddenly he heard a pattering; a brown animal appeared with head high and horns thrown back; the next instant it passed him, not more than fifteen yards off, and he blazed at it—in his nervousness with the right barrel; then he saw it stumble, only for a second; then on it went again, he after it, down to the burn, which fortunately was rushing fed with the last night's rain; in the bed of the stream it stumbled again and fell, and as it struggled out and up the opposite bank, there being now nothing but the breadth of the burn between him and it, he took more deliberate aim, fired, and the

stag fell back stone-dead, its head and horns, indeed, remaining partly in the water.

Then Mr. Winterbourne, when he came along, seemed quite as honestly pleased at this unexpected achievement as if the stag had fallen to his own gun; while as for Duncan, the grim satisfaction on his face was sufficient testimony.

"This is something like a good day's work," said he. "And I was bringing down the stag for Miss Winterbourne to see it before the dark, and now Peter will take back the powny for the namines."

But Jack Melville took occasion to say to him,

aside:
"Duncan, Miss Winterbourne will look at the head and horns when you have had time to take a sponge or a wet cloth to them, don't you understand?—later on in the evening, perhaps.

"Very well, sir. And I suppose the gentlemen will be sending in the head to Mr. Macleay's tomorrow? It is not a royal, but it is a very good head whatever.'

"How many points—ten?"

"Yes, sir. It is a very good head whatever." Yolande had so effectively hurried up everything inside the lodge that when the gentlemen appeared for dinner it was they who were late, and not the dinner. And of course she was greatly delighted also, and all the story of the capture of the stag had to be told over again, to the minutest points. And again there was a fierce discussion as to who should have the head and horns, John Shortlands being finally compelled to receive the trophy which naturally belonged to him. Then a wild skirl outside in the

"What is that, now?" said John Shortlands. "That," said Yolande, complacently—for she had got to know something of these matters— "is the Pibroch of Donald Dhu."

"That is the Pibroch of Donald Black, I sup-se," said John Shortlands, peevishly. "What pose," said John Shortlands, peevishly. "White mischief have I to do with Donald Black? want the Pibroch of John Shortlands. What is the use of killing a stag if you have to have somebody else's pibroch played? If ever I rent a deer forest in the Highlands, I will have my own pibroch made for me, if I pay twenty pounds for it."

Indeed, as it turned out, there was so much joy diffused throughout this household by the slaying of the stag that Jack Melville, communing with himself, decided that his ill news might keep. He would take some other opportunity of telling Shortlands the result of his mission. Why destroy his very obvious satisfaction? was a new experience for him; he had never shot a stag before. The cup of his happiness was full to the brim, and nobody grudged it him, for he was a sound-hearted sort of man.

One rather awkward incident arose, however, out of this stag episode. In the midst of their dinner talk Yolande suddenly said:

"Papa, ought I to send a haunch of venison to Lynn Towers? It seems so strange to have

neighbors, and not any compliment one way or the other. Should I send a haunch of venison to Lord Lynn ?"

Her father seemed somewhat disturbed. "No, no, Yolande; it would seem absurd to

send a haunch of venison to a man who has a deer forest of his own."

"Yes, I know; but no doubt the tenant will send in a haunch to the Towers if there is any

"But I know he does not, for Archie said so. Mr. Melville," she said, shifting the ground of her appeal, "would it not be a nice compliment to y to a neighbor? Is it not customary?

His eyes had been fixed on the table; he did

of traise them.

"I—I don't think I would," said he, with some little embarrassment. "You don't know what fancies old people might take. And you will be a people with the said of the sai Besides, Mr. want the venison for yourselves. Shortlands shot the stag; you should let him have a haunch to send to his friends in the South."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, certainly," she cried, clapping her hands. "Why did I not think of it? That will be much better."

At enother time Lebe, Shortlands, wight have

At another time John Shortlands might have protested, but something in Melville's manner struck him, and he did not contend that the haunch of venison should be sent to Lynn Towers.

After dinner they went out into the dark, and, guided by the sound of the pipes, made their way to the spacious coach-house, which they found had been cleared out, and in which they found two of the gillies and two of the shepherdsgreat, huge, red bearded, brawny men-dancing four-some reel, while Duncan was playing as if he meant to send the roof off. The head and horns of the deer were hung up on one of the pillars of the loose-box. The place was ruddily lit up by two lamps, as well as a few candles; there was a small keg of whiskey in a dim corner. And Yolande thought that the Highland girls might just as well come over from the lodge (the English Jane was of no use), and very soon the dancing party was made much more picturesque. But where was the Master of Lynn, with the torchlight dance he had promised them on the occasion of their killing their first stag?

When Jack Melville was going away that night he was surprised to find the dog-cart outside, Sandy in his livery, the lamps lit, and warm rugs on the front seat.

"This is not for me?" he said.

"It is, indeed," said Yolande.

"Oh, but I must ask you to send it back. It on, out I must ask you to send it back. It is nothing for me to walk to Gress. You have enough work for your horses just now."

"The night is dark," she said, "and I wish you to drive; you will have the light of the lamps."

"Why should I drive—to Gress!" he said.
"But I wish it" she answered.

"But I wish it," she answered. And that was enough. [TO BE CONTINUED.]



Untrimmed Hats and Bonnets. Figs. 1-13.

Figs. 1-13.

The untrimmed hats here illustrated show the leading shapes that will be worn this spring and summer. Fig. 1 represents a large hat for country wear, made of coarse yellow porcupine straw. Fig. 2 shows a frame for a capote bonnet, with a rolled brim of fancy straw braid; the rest of the frame is covered over with shirred silk or satin if the bonnet is to match a costume, and otherwise with lace. Fig. 3, a round hat called the "Postilion," is of dark green English straw; the brim rolls slightly on the right side, and forms a wide revers on the left. Fig. 4 is a black straw capote bonnet. Fig. 5 shows a poke bonnet of Havana brown straw, the wide brim of which is trimmed with two fluted frills of coarser straw. Fig. 6 is a smaller poke made of a fancy braid in which dark red straw is plaited with gilt threads. The large poke Fig. 7 is of strawberry red straw, with a wide border of gold ed with git threads. The large poke Fig. 7 is of strawberry red straw, with a wide border of gold braid, studded with red straw rosettes. Fig. 8 is a dark blue straw bonnet, the brim of which is trimmed with rows of loops in similar straw. Fig. 9 is a large "tip-tilted" poke of Manila



Figs. 1-4.—Untrimmed Hats and Bonnets.

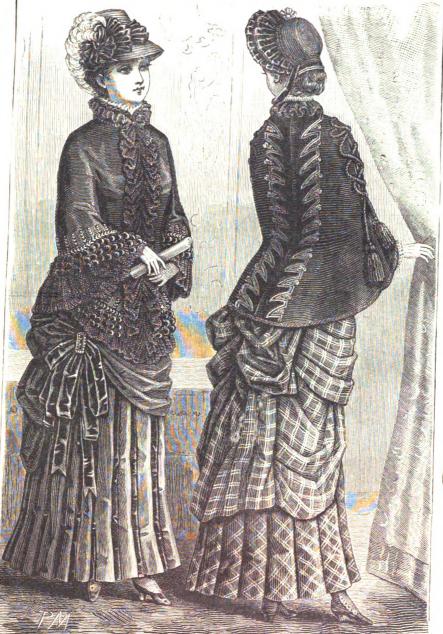


Fig. 1.—Ottoman Silk Mantle. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 20-22.

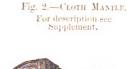




Fig. 1.—Pelisse with Flowing Sleeves.—Back.—[See Fig. 2.] CUT PATTERN, No. 3421: PRICE, 25 CENTS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-7.



Figs. 9-13,-Untrimmed Hats and Bonnets.

EMBROIDERED NEWSPAPER RACK. For design and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 31.

braid in the natural écru shade. Fig. 10 is an olive brown satin straw bonnet. The round hat with the wide brim and sloping crown shown in Fig. 11 is of fine dark brown Milan braid, and the English walking hat, Fig. 12, of coarser black straw. Fig. 13 is a frame for a lace bonnet, made of stiff net and wire.

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Figs. 5-8.—Untrimmed Bonnets.



Fig. 2.—Pelisse with Flowing Sleeves.—Front.—[See Fig. 1.] Cut Pattern, No. 3421: Price, 25 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-7.

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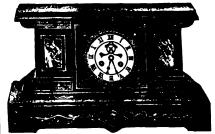
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ELEGANT PARIS SPRING PATTERN BONNETS
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Made by the most celebrated Paris Milliners.
SPRING PATTERN BONNETS and ROUND HATS
OF OUR OWN WELL KNOWN ARTISTIC DESIGNS.
GREAT SPECIALTY.
MILLINERY FOR MISSES AND LITTLE GIRLS,
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Jardinières specially decorated for Easter, and a
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750,000 CUARANTEED by MAIL to any THRIFTY PLANTS BEST SEEDS PREPAID FOR SALE \$200 in 14 CASH PREMIUMS, and other articles sure to please all, distributed to persons sending largest Club orders. Ye sell 12 Ever-blooming Roses for \$1, 12 Geraniums, 12 Fuchsias, and many ers. Now is the time to make relections to beautify Home and procure purerden. LEEDS& CO., Cascade Rose Nursery, Richmond, Ind. Mention paper,



SECRET OF A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

Every lady desires to be considered handsome. The most important adjunct to beauty is a clear, smooth, soft, and beautiful skin. With this essential a lady appears handsome, even if her features are not perfect.

Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin, should lose no

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It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Over two million ladies have used this delightful tollet preparation, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Ladies, if you desire to be beautiful, give LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOU'TH a trial, and be convinced of its wonderful efficacy. Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers and Druggists everywhere. Price 75c. per Bottle. Depot, 88 John Street, N. Y.

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For this season we will show, in addition to our regular stock of Plain and Beaded Fringes and Gimps, a line of Silk and Cashmere Embroideries, Rat-tail Chenille Fringes, Plain and Shaded Feather Trimmings; and a complete assortment of new and desirable Buttons in plain, fancy, and artistic designs.

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WE ARE SHOWING NEW STYLES OF BOYS' SUITS AND OVERCOATS, MISSES' AND GIRLS' CLOAKS AND DRESSES, HOSIERY, &c. ALSO, A SPLENDID LINE of GOODS FOR BABIES' WEAR, and MISSES and CHILDREN. MUSLIN UNDER-WEAR, including many ATTRACTIVE NOVEETIES THAT CANNOT BE PROCURED ELSEWHERE.

We keep everything for children's wear, from hats to shoes, for all ages up to 16 years, at very low prices for reliable goods.

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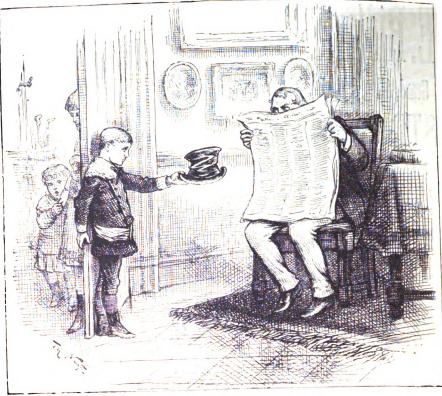
\$5 10 \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.





TOO ACCOMMODATING.

HE. "AH, MADAM, MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF PAINTING YOUR PICTURESQUE LITTLE COTTAGE?" SHE. "WA'AL, I DON'T KNOW; GUESS YE CAN. YE MIGHT WHITEWASH THE FENCE TOO, IF YOU LIKE."



THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT NOW.

BOY (who has been demonstrating the mechanism of an opera-hat to the children). "PAPA, I THOUGHT THIS WAS YOUR CRUSH HAT!" In a recent lecture touching the condition of woman in matrimony, Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake told of a street-car incident which came under her observation. A robust German and a pale and feeble woman entered a crowded car. A man arose to give the woman his seat, when the able-bodied German dropped into the place, folded his arms, and looked complacently at the woman who had arisen, "I gave the lady my seat." "Oh, dot vas all right," the German replied; "dot vas mein vife." The anecdote recalls another, which was told of a member of the New York Legislature. The statesman and a lady occupied a seat in a Iludson River train bound for New York. When the conductor came along the legislator displayed a free pass. The conductor glanced at the lady, and said, "Friend of yours?"
"Oh no; only my wife," replied the law-maker.

FACETIÆ.

FACETIÆ.

A well-known bishop, eminent in his position and in personal dignity, during the exercise of his official duties was once quartered upon the wealthiest resident of a certain village, whose wife chanced to be away from home. The bishop, with grim humor, frequently complains at being put into the spare room, which is opened especially for him and the encouragement of rheumatism. He is withal a slim man, and on this occasion when his host inquired how he had slept, and hoped he had passed an agreeable night, he answered, with some vehemence, "No, I did not; I passed a very disagreeable night indeed!"

The bishop departed, and when the wife of his host returned she naturally inquired who had been to the house in her absence.

"Bishop P—," said the husband.

"Bishop P—!" exclaimed the good woman. "And where did you put him to sleep?"

"In the spare bed, of course."

"In the spare bed!" shrieked the horrified matron.

"Why, I put all the silver-ware under the mattress before I went away!"

Ar old man would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of

An old man would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of a wiles by telephone. His better half was in a country store several miles away, where there was a telephone, and the skeptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it, he walked boldly up and shouted, "Hello, Sarah!" At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried, "That's Sarah, every time!"

Bishop Peck, who tips the beam at three hundred or thereabouts, was at one time attending Conference where the supply of beds was not equal to the demand. The bishop, after being introduced to the party who was to share his couch, eyed him all over, and said, "So you are to be my bedfellow, eh? Well, when I sleep alone I'm crowded."

Janet was not comely, but an excellent servant, and especially devout. One Sunday afternoon, on returning from the kirk, she mentioned to the ladies of the family how much she had enjoyed the services. Shortly afterward they heard her scolding at a great rate, and one of the ladies remonstrated with her.

"Why, Janet, I'm afraid the service did you very little good, after all, as you seem to have lost your temper."

"All, weel," said Janet, "I left Willum to look after things, and everything's so upset it's enough to tak the taste o' prayer out o' one's mouth."

A gentleman at the theatre sits behind a lady who wears a very large hat. "Excuse me, madam, but unless you remove your hat I can see absolutely nothing." Lady ignores him. "Excuse me, madam, but unless you remove your hat something unpleasant will happen." Lady ignores him again. Gentleman puts on his own hat. Loud cries from the audience: "Take off that hat!" "Take off that hat!" Lady thinks they mean her hat, and removes it. "Thank you, madam."



STANDING ON CEREMONY.

"THAT WAS A FUNNY STORY MR. DIXON TOLD, AUNT JESSIE
-THE ONE THAT MADE YOU LAUGH SO MUCH, YOU KNOW!"
"YES. WHY DIDN'T YOU LAUGH, IDA?"
"OH, I DON'T KNOW MR. DIXON WELL ENOUGH!"

said, "Friend of yours ?" "Oh no; only my wife," replied the law-maker. MADEMOISELLE (after breakfast). "Well, Betty, did you have a good dance last night? What music had you—the Thomasville band?"

BETTY (washing dishes). "Oh, we had an elegant time, miss. We did not have the Thomasville band; we had the Danford Ostrich for music." During the heated term a clergyman of vast proportions was invited to fill the vacancy made by the pastor, who had not returned from his summer vacation. The day was extremely hot, and the "supply" was perspiring most furiously, when the belated pastor, who had returned too late on Saturday night to report his arrival, rushed into the pulpit and began his services. All went well enough until he announced his text, which was from Zechariah, iv. 7: "Who art thou, O great mountain?" In alluding to this afterward the discomfited clergyman remarked that it was punishment enough for him to sit there on such a sweltering day without being insulted so publicly.

The London Court Journal tells a good little story: At a convivial party recently a gentleman who had returned from a lengthened tour in the East was relating some of the wonderful things he had seen on his travels. The yarus he spun were decidedly "steep," but the guests politely accepted his statements as true. Encouraged by the reception accorded to his fallest stories, he ventured to state that he had seen at the foot of the Himalayss a tiger forty feet long from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail. This was too much, and everybody kept silence, until a gentleman from Oban dryly remarked: "Oh yes, the works o' nature are very wonderfu' and very large whatever. Just last week I saw a skate brought ashore at Obar which covered a quarter of an acre of ground!"

Nobody spoke, and amid the silence the Eastern traveller left the room. The host, perceiving that something was amiss, rose and followed him.

"Is there anything wrong?" he asked.

"I have been insulted," said the traveller. "That Celtic gentleman has dealt a blow at my veracity, and I can not return until he apologizes."

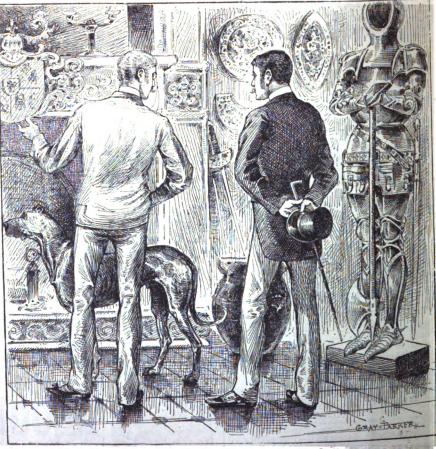
Anxious that harmony should prevail among his guests, the host returned to the room, and explaining matters to the company, asked the Highlander to make an apology, if merely for form's sake.

"Weel," said he, "I'll no just apologize, but tell him to come back and take a few feet off the teegur, and we'll see what can be dune wi' the skate."



WHAT'S IN A NAME.

MR. SMITH. "MARY, MY DEAR, ISN'T IT TIME LITTLE BLUE EYES WAS BAPTIZED? WHAT SHALL WE CALL HER?—MARIA, CAROLINE, OR.—"
MRS. SMITH. "WHY, CHARLES, HOW UTTERLY COMMONPLACE! IF YOU HAD SAID ETHELINDA.
OR GLADYS, OR ISEULT, OR BRANWEN, OR IGERNE, OR ISOUDE, YOU WOULD HAVE SHOWN SOME SENSE. GLADYS ISEULT SMITH WOULD BE MY CHOICE."



THE FAMILY ARMS.

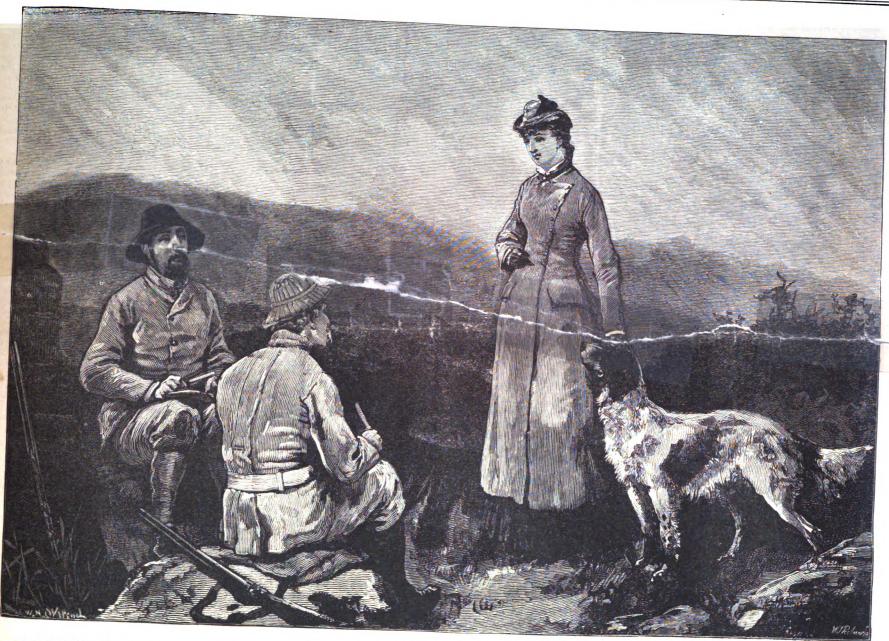
Young Host to visitor, who was an old eollege chum of his). "Yes, these are our Arms. I don't know what they mean, or where they came from, but the Governor does. I believe they were imported from somewhere. I know one thing, they cost a heap of Money."



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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1883.

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" Aha! I have found you now."

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SHANDON BELLS," ETC.

T might have appeared to any careful observer, who also knew all the circumstances of the case, that what was now happening or about to happen away up in those remote solitudes was ob-vious enough; but certainly no suspicion of any such possibilities had so far entered the minds of the parties chiefly interested. Yolande regarded her future as already quite settled. That was over and done with. Her French training had taught her to acquiesce in any arrangement that seemed most suitable to those who hitherto had guided her

* Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 3, Vol. XVI.

CHAPTER XXVII. destiny, and as she had never experienced any affection stronger than her love for her father, so she did not perceive the absence and her married life, and she was as ready to take his advice in of any such passion. To English eyes her marriage might seem of any such passion. To longish eyes her marriage might seem a marriage de complaisance, as Colonel Graham had styled it; in her eyes it seemed everything that was natural and proper and her eyes it seemed everything that was natural and proper and fitting, and she was quite content. It never occurred to her to analyze the singular satisfaction she always felt in the society of this new friend—the sense of safety, trust, guidance, and reliance with which he inspired her. He claimed a sort of school-masterish authority over her, and she yielded; sometimes, it is true, re-asserting her independence by the use of feminine wiles and coquetries which were as natural as the scamperings of a young rabbit or the rustling of the leaves of a tree, but more ordinarily submitting to his dictation and government with a placid dinarily submitting to his dictation and government with a placid and amused sense of security; while as for him, had he dreamed that he was stealing away the affections of his friend's chosen bride he would have fled from the spot on the instant, with shame and ignominy haunting him. But how could such an idea present and ignominy naunting mm. Dut now could such an idea present itself to him? He looked on her as one already set apart. She belonged to the Master of Lynn. As his friend's future wife he hoped she also would be his friend. He admired her bright spiral to the form of the state of its, her cheerfulness, and frankness; but it was this very frankness (added to his own blunt disregard of conventionalities) that was deceiving them both. Five minutes after she had asked him

that direction as in the direction of drying plants and setting up a herbarium. And if sometimes she reversed their relations, and took to lecturing him on his unwise ways at Gress—his careless ness about his meals, and so forth—why, then he humored her, and considered her remonstrances as only an exhibition of friendly interest, perhaps with a trifle of gratitude added, for he knew very well that he had spent a good deal of time in trying to be of services to her.

ice to her.

Then, at this particular moment, everything seemed to conspire toward that end which neither of them foresaw. Yolande found the domestic arrangements at Allt-nam-ba flow very easily and smoothly, so that practically she had the bulk of the day at her own disposal, and Gress was a convenient halting-place when she went for a drive, even when she had no particular message or object in view. But very frequently she had a distinct object in view, which led to her sending on the dog-cart to Foyers and awaiting its return. On the very morning, for example, after Jack Meling its return. On the very morning, for example, after Jack Melville had dined with them, she got the following letter, which had been brought out from Whitebridge late the night before. The letter was from Mrs. Bell, and the handwriting was singularly clear and precise for a woman now over sixty, who had for the most part educated herself. [Continued on page 262.]

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Digitized by

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age — Messrs. Harper & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masof at wast six months for the stand of the out mas-ters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience

of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messes. HARPER & BROTHERS not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, AN.A.; and Mr. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., Su-perintendent of the Art Department, Harper & Brothers, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harper's Weekly, \$300; one page Harper's Bazar, \$200; one page Harper's Young Prople, \$100.

the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messrs. Harper & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-

open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

In the number of Harper's Weekly for April 14 will be found the opening chapters of a new and fascinating serial story, entitled

"DISARMED!"

from the pen of Miss M. Betham-Edwards, author of "Kitty," "Exchange No Robbery," and other popular novels.

To Our next Number will contain a Patternsheet Supplement, with numerous full-sized pat-terns, descriptions, and illustrations, comprising a superb Double-page Engraving of Ladies' and GIRLS' SPRING and SUMMER STREET SUITS and WRAPPINGS; LADIES' HOUSE DRESSES, BOYS SUITS, Ladies' Pelerines; Ladies' and Girls' Spring and SUMMER BONNETS; Roll Pillows, Sachets, Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.; with choice literary and artistic attractions.

BAD LESSONS AND BAD AIR.

WHO of us are there that went to school in the country that do not remember with a half shudder the cruel times of their school-days? Twenty and twentyfive years ago those school-days were of a very different type from that which is to be experienced at present, and they had no other ameliorating circumstance than the pursuit of knowledge, relieved by a recreation of fifteen minutes, called a recess.

The great majority of us were of course country born and bred; we plodded our way through snows and suns, in their respective seasons, to the weather-beaten school-house, on the ringing of the bell, hurrying to breathlessness if that bell bega The school-house was a hot and glaring dusty place in summer, with flies singing in the great uncurtained pane; and in winter it was a freezing airy place, with a huge and hideous stained and rusty box-stove, redhot with blazing logs of wood, away from which the big scholars crowded the little ones into the arena of croups and coughs and influenzas. Some of us carried our dinners, and ate them during the nooning in fear and trembling from the torment of the big boys and girls. And to make the place livelier than it might be to our apprehensions, the teacher had a ferule and a gag and a paper fools' cap, and knew how to mortify you with a stinging tongue, to find out your pet weakness and publish it, to vex the soul of the boy planted for punishment among the girls, to shame the girl lifted on a bench before the school to be stared at; and life was
life failery for twice three hours, ending
life in the afternoon at last.

Now with comfortable sidewalks, often shaded, with a long recess or a single session ending at two o'clock, with restricted punishments or no punishments at all, with politeness as much expected from teacher as from scholar, with comfort too in the inner appointments of the place, and with learning itself made delightful, going to school is a so much modified institution that the children of to-day have been known to cry

But in those horrible old days of flogging, papier-maché missiles, and spelling sides, of enmity to the big boy and favoritism to the pretty girl, there was yet one feature that there is not now, or is so seldom as to amount to the same thing, and we sometimes doubt if it was not worth all the advantages of the present—we mean fresh air. There was always a plenty of that in those old days; it rattled at the windows and creaked at the doors, and crept in and swept about and curled round and whirled round, and we wore our comforters and our capes, and sometimes sang the multiplication table in unison under the teacher's lead, stamping our feet to keep the time and make them warm; and we had sound lungs, and rosy cheeks, and fresh wholesome blood, and constitutions that let us live to tell it. And do you think we should be living to tell it if we had gone to some of the schools of today? In some of these schools they are so sure that there is poison in the air that the only thing they can do is to exclude it altogether.

No blowing of breezes and fluttering of paper windmills is there about the windows in these pleasant places, no wrapping of heads and throats with woollen scarfs, no great roaring red-hot monster of a stove keeping up tremendous draughts of air with its combustion; but shut and sealed double windows in deep casements, a still and heavy thrice-breathed atmosphere (if it may be called an atmosphere and not another sort of just one atom less dense superincumbent planet), and warmth—such warmth!—reeking up through the registers in floor or side wall, or away from huge radiators, and reducing everything to a limp and flaccid level. And the scholars: their dresses for every day are better than those we used to wear to meeting, their hair is artistically dressed, their throat-gear and their nootgear are elaborate, their movements are measured and digamed, and their faces are, in two-thirds of the instances, sodden and pallid and heavy-eyed, and look, to the searching eye, as if they might be indicative of nothing so much as a cachectic condition of the whole system.

And why not? With all our best endeavors to teach our school-children the last secret of the universe, and to make the way easy for them in comprehending and reaching it, we have vainly struggled, or else have ceased to struggle, and have left the thing to chance-to combine with the reception of the elements of knowledge a corresponding reception of fresh clean air and its ensuing oxygenation and purification of the blood. Nevertheless we have spared no money in procuring every appliance for the physical as well as mental improvement of our schools, and have sought out many inven-There is the last philosophical, chemical, and astronomical implement provided for the better practice of their studies, and everything that can tell the children the reason why they are undergoing a slow poisoning, but nothing to prevent it. We have costly heating apparatus that heats only too well, and costly ventilating apparatus that does not ventilate at all, and if here and there a single school-house is to be found where the ventilation is perfect, it is the exception that proves the rule. In the larger cities, indeed, some cases occur where the ventilation is tolerably satisfactory; but through the wide country, if it has been aimed at, the effort has fallen far short of the

mark. When we reflect that every breath of the ordinary dwelling but partially inhabited is "organic matters, carbon particles, full of filaments of cotton and wool, starch grains, vegetable spores, pollen, volatile emanations, germs of vibriones, bacteria, and monads, and floating particles of decayed tissues, such as epithelium and pus cells," we can easily see how much worse the air is in rooms set thick with a large number of school-children, and where overheated furnaces give forth, in addition to all the rest, the deleterious gases escaping from the coal and iron, and the poisonous presence of the carbonic oxide which permeates cast-iron and escapes into the air-tubes to be breathed with all the other impurities. It is no wonder that the children who pore over their books in such an atmosphere are pale and heavy-eyed, and sinking under the strain of lessons no harder to learn than those that were learned without effort in the airy school-rooms of thirty years ago. For pure air, nearly one-fourth of which is oxygen, is, it goes without saying, the vital breath

of being itself; and tainted air corrupts the blood, and sometimes, it seems hardly too much to say, the soul with it. Exhaling the amount of carbonic acid gas that a throng of children must, it is to be remembered that there are also in connection with it such constant and unconscious atoms of effete exhalation from lungs and skin that one in the current of such air can detect it by the odor, and such a current passed through clean water is capable of making it putrid. Without the presence of oxygen in quantity to burn up and purify the foulness, this carbonic acid gas already exhaled remains in the place, making it impossible for the lungs to rid themselves of more, and, the agent of death, it stays behind in the system to clog pores and vitiate blood, increase liability to malaria and all infectious and contagious diseases, produce stupor, headache, depression, and oblige the little victims to exercise double power, goading a galled jade, in order to perform the tasks that would be light and simple under healthier conditions.

A great deal has been said as to the hard work that our school-children have to do with their books and studies, and of course there is some reason in it. But we think, if the experiment could be tried, if the thing could be done, of giving them a perfectly healthy air to do it in, the same work might be found far less injurious. In many instances, as we have said, no pains have been spared to effect a sound system of ventilation, and the best yet known is in use; but since a quarter of the lives of our children is spent subject to its deficiences, there is every reason for urging on attempts to discover something better than we have yet mastered, and to hope that a generation is not to be stunted either in body or mind for the want of fresh air when the heavens are full of it.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE recent death of Postmaster-General Howe has naturally caused those familiar with political history to reflect upon the fact that the deaths of members of the cabinet while holding office have been exceedingly rare,

It have the arrower in Washington in the third office-holders that "few die and none resign." The small number of those who have died while occupying the highest offices in the gift of the government or of the people is remarkable. Only four Presidents have died, and two of these having been killed, it is fair to infer that but for the assassins' bullets the number up to this time would have been but two Presidents dying in office.

The Vice-Presidents who died during their official terms as such were, George Clinton, who died in April, 1812; Elbridge Gerry, who died in November, 1814, both in the terms of the same President—Madison; William R. King, who died in Cuba April 18, 1853, without ever having presided in the Senate after his term as Vice-President began, though he had frequently done so before that time when elected President pro tempore of the Senate, and did so the December preious to his death; and Henry Wilson, who died November 21, 1875.

The only Speaker of the House of Representatives who died in office was-Michael C. Kerr, who died August 19, 1876.

Although Chief Justices of the United States Supreme Court are appointed for life, but three of them have died while holding office; for John Jay, the first of that rank, resigned; John Rutledge, the second Chief Justice, after being appointed and presiding through a term of the court, was rejected for confirmation by the Senate; and Oliver Ellsworth, the third Chief Justice, resigned. John Marshall, Roger B. Taney, and Salmon P. Chase, were the Chief Justices who died during their terms as such. Of course the number of Associate Justices who have died in office is comparatively large, though fourteen of them have resigned their places on the bench.

The number of members of the cabinet who have died while acting as such is remarkably small; and two of those, Abel P. Upshur, Secretary of State, and Thomas W. Gilmer, Secretary of the Navy, were both accidentally killed by the bursting of a large cannon on board of the United States steamer Princeton, February 28, 1844, while on an excursion on the Potomac with President Tyler and other high officials. Mr. Upshur was the first eretary of State who died in office, Webster, who was Mr. Upshur's immediate predecessor in that position, and was again appointed to it in 1850, was the second of that rank to die. He died in 1852.

According to the table given in Hickey's Constitution of the United States of members of the cabinet, no Secretary of the Treasury has ever died in office, nor any Secretary of War save General John A. Rawlins, who died in 1869, and who was the last member of the cabinet to die in office prior to the death of Postmaster-General

Gilmer, above mentioned as accidentally killed, was the only Secretary of the Navy who died while in office; and Aaron V. Brown, who died while Postmaster-General in 1859, the only one except Mr. Howe who died holding that place. Only two Attorneys-General—William Bradford, who was appointed January 28, 1794, and died within two years, and Hugh S. Legare, who died while in Tyler's cabinet — have died holding that office. As yet no Secretary of the Interior (the first of that title was Thomas

Ewing, of Ohio, appointed while in office.

The second assertion of the quoted as to office-holders, that " of course very far from correct, to shown above, even Chief Justices their places at the head of the United S. preme Bench. The number of Associate Justices who have resigned has been given, and resigna. tion has been the rule, not the exception, with members of the cabinet. Even a Vice-President has been known to resign, but only one-John C. Calhoun, who, having been elected Senator from South Carolina, resigned two months before his term as Vice-President expired, and took his seat in the Senate.

Only two Speakers of the House of Representatives, Henry Clay and Andrew Stevenson, who, by-the-way, were elected to that office more frequently than any others who have held the honorable place, ever resigned it. The former, who was elected Speaker for five successive Congresses, and again, after an interval of three years, was elected to preside over the House of Representatives as Speaker, resigned the office twice, first in January, 1814, and second in October, 1820. Andrew Stevenson-the father, by-the-bye, of ex-Governor and ex-Senator Stevenson, of Kentucky-resigned the office of Speaker once, which was during the first session of Congress of his fourth successive term as presiding officer of the

House of Representatives.

When in May, 1881, Senators Conkling and Platt, of New York, resigned their places in the United States Senate, the Providence Journal published a record showing that from the foundation of the government up to that time 211 United States Senators had voluntarily resigned their seats in the national Senate, and that there were several instances—notably those of Daniel Webster, Hannibal Hamlin, Simon Cameron, John M. Clayton, John Forsyth, Jefferson Davis, George W. Campbell, Andrew Jackson, and John J. Crittenden-of Senators who resigned their seats in the Senate on two different occasions; while John M. Berrien, of Georgia, did so three different times—in 1829, 1845, and 1852.

It has been mentioned in connection with the death of Postmaster-General Howe that President Arthur has been greatly depressed, saying that death seemed to have pursued him in the persons of those officially connected with him ever since he was elected Vice-President. The death of his wife, it will be remembered, occurred before he was nominated to that office.

President Tyler, however, as has been shown above, had much more cause for such a feeling than President Arthur, since he not only succeeded by the death of the President to that office, as President Arthur did, but one member of his cabinet died and two were killed by an explosion during his term, and his first wife died while he was President.

It may be mentioned, by-the-way, that instances proving the truth of the proverb that misfortunes never come singly have been numerous of late in the cases of prominent people in Washington, or those once prominent there. Postmaster-General Howe's was the third death in less than two years in his family connection, his wife having died in August, 1881, and Mr. Albert Ray, whos daughter married the late Postmaster-General's son, having died last spring.

Another notable illustration of the same proverb is offered by the trials which have afflicted the family of the late Surgeon-General Barnes within a year. His death occurred on the 5th of April, after a long and painful illness, which be gan shortly after his retirement from the army and his son's death last spring, and the annovances concerning the Soldiers' Home, of which he was one of the Board of Directors

Ex-Senator Kellogg has been grievously af-flicted by the death of friends just at the time of his troubles in connection with the so-called 'Star Route Conspiracy" trials. One of his intimate friends, for no reason except a settled melancholy, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, in Massachusetts, early in March, and the last of that month a beloved brother of his wife died suddenly in Louisiana. He had the care of all Senator Kellogg's business interests there. He can not speak without deep emotion of either of these deaths. Last summer his wife's father died. Last spring the wife of Senator Harrison, of Indiana, and Mrs. Hartley, the wife of an army officer, jointly gave receptions on the Monday evenings in March. During the early part of that month this year Mrs. Hartley leave the form of the month this year Mrs. Hartley leave the form of the month this year Mrs. Hartley leave the form of the month this year Mrs. lost, on four successive days, a brother-in-law, her mother, her husband (who shot himself), and her

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

NEW FABRICS.

HE modistes who remained late in Paris in search of novelties have returned, bringing for spring and summer dresses many new pliable silks and soft wool stuffs. The silks are failles of fine cords, or the larger cords of Sicilienne, with printed—not brocaded—figures, or else of color, such as the Judic shades showing fuchsia and scabieuse tints, sage or stem greens, and the French bluets are repeated in the corn flower blues already noted. The figures stamped on these are most often flowers, such as tulips, wall-flowers, bluets, etc., and the cords of the silk give them a chiné effect that is very pretty. China crapes brocaded with palm leaves, crescents, or large detached flowers are shown in all the dark red and green tints, as well as in light strawberry colors and cream white; these are used for basques, Marie Antoinette over-dresses, and the deep festoons and scallops that form drapery and flounces. There are also many Pompadour designs of large flowers stamped to give chine effects on satins, and also with embossed velves figures shaded like those of Genoa velvet on sale

utized by

in grounds, for panels, petticoat fronts, plastrons, high collars, and cuffs of dresses that have a plain color for the basque and drapery. The wool stuffs are loosely woven camel's-hair and very sheer nuns' veiling, and are especially handsome in the dresses that combine white, écru, and gold—the colors of the classic draperies of Greek and Roman women. The éeru tints in such dresses are given by sets of Venetian guipure laces that are yellowed as if by time, and many of these have gold threads through them; there are also side panels and vests of ecru satin with shaded velvet spots of gold for cream white wool dresses. New embroideries also repeat this artistic coloring with white and gold interlaying figures on the simplest écru linen foundation; these are used for trimming silks and velvets as well as the fine wool-lens for which they were designed. Arrasene (chenille) embroideries on écru fabrics show colors like those used for the wool drapery, and there is much beaded embroidery on net, especially that with large jets and bugles, or with colored beads of a single shade. Velvet is perhaps the fabric most used for small accessories and for ribbons, but satin still retains an important place, and is preferred to all other goods for facings and for transparents beneath grenadine, laces, or embroidery. The new grenadines are plainly woven silk, or with armure meshes, or else they have armure or canvas grounds strewn with large velvet moons, pears, snails, shells, flowers, or pine-apples. Colored grenadines are a decided feature of the importations, and the richest black grenadines are usually combined with colored silk, such as stem green brocade or white ottoman silk, or else they are made up over satin of some stylish red or yellow shade.

DESIGNS, MODELS, ETC.

Marie Antoinette and Trianon designs appear again in the short dresses with festooned flounces and bouffant draperies that are made of thin summer goods. These have elaborately trimined skirts with very short and simple basques with puffed vests, and embroidery and lace for trimmings. There are also many stately-looking overdresses with long undraped back breadths like those of pelisses, and also some princesse polo-naises with straight or diagonal fronts and pleated back breadths; Siciliennes are much used for such pelisses, and one of the fancies is to have retroussé side breadths of contrasting colors, and engthwise rows of lac, or embroidery down the fronts. New combinations of materials are also seen in these new dresses; for instance, a bluet dress has the basque and four long breadths that form the over-skirt made of corn-flower blue faille on which are printed bunches of bluets with long green stems, opening over a vest and pleated front of corn-flower blue grenadine. A cherry dress has a Trianon basque and festooned drapery of cherrycolored cashmere, with much écru and gilt lace, and side panels of écru linen on which are cherries wrought in arrasene. A strawberry andcream dress has a Watteau polonaise of strawberry-colored China crape, with the silk skirt of the same shade covered with flounces of cream-colored guipure lace. Beside these fanciful dresses are checked silks of corn-flower shades, with a vest and flounces of écru lace on the basque and skirt; also dark green or blue Surahs, with merely cuffs and bust drapery of the écru lace.

NEW MANTLES.

The mantles of latest importation are shorter than any hitherto seen, some of them being the merest scarfs, scarcely reaching to the waist line, and others not deeper than shoulder capes. The chic of all these, no matter whether they are scarf mantles or pelerines, depends on their high-shouldered effect, which is given by inserting side pieces by seams that cross the shoulders and extend down the back and front precisely like those of regular dolmans. Although intended for summer, many of these mantles are of velvet, and it is the fancy to have them in colors—ruby, cornflower blue, or green. They are trimmed with long palms or pointed leaves of "solid" jet, pointing downward from the neck, and are edged with thick ruches of black lace, which is either real thread lace or the French imitation thereof. A very full high ruche or a Directoire collar of lace or of jetted net is around the neck, and long ribbon strings, to be tied by the wearer, are the only fastening. Cherry-colored China crape with bro-caded flowers is one of the fashionable materials for such mantles, and there are many high-shouldered round capes of colored satin under black net which is thickly jetted and edged with lace ruches. These colored mantles can only be used, however, by those who have a variety of wraps, and the preference for those who have but one still remains for a black mantle of ottoman silk, Sicilienne, jetted net, or China crape made like embed. Jet trimmings are on many of these handsome black wraps, and there are some with gilt and steel introduced in the ornaments; the satin cord passementeries also trim dull silk wraps elegantly. The novelty for cloth mantles is flecked cloth showing all the colors of India cashmere shawls massed on a ground of repped wool, or with rough surface like that of camel's-hair. These are intended for simple garments to be worn with any dress, and are made in the pretty design with a cape and pleated skirt like that illustrated on page 173 of Bazar No. 11, Vol. XVI. They are simply edged with a cord of passementerie showing all the colors in the cashmere, and there is an ornament on the back which also combines these colors. Écru, tancolor, and gray cloths of light quality, and the checked wool cloths used by tailors, are made up in similar designs. For midsummer, mantles of grenadine will be worn both in colors and black, the latter being brightened by gay linings. The velvet brocaded grenadines are most used for these, and a contrasting color is made to outline the large velvet figures of the grenadine.

SCOTCH GINGHAM DRESSES, ETC.

The Scotch gingham dresses remain in favor because they wash well, and are now imported in very large plaids, small checks, stripes, and plain colors. To be useful these should be simply made, and there is less embroidery used on those made for next summer than has been the case in former seasons, because this embroidery wears out before the gingham does. Some of the new dresses con-fine the large plaids to the skirts, as they are too large to look well when cut up by the many seams of basques. The lower skirt is usually laid in large pleats, with a special part of the plaid placed on top of each pleat; the short wrinkled apron drapery then displays the plaid in its full size, and the basque is made of a plain-colored ging-ham of the color that prevails in the plaid. The basque is short and pointed, and has a vest of the large plaid, either puffed or plain, with notehed revers in Directoire style, of the plain color, each side of the vest. Some very gay plaids like Scotch tartans are used in these skirts. The very long aprons with many folds and pointed to the foot in back and front are also on gingham dresscs. Some of the wide loose-pleated skirts have a narrow knife-pleated frill sewed to the edge of the large pleats at the foot. Another pretty fancy is a shirred bias puff to trim the neck, wrists, and edge of gingham basques. For those who like still simpler gingham dresses there are two or three gathered flounces on the skirt, a plain round over-skirt, and a belted basque made with narrow tucks down the middle of the front and back; these can be made a trifle more dressy by adding open Hamburg embroidery for trimming. Blue remains a favorite color for ginghams, but pink, Turkey red, brown, and green shades are also used, and found to wash as well as the standard blue. The écru linen batistes are again in favor for inexpensive dresses, and are made up in the simple styles just described, with the basque entirely of embroidered batiste, while the skirt is of plain écru in loose pleats with apron drapery above it caught up with satin ribbon bows of corn flower blue, copper-color, or Turkey red. There are also many of the étamine or canvas dresses imported for the sea-side, but these are made clab orate by the use of colored embroideries, and will only be worn by those who can have a great variety of dresses.

MISSES' DRESSES, HATS, ETC.

Dresses made with two pieces rival the singlepiece English dress for girls of ten or twelve years, and the former are worn altogether by girls in their teens. The skirt with wide pleasis provided with an apron drapery quite short in front, or a half-long apron, or one caught up on one side, with simple and long black drapery that is not very bouffant. This is worn with a plain round basque, a belted and tucked Norfolk jacket, or a wool Jersey. Tailors use white, brown, blue, and red English cloths and Scotch Cheviots for these dresses, with very simple finish of braid on the edges. In the furnishing stores cashmeres of the new shades of Judic, Havana browns, stem green, rifle green, tan-color, and the raspberry and strawberry reds, with corn-flower blue of light and dark shades, are made up in these ses, and are varied by having pleated and puffed vests and apron drapery showing inch-square blocks of two or three contrasting colors, or else the gay large plaids are used, especially the strawberry-colored plaids. The pin-head checked wool goods, with rows of sontache and nuns' veiling, trimmed with velvet ribbons, are appropriate for school-girls' dresses. Their Jersey waists and their white piqué English dresses usually fasten behind, but those with basques or Norfolk pleated jackets are buttoned in front. Their Scotch gingham and linen lawn dresses are made with yokes and full waists gathered to a belt and buttoned behind, or with tucked belted blouses. and may have one full skirt with two wide flounces, or else an apron over-skirt and a single flounce on the plainer lower skirt. For dress at school exhibitions they wear sprigged or plain white nuslins or nuns' veiling, with lace edging two or three gathered flounces, and a blouse-waist with a white sash ribbon tied around the waist line instead of a belt, and tall girls have a short panier over-skirt. Colored straw pokes, with ribbons cut in cockscomb notches, wide rolled brim hats of dark red or blue straw, with fluted edge on the brim and pompons for trimming, and large English turbans that resemble the toreador hats, with square turned-up crown, are chosen for miss. es; basket bonnets and those with pointed brims are also popular for them. English walking jackets plainly made in tailor fashion, or else braided, are made of écru, blue, or mixed cloths to wear with these English hats.

GLOVES.

Matching gloves to the dress is entirely out of fashion for both day and evening toilettes. Lighter shades of tan-colored gloves than those worn during the winter are used with spring costumes for the street and on full dress occasions; there is also a tendency to more yellow shades of tancolor, showing écru rather than brown. Slatecolor in various shades is offered as a rival to tancolors with street dresses, while pale blue and flesh pink are seen with evening dresses, not, however, matching the dress in color, but more often in contrast with it. White undressed kid gloves are again in good style with evening dress at dinners, the opera, balls, and receptions. Black kid gloves are less used with dressy toilettes than they were last year. The Suède (undressed kid) gloves are more fashionable than those of dressed kid, and these retain the long loose-wristed shapes closed on the arm and fastened by two or three buttons at the wrist. These are made plain, entirely without ornamental stitching, and with street dresses are now put inside the sleeves, not drawn up over them. For half-long sleeves the gloves extend in wrinkles up to the elbow, while

for wearing with short sleeves are gloves that cover the arm its entire length in wrinkled, careless-looking fashion; these gloves are fifty four inches long, and dealers keep them in three pieces, sewing on the third part across the top, or omitting it, as the purchaser wishes. There are also stylish English-looking gloves of heavy There kid with three broad lines of stitching on the back; these have slender close wrists, smooth on the arm, fastened by six buttons, and are put inside the long nearly tight sleeves of the plain dresses that are worn in the street. Reddish mahogany and terra-cotta gloves are not now worn, even with black dresses; for these dresses yellowish tan, slate, black, and cream white shades are used, while with white dresses are cream, tan, ciel blue, and pink gloves. Later in the season silk Jersey gloves and lace mitts will be worn in many fanciful colors, while the quiet tints quoted for Suède gloves will be repeated in lisle-thread gloves for midsummer.

For information received thanks are due Mrs. M. A. Connelly; and Messis. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; Lord & Taylor; James McCreery & Co.; and Stern Brothers.

PERSONAL.

An almanae of the year 1686, the first work of W. Bradford, the first printer of Philadelphia, of which there are only two copies in existence, brought five hundred and twenty dollars, the other day, at the sale of the library of Dr. David King, of Newport, Rhode Island.

—It is now believed that Mr. Alcort will be able to attend the School of Philosophy this summer.

-Mr. Howells says that when he uses cigarettes it is only as a means of defense when others are smoking

The oldest Roman Catholic clergyman in New England is said to be Father EDWARD MURPHY, of Fall River.

—The director of the Imperial Observatory at Pulkowa, Russia, Dr. Отто WILHELM STRUVE, is visiting the United States to test the objectglass lately finished, on the order of the Russian government, by ALVAN CLARK & Sons, of Cam-bridgeport, Massachusetts, the largest object-

bridgeport, Massachusetts, the largest object-glass ever ground.

—The Lalande prize of the Paris Academy of Science for excellence in astronomical researches, a little over a hundred dollars, has been received by Professor Lewis Swift, director of the Warner Observatory, at Rochester, New York

-Scholars like WERDER and LEO, who have —Scholars like WERDER and Leo, who have seen the best that the stage of Europe has afforded for the last sixty years, praise EDWIN BOOTH'S acting and Shakspearean scholarship, —A pulpit which cost about four hundred dollars has been given to the Episcopal church at Claremont, New Hampshire, by Mr. GEORGE L. BALCOM, of that town.

—It is said that the idea of the stars and stripe four than was furnished by the Westerger.

—It is said that the idea of the stars and stripes of our flag was furnished by the Washington coat of arms granted by Henry VIII. to the first Lawrence Washington, in which the shield is of silver or white, with two bars in red, surnounted by three five-pointed stars or rowels, known in heraldry as mullets.

—A million dollars has been given by John F. Slater, of Norwich, Connecticut, for the Christian education of Southern colored people, and it is thought that Congress will bestow upon him a gold medal.

—The spacious house of Ex-Senator Davis in

—The spacious house of Ex-Senator Davis in Bloomington, Illinois, stands in the midst of a wide expanse of rolling prairie, and is encircled by a maple grove. It is being fitted up in an elegant but unostentatious manner.

—In the house of Henry C. Jarrett, London, among other curiosities, are four chairs covered in embroidered material, the work of four famous singers—Nilsson, Titiens, Lucca, and another; a gilt clock, once Marie Antoinette's, some Sèvres china two hundred years old, once the Queen of Sweden's; and Rossini's snuff-box.

—When the Malagasy envoys were in Boston they made a trip to Salem to visit the family and firm of old Captain Bartram, who was a pioneer in the African trade, and who devised a

pioneer in the African trade, and who devised a large fortune, so made, in philanthropies.

—It is said that Mr. Evakts and Pope Leo

- Miss Risley-Seward, who has been passing the winter in London, returns to her Washington home this month

ton home this month.

—Mrs. Rebecca Barnes, a colored woman living in Camden, New Jersey, claims to be the heiress of the Queen of Guinea, and, it is said, not without fair prospect of establishing her claim.

—Miss Anna Jacques, a wealthy lady of Newburryport, Massachusetts, recently gave twenty-

ve thousand dollars toward founding a hospital

nve thousand donars toward founding a nospital in that city.

—They were mostly Hebrews who composed the New York audience at the representation of Mr. Salmi Morse's Passion Play.

—Colonel Cole, once called "Old King Cole,"

—Colonel Colle, once called "Old King Colle," the former railroad king of the South, has softening of the brain; his rival, H. Victor New-Comb, once called "the young Napoleon of the South," lives in New York very retired, and is becoming hopelessly blind.

-As candidates for the rectorship of St. Andrews, James R. Lowell, Herbert Spencer, and Matthew Arnold are mentioned. The owner of the famous manuscripts, Lord

ASHBURNHAM, is first cousin to Mr. B. MITFORD, author of Tales of Japan, and to the poet Swin-An appeal for old clothes has been made by

Earl Granville's sister, Lady Georgina Ful-Larton, for the west of Ireland, where in some cases, she says, women and children can not leave the house for want of clothing.

—A son of the Duke of Cambridge, Lientenant-Colonel G. W. A. FITZ-GEORGE, is chairman of the board of directors of a brewery just started at Aldershot. -A nicce of Wagner's, Johanna Jackmann-

WAGNER, gives singing lessons in Munich.

—The Queen of Roumania, under the nom de plume of Carmen Sylva, has published three works, Les Pensies d'une Reine, Stürme (a collection of poems), and Plesch Legends, securing her literary reputation before her identity was known

-The fourth centenary of RAPHABL's birth was celebrated in Rome in March, all the asso-

rocceding in a procession from the Capitol to the Pantheon to place a bronze bust of the artist in the niche near his tomb.

—The Princess Dolgorouki, staying lately in

Berlin, with her three children, governess, and dog, received cards and calls and flowers from members of the Russian aristocracy there. The notions of propriety and virtue abroad seem to

be mixed.

—Mr. Crawpord, the husband of the Duchess —Mr. Crawford, the husband of the Duchess of Montrose, a very wealthy man, who spent largely on the turf, belonged to the ancient race of Stirling, and was first cousin to Sir William Stirling Maxwell, of Keir and Pollok.

—The Midgets have lately been the rage in Paris. When the Comtessed Argy engaged them for a representation in her drawing-room, they

for a representation in her drawing-room, they danced on a round table, and supped at a tiny buffet arranged for them. A daughter of Musu-RUS Pasha played for them while they stood on the grand piano, and the plate and porcelain they used were packed in a gilt basket and sent home with them.

-Mr. Ruskin was received with great enthusiasm on delivering his first lecture on re-elec-tion to the Slade Professorship. He stated his opinion that HOLMAN HUNT was a greater artist

opinion that HOLMAN HUNT was a greater artist than his master Rossetti.

—HORTENSE SCHNEIDER'S husband, the Count de Bionne, has sued for a judicial separation from his wife, who refuses to leave Paris and live in Tuscany with him, and claims a share of her fortune. The court allows him sixty dollars a mouth alimony.

fortune. The court allows him sixty dollars a month alimony.

—When the Rev. Mr. Haweis was military chaplain to the Twentieth Middlesex Rifles, and a special service was to be held in St. James's, Marylebone, for their benefit, they failed to appear, on account of showery weather. Mr. Haweis at once dismissed the congregation, saying he felt it no honor to belong to a regiment that could not march without umbrellar, and the solviquet of the "Umbrella Corps" has stuck to that regiment ever since.

that regiment ever since.

—It only cost ten thousand dollars to fit the British troop-ship Malubar with the incandescent electric light.

-CHARLES READE says he has not the physical power to answer all the letters with which he was deluged when the false statement was recently made that he had taken the Olympic Thentre.

—It has been recommended that the Czar should borrow the article of clothing which saved Lady Florence Dixie's life, for his coronation day

-The grandfather of Ex-President DIAZ of Mexico was a German, a resident of Mayenc named Dietz, who emigrated to America, and made a large fortune by importing canary-birds.

—The mother of Mr. Forster, the late Irish

The mother of Mr. Forster, the late Irish Secretary, originated the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and was a Quaker. A shower, on one occasion, having brought a tired dancing bear to her door, she begged the owner to let the creature rest in her barn, and accept three shillings and a dinner himself. When the subset doors were opened, some hours liter it was found that the weary bear had dined upon Mrs. Forster's faworite pony.

—WAGNER'S gondola, in which he took the air in Venice, has been bought and sent to his widow at Baireuth, and Venice is to have a street named for him.

ow at Baireuth, and Venice is to have a street named for him.

—LABLACHE, RUBINI, MARIO, GRISI, and PERSIANI were all satisfied with eighty thousand dollars for an Italian and Paris season. But PATTI, ALBANI, NILSSON, as well as others, receive a thousand dollars a night.

—Lord Lorne has sent some California quail to Inversity in the hope of introducing the breed into the Highlands. There have also been disputched a number of our wild turkeys for the

patched a number of our wild turkeys for the

As Prince Krapotkine is the only person capable of making complete researches in Russian geography, and on account of his declining health, a memorial is to be sent to President GRÉVY, signed by scientists and authors, asking for his release from prison. If his life is spared he will probably be sent to make researches in

The studio of Alma Tadema is in St. John's Wood, a suburb of London, where Mrs. Gye (Madame Albani) also has a house standing in green strubbery, and where Marie Roze gives friendly concerts to her neighbors.

—The Grande Duchesse of Offenbach, according to one of his admirers, had the credit of shaking the throne of Queen Isabella; while La Belle Helène laughed away all that was left of the study of Greek in French schools.

—Before he could marry his present wife, Johann Strauss, who was an Austrian and a Catholic, was obliged to change his country and his religion, and is now an adopted Hungarian and a Unitarian.

-The Albani Missal in the Ashburnham Col-—The Albani Missai in the Ashburnham Collection was bought in 1838 by an Englishman in Rome for one hundred dollars, sold shortly afterward for thirty-five hundred dollars, and is now valued at fifty thousand dollars or more.

-Dr. Piachaud thinks that trees in streets do more harm than good, because they impede the circulation of the air, while Professor Gover says that the evaporation from their leaves keeps the surrounding air moist and cool, and that they are a protection against dust. t carbonic acid, and send out oxygen, while their roots draw up stagnant water, and absorb the organic matter in the filth from which the streets

organic matter in the first from which the streets of a town are never free, acting as a disinfectant.

—The most popular of Chinese historical novels, We Fan Yung, or The Royal Stare, written twenty-two hundred years ago by Kong Ming, whose style is thought to resemble Victor Hundred to about the historical standard to the standard Hugo's, is about to be translated into English by the enterprising Wong Ching Foo, editor of the Chinese American.

The many friends of Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford will sympathize in the sorrow occasioned by the death of her mother, Mrs. Prescott, which took place at the family homestead, Deer Island, in the Merrimac, April 1. Mrs. Prescott, who was a beauty in her youth, possessed a rare loveliness of character, which endeared her to all who knew her, and a strong imaginative and poetic temperament, which was The many friends of Mrs. HARRIET PRESimaginative and poetic temperament, which was the inheritance of her children. She bore a marked resemblance to ALICE CARY. A chronic sufferer for years, she passed away in a perfect euthanasia of peaceful slimber. She leaves one son, OTIS L. PRESCOTT, and four daughters, Mrs. SPOFFORD, Mrs. MOSELEY, Mrs. RICHARDSON, and Miss MARY N. PRESCOTT.



SEAT FOR CHIPPENDALE OR SHERATON CHAIR.-WORKING PATTERN.-FROM THE SOUTH KENSINGTON ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLE-WORK.

Seat for Chippendale or Sheraton Chair.

A NY one possessing an old Chippendale or Sheraton Chair, many of which were brought over in the colonial days, will be glad of this design for a chair seat, it being especially drawn for such chairs, and pervaded with the feeling of that period of workmanship. It is most often worked in self-colors—that is, light red on dark maroon, pale on dark blue, yellow-brown on dark brown—and is worked in crewels. The scroll-work is done in close chain stitch outline, and the flowers (if such they be) in crewel stitch. If preferred, the whole may be worked solid. The design has

been varied by working it in a variety of colors like an old illumination; but this is difficult to do well, and impossible to describe. The illustration gives a working pattern of two-thirds of the chair seat, which is completed by repeating on the left side the remainder of the pattern as it is seen on the right.

Two Corners for Table Covers.

See illustration on page 261.

VERY pretty table covers, for small tables, are made of maroon, brown, dark green, blue, or red cloth, with one of these designs in each corner. The passion-flower is in rich purple red; the

leaves greenish-brown. The daisy has white petals and golden heart, worked with French knots. On the dull cloth background the designs are most effective when worked in silks, or with leaves in crewels and blossoms in silks.

Conventional Border.

See illustration on page 261.

THIS pretty design of a very much conventionalized barberry will be found useful for many decorative purposes, where a simple but effective border is required. The berries may be worked in either mulhors of a large transfer of the second leaves. ed in either mulberry or gold, with gray or olive green leaves.

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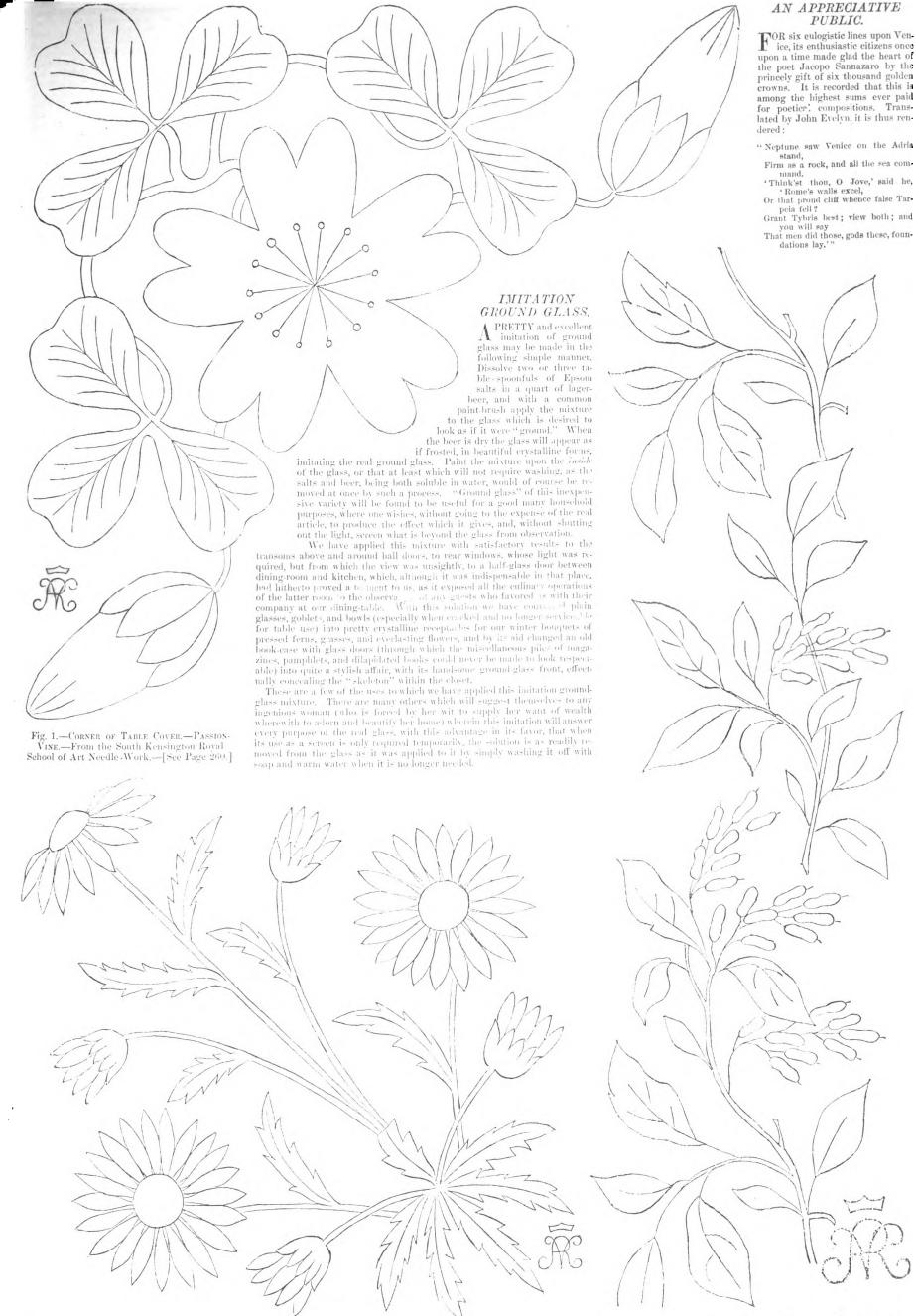


Fig. 2.—Corner of Table Coven.—Daisy.—From the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work.—[See Page 260.]

CONVENTIONAL BORDER.—From the South Kensington Royal School of Art Needle-Work.—[See Page 260.]

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THE HAIR OF THE PERIOD.

WAVY and crinkled and crimped-heigh-ho! Crimped and crinkled and wavy, O, Is the only style That is deemed worth while

And that is the hair of the period, O. So much a yard, and so much an ounce; Natural curl with spring and bounce; Patent "wave" with a crimp, or "bang," Fluffy or stiff, to cling or hang. No matter what feature or tint of skin, Sallow or rosy, or plump or thin, Juno or Psyche, or sprite or Clytie, Medusa, or Gorgon, or Aphrodite, Fair as an angel or wofully plain, Or matron sober or flirtlet vain— The head of a woman to-day must be A mass of frizzy absurdity; A curly, wavy forehead of floss, With too-visible net drawn well across, Or, loop on loop, still plastered down In labored rows from brow to crown, Or puffs that match or puffs that vary, Failing still to catch the wary Anything, everything, so that it be

False in effect and a shame to see These are the thoughts that make me blue When I ride or drive the city through, Or walk the streets, or tread the shops, Or crowd through "teas," "receptions," Or seek, alas! in a happy home For one from whom I ne'er would roam; And I sigh for something that's not in town-A woman whose hair is her beauty's crown.

O Berenice, crowned in the skies, Are these things right? are these things wise? No, by the light of thy tresses' glow! No, by all canons of beauty, no!

Then, girls, dear girls, scorn ye to spoil The shining grace of the simple coil (Though, raven or gold, ye will not be loath To let it ripple, if ripple it doth); And, children, float your tresses free; And, matrons, crown your dignity With the one thing lovely beyond compare— The beauty that dwelleth in woman's hair.

YOLANDE.

[Continued from front page.]

"GRESS, Wednesday.

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,-Excuse my forwardness in sending you a letter; but I thought you would like to hear the good news. The lawyers write to me from Edinburgh that young Mr. Fraser is now come of age, and that the trustees are now willing to sell the Monaglen estate, if they can get enough for it. This is what I have looked forward to for many's the day; but we must not be too eager like: the lawyers are such keen bodies, and I have not saved up my scraps to feed their pigs. I think I would like to go to Edinburgh myself, if it was not that they lasses would let everything go to rack and ruin, and would have no Bense and study Mr. Melville's ways; the like of them for glaiket hussies is not in the land. But I would greatly wish to see you, dear young lady, if you will honor me so far, before I go to Edinburgh, for I can not speak to Mr. Melville about it, and I do not wish to go among they lawyers with only my own head to guide me. I am, CHRISTINA BELL." your humble servant,

Yolande laughed when she got this letter, partly with pure joy over the great good fortune which was likely to befall her friend, and partly at the humor of the notion that she should be consulted about the conveyancing of an estate. However, she lost no time in making her preparations for driving down to Gress, and indeed the dog-cart had already been ordered, to take some game into Foyers, and also the stag's head destined for Mr. Macleay. Yolande saw that everything was right, got a brace of grouse and a hare for Mrs. Bell, and then set out to drive away down the strath, on this changing, gloomy, and windy day that had streaked the troubled surface of the loch with long white lines of foam.

She found Mrs. Bell much excited, but still searcely daring to talk above a whisper, while from time to time she glanced at the laboratory, as if she feared Mr. Melville would come out to surprise them in the discussion of this dark secret.

"He is not in the school-house, then?" Yolande said.

"Not the now. Ye see, the young lad Dalrymple that he got from Glasgow College is doing very well now, and Mr. Melville is getting to be more and more his own maister. ave be looking after they bairns; and if we could get Monaglen for him, who would expect him to bother his head aboot a school? enough for the folk about here; he'll have to do something for himself now-ah, Miss Winterbourne, that will be a prood day for me when I hand him over the papers."

She spoke as if it were a conspiracy between

"But it will be a sair, sair job to get him to take the place," she continued, reflectively, "for the man has little common-sense; but he has

pride enough to move mountains."
"Not common-sense?" said Yolande, with her eyes showing her wonder. "What has he, then? I think it is always common-sense with him. When you are talking with him, and not very sure what to do, whatever he says is always clear, straight, and right; you have no difficulty; he sees just the right way before you. But how am I to

help you, Mrs. Bell?"

"Well, I dinna ken, exactly; but the idea of an auld woman like me going away to Edinburgh among a' they lawyers is just dreadfu'. It's like Daniel being put into the den of lions."

"Well, you know, Mrs. Bell," Yolande said, cheerfully, "no harm was done to him. The lions did not touch a hair of his head."
"Ay, I ken that," said Mrs. Bell, grindy; "but

they dinna work miracles nowadays.

"Surely you must have your own lawyers?" the girl asked.

I have that." "You can trust them, then; with them you are safe enough, surely?"

"Well, this is the way o't," said Mrs. Bell, with decision. decision. "It is not in the nature o' things for a human being to trust a lawyer—it's no possi-But the needcessity o' the case drives ye into their hands, and ye can only trust in Providence that they will make the other side suffer, and no you. They're bound to make their money out o' somebody. I'm no saying, ye ken, but that the lawyers that have been doing business for ye for a nummer o' years might no be a bit fairer; for it's their interest to carry ye on, and be freens wi' ye; but dear me, when I think of going away to Edinburgh, a' by mysel', among that pack o' wolves, it's enough to keep one frae sleeping at nights.

"But every one says you are so shrewd, Mrs. Bell!"

"Do they?" she responded, with a pleased "Just because I kenned what they men were after? It needed no much judgment to make that out. Maybe if I had been a young lass they could ha' persuaded me; but when I was a young lass, with scarcely a bawbee in my stocking, there was never a word o't; and when they did begin to come about, when I was an auld woman, I kenned fine it was my bank-book they were after. It didna take much judgment to make that out-the idiwuts! Ay, and my lord, too-set him up wi' his eight months in London by himsel', and me finding him the money to put saut in his kail. Well, here am I bletherin' about a lot o' havers like that, as if I was a young lass out at the herdin', when I wanted to tell ye, my dear young leddy, just how everything was. see, what I was left was, first of a', the whole of the place in Leicestershire, and a beautifu' country-side it is; and a braw big house too, though it was not likely I was going to live there, in a state not becoming to one like me, and me wanting to be among my own people besides. Then there was some money in Consols, which is as safe as the Bank, as the saying is; and some shares in a mine in Cornwall. The shares I was advised to sell, and I did that, for I am not one that cares for risk; but when I began to get possession of my yearly money, and when I found that what I could save was mounting up and mounting up in jist an extraordinary way, I put some o' that into French stock, as I thought I might take a bit liberty wi' what was my own making in a measure. And now, though it's no for me to boast, it's a braw sum-a braw sum; and atweel I'm thinking that a fine rich English estate even by itself should be able to buy up a wheen bare hill-sides in Inverness-shire, ev.,, if we have to take the sheep ower at a valuation-av, and leave a pretty penny besides. I declare when I think o' what might ha' happened, I feel I should go down on my knees and thank the Almichty for putting enough sense in my head to see what they men were after; or by this time there might not be stick or stone to show for it-a' squandered away in horse-racing or the like-and Mr. Melville, the son of my auld master, the best master that ever lived, going about from one great man's house to another teaching the young gentlemen, and him as fit as any o' them to have house and ha' of his

She stopped suddenly, for both of them now saw through the parlor window Jack Melville himself come out of his laboratory, carelessly whistling. Doubtless he did not know that Yolande was in the house, else he would have walked thither; and probably he had only come out to get a breath of fresh air, for he went to a rocking-chair close by the garden, and threw himself into it, lying back with his hands behind his head. Indeed, he looked the very incarnation of indolence, this big-boned, massive-shouldered young man, who lay there idly scanning the skies. "I am going out to scold him for laziness," said

Yolande. "Please no, my dear young leddy," Mrs. Bell said, laying her hand gently on the girl's arm.
"It is now he is working."

"Working! Does it look like it? Besides, I am not so afraid of him as you are, Mrs. Bell.

Oh ves, let me go." So she went out and through the little lobby into the garden, coming upon him, indeed, quite

"Mrs. Bell says I must not speak to you." she "She says you are working, and must not be disturbed. Is it so? And what is the work? Is it travelling at 68,000 miles an hour?"

Something like that," said he; and he forgot to rise, while she remained standing. Then he glanced round the threatening sky again. "You were brave to venture out on a morning like

"Why? What is there?"
"Looks like the beginning of a storm," said he. "Here we are fairly sheltered, but there are some squalls of wind going across. I hope you won't all be blown down the strath into the loch to-

"Ah, but I do not believe any longer in weather prophecies," she said, tauntingly. not think any one has any knowledge of it-at Allt-nam-ba, at all events. It is never five min-utes the same. One moment you are in the clouds, the next in sunlight. Duncan looks up the hill in the morning, and is very serious; be-fore they have got to the little bridge there is blue sky. It is all chance. Do you think science can tell you anything? You, now, when you brought that instrument"—and here she regarded a solar machine, the mirrors and brass mountings of which were shining clear even on this dull day -" did you expect to get enough sunlight at Gress for you to distill water?"

A twinkle in the clear gray eyes showed that

she had caught him.

"There are mysteries in science that can not

be explained to babes," said he (and she thought it rather cool that he remained sitting, or rather lounging, instead of going and fetching a chair for her). "Everything isn't as easy as snipping out the name of a genus and pasting it at the foot of a double sheet of white paper.'

a double sheet of white paper.
'That is good of you to remind me,' she said,
bout in the least being crushed. "One thing without in the least being crushed. came for to-day was the Linnaa borealis."

Then he instantly jumped to his feet.
"Certainly," said he; "come along into the You may as well take back the boards and drying-paper, and so forth, with you; and I will show you how to use them now. There may be a few other things you should have out of my herbarium, just to start you, as it were-not rare plants, but plants you are not likely to get up at Allt-nam-ba. Are you superstitious? I will give you a four-leaved clover, if you like."

"Did you find it?"

"Yes; in a marshy place in Glencoe."

"But it is the finder to whom it brings luck as I have read," Yolande said.

"Oh, is it so?" he answered, carelessly. "I am not learned in such things. If you like, you can have it; and in the mean time we will start you with your Linnea and a few other things. I don't suppose the hand-press has arrived yet; but mind, you must not refuse it."

"Oh no," said she, gravely repeating the lesson of yesterday. "When one wishes to be civil and kind to you, you have no right to snub him."

The repetition of the phrase seemed to remind him; he suddenly stopped short, regarding her with an odd, half-amused look in his eyes.

"Can you keep a secret?" "I hope so."

"Well, now," he said, rather under his voice, "I am going to tell you a secret, which on no account must you tell to Mrs. Bell. I have just heard on very good authority that Monaglen is about to come into the market, after all.

"Oh, indeed!" said she, with perfectly inno-nt eyes. "Can it be possible?" cent eves.

"Don't mention the thing to Mrs. Bell, for you know her wild schemes and visions, and it would only make her unhappy."

" Why, then ?" "Because what she means to do (if she really means to do it) is not practicable," he said, plain-"Of course, if she buys Monaglen for herself, good and well. She is welcome to sit in the hall of my fathers. I dare say she will do more good in the neighborhood than they ever thought of doing, for she is an excellent kind of creature. And it is just possible that, seeing me about the place, she may have thought of some commutiroject; but when once I am clear away from Gress, it will quite naturally and easily fade from

"But you are not going away!" she said; and that sudden sinking of the heart ought to have warned her; but indeed she had not had a wide

experience in such matters.
"Oh yes," said he, good-naturedly. could this make-shift last? Of course I must be off—but not this minute, or to-morrow. I have started a lot of things in this neighborhood—with Mrs. Bell's money, mind-and I want to see them going smoothly; then I'm off."

She did not speak. Her eves were distant; she was scarcely conscious that her heart was so disappointed and heavy. But she was vaguely aware that the life she had been looking forward to in these far solitudes did not seem half so full and rich now. There was some loneliness about it—a vacancy that the mind discerned, but did not know how to fill up. Was it the gloom of the day? She thought of Allt-nam-ba in the winter; it had no longer any charm for her. was no mischief in her brain now, no pretended innocence in her eyes. Something had befallen—she scarcely knew what. And when she followed him into the house, to get the Linnæa borealis, that little pathetic droop of the mouth was marked.

That same afternoon as she was driving home, and just above the little hill that goes down to the bridge adjacent to Lynn Towers, she met the Master, who was coming along on horseback. The drive had been a sombre one somehow, for the skies were gloomy and threatening. But when she saw him she brightened up, and gave him a very pleasant greeting.
"You are quite a stranger," said she, as they

both stopped.

"We have had a good many things to attend to at the Towers," he said—as she thought, rather

"I hear them talking of having a hare drive some day soon—away at a great distance at the highest parts. You will come and help them, I suppose?

I think I must go in to Inverness, and I may have to be there for some days."

"You will come and see us before you go, then?" she inquired, but rather puzzled by the

strangeness, almost stiffness, of his manner.
"I hope so," said he. "I am glad to see you looking so well. I hear they have been having good sport at Allt-nam-ba. Well, I must not de-

tain you. Good-by."

"Good-by," and she drove on, wondering. He perhaps these business affairs were weighing on his mind.

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE GALE.

As night fell, the storm that Jack Melville had foreseen began to moan along the upper reaches of the hills; and from time to time rents of rain came rattling down, until the roar of the confluent streams out there in the dark sounded ominously enough. All through the night, too, the fury of the gale steadily increased; the gusts of wind sweeping down the gorge shook the small building (although solidly built of stone)

to its very foundations; and even the fierce howl. ing of the hurricane was as nothing to the thunder of the now swollen waters, that seemed to threaten to carry away the whole place before them. Sleep was scarcely possible to the inmates of this remote little lodge; they knew not what might not happen up in this weather-brewing caldron of a place; and at last, after an anxious night, and toward the blurred gray of the morning, they must have thought their worst fears were about to be realized, for suddenly there was a terrific crash, as if part of the building had given way. Almost instantly every bedroom door was opened: clearly no one had been asleep. And then, through a white cloud of dust, they began to make out what had happened; and although that was merely the falling in of part of the ceiling of the hall, of course they did not know how much more was likely to come down and Mr. Winterbourne called to Yolande, sternly forbidding her to stir. John Shortlands was the first to venture out, and through the cloud of plaster dust he began to make his examinations, furnished with a long broom-handle that he obtained from one of the frightened maids.

"It is all right," he said. "There are one or two other pieces that must come down; then the rest will be safe. Yolande, you can go back to bed. What? Well, then, go back and shut your door, anyway, until I get Duncan and the gillies to shovel this stuff away. Don't come out until

John Shortlands then went down-stairs, got a cap, and opened the hall door. The spectacle outside was certainly enough to deter any but the bravest. There was no rain, but the raging hurricane seemed to fill the atmosphere with a gray mist, while from time to time a gust would sweep down into the bed of the stream, tear the water there into a white smoke, and then whirl that up the opposite hill-side until it was dissolved in the general vapor. But these water-spouts, he quick-ly perceived, were only formed down there in the opener stretches of the strath, where the gusts could get freely at the bed of the stream; up here at Allt-nam-ba there was nothing but the violence of the wind that came in successive shocks against the lodge, shaking it as if it were in the grip of a vise.

He ventured out. His first experience was to find his deer-stalking cap, which he greatly prized, whirled from off his head, and sent flying away in the direction of the Allt-cam-ban. But he was not to be daunted. He went in-doors again and got another; and then, going out and putting his bullet head and his splendid bu'k against the

ind, he fairly bursed his way across to the bothy. He found Duncan trying to put up some boards where a window had been blown in; and an angry man was he when he learned from Mr. Shortlands what had happened at the lodge.

"The Master will give it him!" he said, sav-

Whom ?"

"The plasterer from Inverness, sir. I was telling him it was no use mending and mending, but that it was a whole new ceiling that was wanted, after such a wild winter as the last winter. The Master will be very angry. The young lady might have been hurt.'

"The young lady might have been hurt!" said John Shortlands, ironically. "Yes, I should think so, if she happened to have been passing. But in this part of the country, Duncan, is it only women who are hurt when the ceiling of a house falls on them? The men don't mind?"

Duncan was quite impervious to irony, however. He went away to get Sandy and the rest of them to help him in shovelling off the plaster—going out, indeed, into this raging tempest in his shirt sleeves and with a bare head, just as if nothing at all unusual were happening.

Of course with the inhabitants of the lodge there was no thought of stirring out that day. They built up the fires in the little dining and drawing rooms, and took to books, or the arrangement of flies, or the watching at the window how the gale was still playing its cantrips—tearing at the scant vegetation of the place, and occasionally scooping up one of those vaporous water-spouts from the bed of the stream. Then Yolande managed to do a little bit of household

adornment—with some audible grumbling.

"Dear me," she said, standing at the diningroom fire, "did ever any one see two such untidy persons? There is a fine row of ornaments for a mantel-shelf! I wonder what Madame would say. Let us see: First, some cartridges: why are they not in the bag? Second, a dog-whistle. Third, some casting-lines. Fourth, a fly-book: well, I will make a little order by putting the casting-lines in

"Let them alone, Yolande," her father said, sharply. "You will only make confusion."

She put them in, nevertheless, and continued

her enumeration:
"Fifth, some rifle cartridges: and if one were to fall in the fire, what then? Sixth, the stoppers of a fishing-rod. Now, the carelessness of it! Why does not Duncan take your rod to pieces, Mr. Shortlands, and put in the stoppers? I know where he keeps it—outside the bothy, just over the windows: and think, now, how it must have been shaken last night. Think of the varnish!"

"I believe you're right, Yolande," said he; but it saves a heap of trouble."

"Seventh, a little silver fish in a box-a deceitful little beast all covered with hooks. Eighth, a flask, with whiskey or some horridsmelling stuff in it: ah, Madame, what would you think? Then a telescope: well, that is something better; that is something better. Allons, we will go and look at the storm.

Looking out of the window was clearly impracticable, for the panes were blurred; but she went to the hall door, opened it, and directed the glass down the valley. She was quite alone; the others were busy with their books. Then suddenly she called to them:



"Come! come! There is some one that I can see—oh! imagine any one fighting against such a storm! A stranger? Perhaps a friend from England? Ah, such a day to arrive! Or perhaps a stranger? haps a shepherd?—no, there are no dogs with

Well, the appearance of a human being on any day, let alone such a day as this, in this upland strath, was an event, and instantly they were all strate, was an event, and instantly they were all at the door. They could not make him out, much less could they guess on what errand any one, stranger or friend, should be willing to venture himself against such a gale. But that figure away down there kept making headway against the wind. They could see how his form was bent, his head projecting forward. He was not a shepherd: as Yolande had observed, he had no dogs with him. He was not the Master of Lynn; that

figure belonged to a bigger man than the Master.
"I'll tell you who it is," said John Shortlands, curtly. "It's Jack Melville. Three to one on it."
"Oh, the folly! the folly!" Yolande exclaimed, in quite real distress. "He will be blown over a

"Not a bit of it," said John Shortlands, to comfort her. "The people about here don't think anything of a squall like this. Look at Duncan there, marching down to dig some potatoes for the cook. A head keeper in the South wouldn't be as good-natured as that, I warrant you. They are much too swell gentlemen there."

And it was Jack Melville, after all. He was

very much blown when he arrived, but he soon recovered breath, and proceeded to say that he had been afraid that the gale might catch the

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boat and do some mischief.
"And it has," said he. "It is blown right over to the other side, and apparently jammed between some rocks. So I have come along to get Donald and one of the gillies to go with me,

and we will have it hauled clear up on the land."
"Indeed, no!" Yolande protested, with pleading in her face. "Oh no!—on such a day why should you go out? Come in and stay with us. What is a boat, then—"

"But," said he, with a sort of laugh, "I am afraid I am partly responsible for it. I was the last that used the boat."

"Never mind it," said she; "what is it—a

"Never mind it," said she; "what is it—a boat! No, you must not go through the storm again."
"Oh, but we are familiar with these things up here," said he, good-naturedly. "If you really mean to invite me in, I will come—after Donald and I have gone down to the loch."
"Will you?" she said, with her bright face full

of welcome and gladness.
"I must come back with my report, yoo-know," said he. "For I am afraid she may have got

knocked about; and if there is any damage, I must make it good."

Nonsence: Mr. Wincerbrume interrupted.

"Oh, but I must. It is Lord Lynn's boac; and there are people from whom one is not quick to accept an obligation. But then there are other people," said he, turning to Yolande, "from whom you can receive any number of favors with great pleasure; and if you don't mind my staying to lunch with you-if I may invite myself to stay so

"Do you think I would have allowed you to go away before?" she said, with a touch of pride in her tone: she had got to know something of Highland ways and customs.

So he and Donald and two others went away down the glen, and in about a couple of hours came back with the report that the boat was now placed in a secure position, but that it had had two planks stove in, and would have to be sent to Inverness for repair, Jack Melville insisting on taking that responsibility on his own shoul-ders, although, as a matter of fact, the Master of Lynn had assisted him in dragging the boat up on the last occasion on which it had been used As for Yolande, she did not care for any trumpery boat; was it not enough that their friend should have come to keep them company on this wild and solitary day? Then there was another thing. She had determined to astonish the gentlemen with the novelty of a hot luncheon, and here was another who would see what the little household could do! Indeed, it was a banquet. Her father drew pointed attention to the various things (though he was himself far enough from being a gournand). A venison pasty John Short-lands declared to have been the finest dish he had encountered for many a day. He wished to heavens they could make a salad like that at the

Abercom Club.

"Is it not nice to see them so grateful?" said she, turning with one of her brightest smiles to the stranger guest. "The poor things! No wonder they are pleased. The other day I climbed away up the hill to surprise them at their lunch—oh, you can not imagine the miserableness of it! Duncan told me where I should find them.
The day was so dull and cold, the clouds low down, and before I was near the top, a rainy drizzle began-

"They generally say a drizzling rain in English," her father said.

"But we are not in England. It is a rainy drizzle in the Highlands, is it not, Mr. Melville? "It does not matter how you take it," he answered; "but we get plenty of it."

"Then the cold wet all around, and the heather wet; and I went on and on-not a voice-not a sign of any one. Then a dog came running to me-that was Bella-and I said to myself, 'Aha, I have found you now!' Then we went on; and at last—the spectacle!—the poor people all crouched down in a peat-hag, hiding from the rain; papa seated on a game-bag that he had put on a stone; Mr. Shortlands on another; their coat collars up, the plates on their knees, the knives, forks, cold beef, and bread all wet with the rain oh, such a picture of miserableness has never been seen! Do you wonder that they are grateful, then-do you wonder they approve-when

Indeed, they had a very pleasant meal, and the coffee and cigars after it lasted a long time; for of what good was anything but laziness so long as the wind howled and roared without? All the time, however, Jack Melville was wondering how he could have a few minutes' private talk with Mr. Shortlands; and as that seemed to be becoming less and less probable—for Mr. Winterbourne seemed content to have an idle day there in his easy-chair by the fire, and Yolande was seated on the hearth-rug at his knees, quite content to be idle too-he had to adopt a somewhat wild pre-text. John Shortlands was describing the newest variety of hammerless gun; then he spoke of the one he himself had bought just before coming north. Melville pretended a great interest.
Was it in the bothy? Yes, Might they not run
over for a couple of minutes? Yolande protested; but John Shortlands assented; so these two ventured out together to fight their way across.

Instead of going into the central apartment of the bothy, however, where the guns stood on a rack, Melville turned into the next apartment, which was untenanted, and which happened to be warm enough, for Duncan had just been preparing porridge for the dogs, and a blazing fire still burned under the boiler.

"I wanted to say a word to you."

"I guessed as much. What's your news?"
"Well, not very good," said Jack Melville, rather gloomily, "and I don't like to be the bearer of bad news. I meant to tell you the other evening, and I could not do it somehow."

"Oh, out with it, man! never fear. I like to hear the worst, and then hit it on the head with a hammer if I can. There would have been none of this trouble if I had had my way from the beginning-however, that's neither here nor there. "I am afraid I am the bearer of an ultima-tum," Melville said.
"Well?"

It was clear that Melville did not like this office at all. He kept walking up and down the earthen floor, though the space was limited enough, his brows contracted, his eyes bent on the ground.

"It is awkward for me," he said, rather impatiently. "I wish I had had nothing to do with it. But you can not call me an intermeddler, for you yourself put this thing on me; and-and-Well, it is not my business either to justify or con-demn my friend: I can only tell you that I considered it was safest and wisest he should know the true state of affairs. If I have evred in that,

"I don't think you have," said Shortlands, slowly. "I left it open to your decision—to your knowledge of this your; fellow. But I think my decision would, in any case, have been the same.

ferry well. I think that he had practically no risk to run of any annoyance, and that the cause of all this trouble, poor wretch, would soon be out of the way; and then I told him what Mr. Winterbourne had gone through for the sake of his daughter. Well, he did not seem to see it that way. He was quite frank. He said it was a mistaken Quixotism that had been at the bottom of it all."

"I said so too; but still—"

"It is a matter of opinion; it is of no immediate consequence," Melville said. "But what he seemed quite resolved on was that he would not consent to become a party to this secrecy. He says everything must be met and faced. There must be no concealment. In short, Yolande must be told the whole story, so that in case of any further annoyance there should be no dread of her discovering it, but only the simple remedy of appealing to a constable."

John Shortlands considered for a minute or two.

"I don't know that he isn't quite right," he said, slowly. "Yes, I imagine his position is a fair one. At one time I said the same. I can look at it from his point of view. I think we must admit, as men of the world, that he is perfectly in the right. But"—and here he spoke a little more quickly—"I can't help speaking what is on my mind; and I say that if you think of what Winterbourne has done for this girl, this ultimatum, if you call it so, from the fellow who pretends to be her sweetheart, from the fellow who wants her for a wife-well, I call it a --- shabby thing!"

Melville's face flushed. "I am not his judge,"

"I beg your pardon," John Shortlands said; for his anger was of short duration. to have remembered that this young Leslie is your friend, as Winterbourne is mine. I beg your pardon; I can do no more."

don: I can go no more.

"Yes, you can," said Melville, in the same measured way.

"I wish you distinctly to understand. that I express no opinion whatsoever on Mr. Les lie's decision; and I must ask you to remember that I certainly can not be supposed to approve of it simply because I am a messenger."

"Quite so—quite so; I quite understand," John Shortlands said. "The least said, the easiest mended. Let's see what is to be done, I suppose there was no doubt in his mind—no hesi-

"It would be no good trying to talk him over?"

"I, for one, will not attempt it. No, his meswas distinct. I think you may take it as final. Perhaps I ought to add that he may have been influenced by the fact that his people at the Towers seem to have been quarrelling with him about this marriage, and he has not the best of tempers at times, and I think he feels injured. However, that is not part of my message. message was distinct, as I say. It was, in fact,

"Poor Winterbourne!" John Shortlands said, absently. "I wonder what he will look like when

they have a fire, and a warm room, and dry plates, and dry knives and forks?"

I tell him. All his labor and care and anxiety gone for nothing. I suppose I must tell him; gone for nothing. I suppose I must tell him; there must be an explanation; I dare say that young fellow won't come near the lodge now young fellow won't come near the lodge now until there is an understanding. Winterbourne will scarcely believe me. Poor devil—all his care and anxiety gone for nothing! I don't mind about her so much. She has pluck; she'll face it. But Winterbourne—I wonder what his face will look like to-night when I tell him."

"Well I been done by hest and rear warmer I.

"Well, I have done my best and my worst, I suppose, however it turns out," said Jack Melville, after a second or two. "And now I will bid you good-by."

"But you are going into the house?"
"No."

"No?" said the other, in astonishment. "You'll

bid them good by, I suppose?"
"I can not?" said Melville, turning himself away in a manner. "Why, to look at that girl —and to think of the man she is going to marry having no more regard for her than to—" But he suddenly recalled himself: this was certainly not maintaining his attitude of impartiality. "Yes," said he, "I suppose I must go in to bid them good-by."

They were loath to let him depart, Mr. Winterbourne, indeed, wishing him to remain for dinner and stay the night. But they could not prevail on him; and soon he was making his way with his long strides down the glen, the gale now assisting instead of impeding his progress. John Shortlands (who was apt to form sudden and rather violent prepossessions and prejudices) was looking after him, as the tall figure grew

more and more distant.

"There goes a man," he was saying to himself; "and I wish to heavens he would kick that

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIGHTON IN THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

See illustration on double page.

THE Brighton of to-day is of London, Londony. Its streets and squares seem as if some genii had lifted them bodily from the West End and placed them on the margin of the sea. It is really London-super-Mave. Until quite lately, however, it still retained traces of the old Brighthelmstone, when King William used to pat little boys' heads in the street, when the Queen used to sit knitting on the Esplanade, and Sir Vincent Cotton horsed and drove the London coach In those days Kemptown was a suburb, and Hoove was an undiscovered country. The Pavilion was still the temporary abode of royalty. This building, which has been the object of so much ridi-cule, is no worse than the Japanese palees at Dresden, or the Aust ian "La Favorita." It was originally built in 1784, but was not transformed into its present grotesque intention of Chinese architecture till 1818. The Prince of Wales, after he had once built his house, was a constant visitor at Brighton. In the first years of the nineteenth century he was seldom absent. His presence drew to the little fishing village crowds of fashionable people, and it was the "proper thing' to have a house there. Lodgings then, as they are now, were dearer in Brighton than in London, but still the visitors flocked there. A strange crowd some of them were, Sir John Ladd, Jocky of Nor-folk, and Lord Thurlow, with a whole bevy of ladies, all frail, fat, fair, and forty. Beau Brummel, whom the King allowed to die in poverty, was often there, and, to the credit of the old baker's dandy son, was the most respectable of the lot. Sheridan was a frequent visitor, and the Duke of York, the junior of the Adelphi, had many a heavy drinking bout there. There were scores of Becky Sharps and dozens of Lord Steynes. The Steynes, three in number, were then inclosed spots of vertical steps. dant green; the old Steyne had not received its chain pier. The libraries were an attractive evening lounge for reading the papers fresh from London, and for playing the fascinating game of loo. At this time the Prince was in all the delights of building extensions to his palace. The stables, which cost \$350,000, were just commenced, and even the eognoscenti did not venture to say to what order of architecture, ancient or modern, they must be ascribed. The stalls were arranged in a circular fashion round the building, which was then called the Rotunda. Mr. Nash was the royal architect and Mr. Repton the royal gardener to whom posterity owes this ex-traordinary building we still see. The Steyne in those free and easy days had no roads around it or across it. At one time it was in the blaze of fashion, at another the scene resembled a crowded fair; donkey races, boxing matches, woman races, pole-climbing-all the amusements of a village feast were there, and the Prince and his companions joined in the sports with slight re-

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kansas Subsorder.—Large pillows are not entirely abandoned, but the newest fashion in very handsome rooms is that of having the spread and bolster covered to match the furniture with satin, brocade, or raw silk. The bolster is round, flat at the ends, and its cover is made by the upholsterer, with cord trimming like that on the chairs, soin, etc.

Mrs. Florence U.—A princesse coat with plain single-breasted sacque front, and two large box pleats in the back, and a deep round collar, will be the best shape tor a little girl's plush cloak.

An Old Subsorder.—As you have been a widow two years, you have probably bid aside crape trimmings, and should have a Henrietta cloth dress, with a basque and skirt trimmed with panels, wall-of-Troy squares, and knife-pleatings of the material.

Yolands.—You will find blints about plain black silk dresses in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 8, Vol.

Yolande.—You will find blits about plain black silk dresses in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 8, Vol.

PANSY .- Get very fine cashmere and heavily repped ottoman silk of the new amaranth or other red-purple shades for the travelling dress in which you are to be married. You might make it like the checked silk and cashmere dress described in the New York Fash-

ions of Razar No. 8, Vol. XVI. The small capote bonnet to wear with it should be made of the ottoman silk, with velvet ribbon, lace, and a marabout aigrette for trimming. The groom should wear a Prince Albert frock-coat and vest of black diagonal cloth, with

for trimming. The groom should wear a Prince Albert frock-coat and vest of black diagonal cloth, with brown or gray trousers.

Mary F.—We have never said that it was not in good taste to teach children to be respectful. The fashion of saying "Yes, sir," and "Yes, ma'am," is out of fashion with grown people, and children should be taught to say "Yes, papa," and "Yes, manima," or "What, papa?" or to mention the name of the person to whom they speak.

L. C. A.—Find hints about new black silk dresses in the New York Fashions of Bazar No. S, Vol. XVI.

Griennons.—Checked silks, checked woodlens, figured foulards, pongees, beiges, cashmeres, and ottoman silks, both plain and figured, are among the new spring goods. Plain Cheviots and cloth fackets will still be trimined with soutache sewed on in rows, palms, or other patterns traced on the cloth. Cord the edge of your basque. Read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 10, Vol. XVI.

Fascinos.—Your lace is not real, but made by machine. A plain basque, draped apron over-skirt, and pleated lower skirt is a good model for an old lady's cashmere dress.

A. D.—Read reply given above to "L. C. A."

Farmons.—Your lace is not real, but made by machine. A plain basque, draped apron over-skirt, and pleated lower skirt is a good model for an old lady's cashmere dress.

A. D.—Read reply given above to "L. C. A."

INQUERE,—A checked woollen suit of any of the new red or blue shades will be nice for you for spring. Make it very simply, and trum it with velvet ribbon in lengthwise rows between the pleats of the skirt, and also have a velvet plastron, collar, and cuffs. For your warm-weather dress get a figured foulard, and make it similar to the dresses illustrated on page 125 of Bazar No. S. Vol. XVI.

M. G. H.—The thick ruches are cut bias. Make a plain purple silk or cashmere basque, and use your pleated silk entirely for the lower skirts. Find an illustration of a battlemented basque and checked skirt in a late Bazar, and use it as your model.

Struth.—Colored pillow shams are not used. As you do not take kindly to the new fashtons of bolster eovers, use your pillows, and make shams for them of lace over colored silk to match your spread. The colored bolster covers are work for an upholsterer, and you will succeed better with the simpler shams. Trays and coths are used on the tea table.

Isquara.—Young ladies wear their hair in a very small knot quite low behind, and have a fluff of short curves across the forehead, but not low enough on the forehead to obscure it, and this fluff must not be flattened by a net. You will flud many models for young ladies' dresses in late numbers of the Bazar.

Little Gill.—Your basket-cloth dress will be very hindsome with black braiding.

Miss. S. E. K.—Get sain Surah of the same shade for combining with pale blue muns' veiling. Read about gros grain and brocaded oftoman dresses in New York Fashions of Bazar No. S. Vol. XVI.

L. E. B.—Your green silk is rather bright, but would serve as a foundation for a pleated skirt, paniers, and shirred basque of green muns' veiling that would be a very useful dress in the summer, and for afternoon or evening wear in the house.

C. H. H.—A

PORTIERE.—We can not give you the address you want.

A Constant Reader.—Get black English crape for your dress, and make it over a basque and foundation skirt of inexpensive gross grain. Cover the postilion basque lining smoothly, edge it with piping, and have a fichu of folds around the neck and down from the throat to the top of the data. Put a narrow pleating around the foot, then three deep bias folds of the crape, and above this drape a deep over-skirt of the crape.

rape.

Mus. W. S.—Put two box pleats in the middle of your rose point lace tie, and place those pleats book of your dress collar. Then draw the tie to the front, the place the second of the front, the place of the second of the second of the front of the basque. A Harlequin bow of satin ribbon or a bunch of natural flowers may be attached to it on the left did.

side. E. S. F.—You might have a fringe of fine wool knotted in the edge of your shawl to replace the worm-out

fringe.

A New Subsoringer.—Get either a black or dark red Jersey to wear with your black cashmere skirts. It will be becoming to you, and Jerseys will be worn another season.

fringe.

A New Strisontinge.—Get either a black or dark red Jersey to wear with your black cashinere skirts. It will be becoming to you, and Jerseys will be worn another season.

Green Lake.—Make princesse suits for your boy; have the fronts in long sacque shape, buttoned from the throat down, and cut on the back below the waist and add pleating to finish it out. He can wear white muslin, or linen, or colored percale pleated shirt waists with his kill skirts. Your meterial is not substantial enough for embroidering, and should be made with a pleated skirt, over-skirt, and basque; trim it with rows of velvet ribbon. The Women's Exchange, Twentieth Street, New York City, will be the address.

Invertince.—For your travelling dress in July get ecru beige; make it with a polonaise and pleated skirt. For your street dress have one of the new checked silks trimmed with velvet ribbon. For a visiting dress get a grenadine of becoming shade, with large ball pattern. For an evening dress get pale shrimpeolored Chinese silk, and make with a train and low corsage.

Phienix.—As your complexion is clear, you can went brown, no matter if you are dark. And you can add to its style by putting in some of the new dark red shades that it is now the fashion to contrast with brown, and this will give the color you need.

Heles L. S.—The terra-coltra cashmere like your sumple will be handsome for your travelling dress. Get a straw hat of the same color, with leather lace, velvet, and ostrich tips for trimming. A visiting dress of ottoman silk of the new green shade like the sample of cashmere will be handsome. For afternoon dresses you will want one of the new printed India pongess or a French foulard, or the new checked silks; for thinner dresses a Spanish lace grenadine and an embroidered white muslin with the flounces handsomely wrought, and to be worn with a bright pepita yellow or dark mandarin orange sash. For a small wrap have Havana brown camel-shair, with wheels braided all over it, and thickly gathered brown gnipure lace for

may be in either a single doorway or within the space

for double doors.

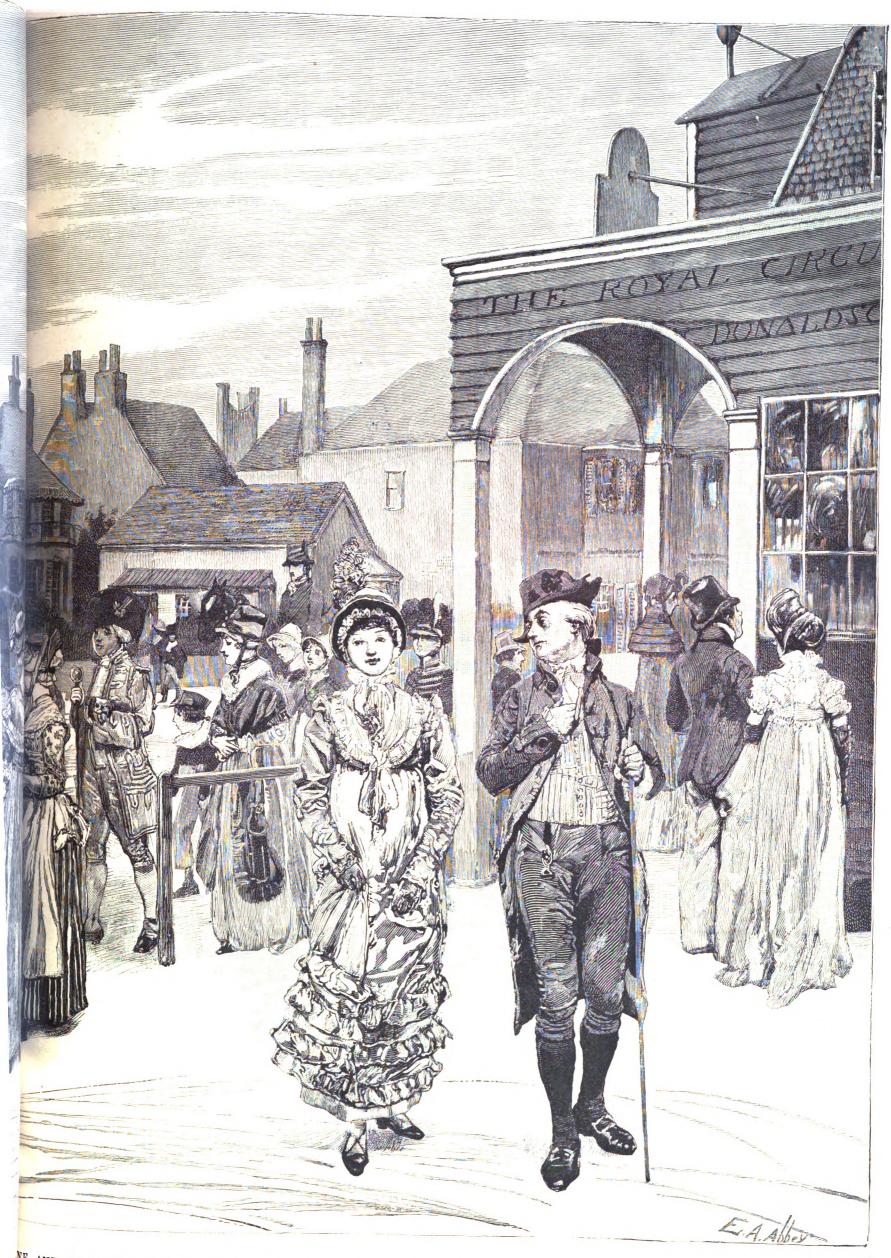
D. P. S.—By consulting your back numbers you will find your queries in regard to curtains already answered in Bazar No. 19, Vol. XV. Among other materials there meutioned are scrim and cotton monie-cloth, which can be purchased at the prices you quote. Many tasteful hints were also given in the subsequent article on house-furnishing in No. 21. Rugs such as you inquire after were described in Bazar No. 13, Vol. XIII. The models furnished in the Bazar are selected from among the best and handsomest in the market, but with a special view to their adaptability to all grades of material. The execution must generally be left to the individual taste and purse.

Digitized by



BRIGHTON IN THE TIME OF OUR GRANDFATHERS—THE PAVILION

HARPE



NE, AND PROMENADE, 1805.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 263.]

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ECHO AND THE FERRY.

Ay, Oliver! I was but seven, and he was eleven; He looked at me pouting and rosy. I blushed where

I stood.

They had told us to play in the orchard (and I only

A small guest at the farm); but he said, "Oh, a girl was no good!"
So he whistled and went, he went over the stile to

the wood. It was sad, it was sorrowful! Only a girl—only

At home in the dark London smoke I had not found

tt out.

The pear-trees looked on in their white, and blue-birds flashed about,
And they too were amery as Oliver. Were they eleven?

I thought so. Yes, every one else was eleven—eleven!

So Oliver went, but the cowslips were tall at my feet, And all the white orchard with fast-falling blossom was littered; And under and over the branches those little birds twitured

twittered, While hunging head downward they scolded because I was seven.
A pity. A very great pity. One should be eleven.
But soon I was happy, the smell of the world was

so sweet,
And I saw a round hole in an apple-tree rosy and old.
Then I knew, for I peeped, and I felt it was right
they should scold.
Eggs small and eggs many. For gladness I broke
into laughter; else, oh how softly tecame after.

And then some one else—oh, how softly!—came after,

came after
With laughter-with laughter came after. And no one was near us to utter that sweet mocking

Call,
That soon very tired sank low with a mystical fall.
But this was the country—perhaps it was close under heaven; Oh, nothing so likely; the voice might have come

I knew about heaven. But this was the country, of Light, blossom, and piping, and flashing of wings not

Not at all. No. But one little bird was an easy Not at all. No. But one little but was an easy forgiver:

She perped, she drew near as I moved from her domicile small,
Then flashed down her hole like a dart—like a dart from the quiver,
And I waded atween the long grasses, and felt it was bliss.

-So this was the country; clear dazzle of azure and

And whisper of leaves, and a humming all over the branches, a humming of bees. And I came

tall
White branches, a humming of bees. And I came
to the wall—
A little low wall—and looked over, and there was the
river,
The lane that led on to the village, and then the

sweet river ir shining and slow, she had far, far to go from

Crear siming and case, ——
her snow;
But each rush gleamed a sword in the sunlight to
guard her long flow,
And she murmured, methought, with a speech very
soft—very low.
"The ways will be long, but the days will be long,"
quoth the river,
"To me a long liver, long, long!" quoth the river—
the wiver.

the river. i dreamed of the country that night, of the orchard,

the sky,
The voice that had mocked coming after and over
and under.
But at last—in a day or two namely—Eleven and I
Were very fast friends, and to him I confided the
wonder. He said that was Echo. "Was Echo a wise kind of

hee
That had learned how to laugh: could it laugh in one's ear and then fly,
And laugh again yonder?" "No; Echo"—he whispered it low—
"Was a woman, they said, but a woman whom no one could see
And no one could find; and he did not believe it, not he:

not he; But he could not get near for the river that held us asunder. Yet I that had money—a shilling, a whole silver

shilling—see if I thought I would spend it."
"On yes, I was willing"—
And we ran hand in hand, we ran down to the ferry,

And we ran hand in name, we have the ferry,
And we heard how she mocked at the folk with a voice clear and merry when they called for the ferry; but oh! she was very—was very.

when they cannot for the ferry; but on! she was very—was very
Swift-footed. She spoke and was gone; and when
Oliver cried,
"Hie over! hie over! you man of the ferry—the
ferry."

ferry!"
By the still water's side she was heard far and wide—

shie replied,
And she mocked in her voice sweet and merry, "You
man of the ferry,
You man of—you man of the ferry!"

"Hie over!" he shouted. The ferryman came at his calling; Across the clear reed-bordered river he ferried us

fast.
Such a chase! Hand in hand, foot to foot, we ran
on; it surpassed
All measure her doubling—so close, then so far away
falling.
Then gone, and no more. Oh! to see her but once

And the month that had mocked, but we might not

(yet sure she was there), Nor behold her wild eyes, and her mystical counte-

nance fair. We sought in the wood, and we found the wood-wren in her stead; In the field, and we found but the cuckoo that talked

By the brook, and we found the reed-sparrow deepnested, in brown;— Not Echo, fair Echo, for Echo, sweet Echo, was flown.

So we came to the place where the dead people wait

till God call.

The church was among them, gray moss over roof, Very silent, so low. And we stood on a green grassy

And looked in at a window, for Echo, perhaps, in

Might have come in to hide there. But no; every oak-carven seat
Was empty. We saw the great Bible—old, old, very

And the parson's great Prayer-book beside it; we heard the slow beat
Of the pendulum swing in the tower; we saw the clear gold

clear gold Of a sunbeam float down to the sisle, and then waver

and play On the low chancel step and the railing; and Oliver "Look, Katie! look, Katie! when Lettice came here

to be wed
She stood where that sunbeam drops down, and all
white was her gown;
And she stepped upon flowers they strewed for her."
Then quoth small Seven:
"Shall I wear a white gown and have flowers to
walk upon ever?"

All doubtful: "It takes a long time to grow up,"

All doubtful: "It takes a long time to grow up,"
quoth Eleven;
"You're so little, you know, and the church is so
old, it can never
Last on till you're tall." And in whispers—because
it was old
And holy, and franght with strange meaning, half
felt, but not told,
Full of old parsons' prayers, who were dead, of old
days, of old folk,
Neither heard nor beheld, but about us—in whispers
we spoke.
Then we went from it softly, and ran hand in hand
to the strand,
While bleating of flocks and birds' piping made
sweeter the land.
And Echo came back e'en as Oliver drew to the ferry,
"O Karle!" "O Katle!" "Come on, then!" "Come
on, then!" "For, see,
The round sun, all red, lying low by the tree"—"by
the tree."

"By the tree." Ay, she mocked him again, with her voice sweet and merry; e over!" "Hie over!" "You man of the ferry" "Hie over!"

"You man of the ferry."
You man of—you man of—the ferry."

Ay, here-it was here that we woke her, the Echo of All life of that day seems an echo, and many times Shail I cross by the ferry to-morrow, and come in my

To that little low church? and will Oliver meet me

anon?
Will it all seem an echo from childhood passed over
—passed on?
Will the grave parson bless us? Hark! hark! in the
dim failing light
I hear her! As then the child's voice clear and high,
sweet and merry,
Now she mocks the man's tone with "Hie over!
Hie over the forty!"

Hie over the ferry!"
"And, Katie." "And, Katie." "Art out with the

glow-worms to-night,
My Katie?" "My Katie." For gladness I break into laughter

And tears. Then it all comes again as from far-away

Again, some one clse—oh, how softly!—with laughter comes after,

Comes after—with laughter comes after.

JEAN INGELOW.

IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE UNDER WHICH ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UNI LORD?" "My LOVE," RTG.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.) VILLA CLARISSA.

Ir this was his state of mind with respect to his servants and workmen, he was no more liberal to the gentry. For it was part of his very constitution to believe that no man out of England understood more than the first rudiments of refinement or morality, and seeing that he held all differences as evidences of our superiority and the inferiority of those others, the balance was never in want of a weight, and the register had always some deficiency to record.

"Glad to see you," he said to St. Claire, as he came into the room with that long slow stride which on a mountain-side we call "slogging." "Glad to see any friend of Formby's," he added, glancing at the letter which Armine had sent him by Vincenzo, and which he held open in his hand. "How long have you been here? and how long do you stay?" he continued, subsiding into a chair, where he sat all askew, with his long legs thrust out in two straight parallel lines like a fly

"I have been here about three weeks, and I stay till April," answered Armine.

"And then make the giro?"

"Yes; then I go round the island."

"The usual thing," said Captain Stewart, with satirical smile. "All you tourist fellows do a satirical smile. "All you tou the same thing—like mill horses."

He forgot the time when he had been a tourist fellow himself, and had gone the round like the rest. But then that was in the old days when visitors to Sicily were scarce; and our own experience is always respectable, where that of others is ridiculous.

"I suppose we do. We all have naturally the same wish to see Girgenti and Syracuse; and as the circumstances are invariable and the places immovable, we must follow in each other's footsteps," answered Armine, with simplicity of selfdefense, not meaning a snub.

Ione lifted her eyelids, and half smiled as she glanced rapidly at the new-comer. She was the only one who caught the snub; but then she was the only one on the lookout for stings, and undutifully rejoiced when they came.

"And what have you done since you came?" continued Captain Stewart. "Seen the chapel, of course, and Monreale?"

"Yes; I have pretty well done the city and prices," said Armine, falling into the trick of environs. tongue common to sight-seers.

"And now you are tired of stones, and want society, eh?"

"I suppose so," said St. Claire, smiling.

"I see you look peaky, and Formby says you have broken down," said Captain Stewart, again referring to his letter as to a brief. "The air here will set you to rights in no time, and we will

pull you straight if you go wrong." "Thank you," said Armine, looking at Mrs. Stewart.

"How do you like Palermo, Dr. St. Claire?"

asked that lady, with a sigh.
"Greatly," he answered.
She looked at him with a plaintive smile, to match her husband's satirical one; Clarissa turned on him a beaming face, as if he had advocated her cause; and Ione again raised her strange eves with that sudden flash which dazzled and bewildered him, and seemed like a light blow

"It is a pretty place-for a short time," said

Mrs. Stewart, in the tone of one making a gener-

ous concession.
"Terribly behindhand and dead-alive," put in her husband.

"The scenery is beautiful, and some of the architecture is very fine," said Armine.

"Which don't make up for the want of energy, honesty, and progress," drawled the Captain. You have been here for many years, have you not?" asked St. Claire.

Mrs. Stewart looked forlorn and oppressed. 'Ah, yes!" she said, in the tone of a German who murmurs "Ach, Himmel!"
"Worse luck, yes," said Captain Stewart, shrug-

ging his shoulders, but speaking with philosophic cheerfulness.

"Poor dear Palermo, I am sure it is very nice!" said Clarissa, affectionately.

nid Clarissa, affectionatery.
"England is nicer," said Ione, abruptly.
"Mydear child, how do you know?" asked Mrs.
"You be remonstrance. "You Stewart, with melancholy remonstrance. have never been in England: how can you form any opinion of its merits?"
"I know it is," answered Ione, tenaciously.

"Io is about right for once," said Captain Stew-

art; and St. Claire smiled his assent. Yes," he said; "if we have not the beautiful skies and flowers of Sicily, we have some other things which are perhaps more valuable and more essential to the well-being of a nation.

"Of course we have," said Ione, triumphantly, identifying herself with the cradle wherein she had never laid her curly head.

"Just so," said Captain Stewart, approvingly, accustomed for his own part to these common-"That is where the whole thing lies."

places. "That is where the whole thin, "Yes," sighed Mrs. Stewart; and "Yes" repeated St. Claire for chorus. "But the climate!" objected Clarissa, with a

little shudder. "There's no sun in England, and it's always raining." "Oh, the climate is absurdly exaggerated," said Captain Stewart. "Take the good with the bad,

all round, there are many worse climates than that of old England.' "There are more days in the year when a man can be out-of-doors without inconvenience, more

hours in the week when he can work, than in any other country in Europe," said St. Claire.
"It is a grand country, and it is free!" exclaim-

ed Ione, with sudden enthusiasm. "My dear child, how can you possibly know?" returned Mrs. Stewart, again reproving.

"I do know," answered Ione, as she had an-"Perhaps it is too free," said Clarissa, with a

little laugh.

"That is impossible," said Ione. "No, Ione, that is very possible. And England does give too much freedom to young women," said Mrs. Stewart, in the tone of one touching a

well-worn theme, and quartering beaten ground.
"Does it, Dr. St. Claire?" asked Ione, turning to Armine with a half-pathetic look of appeal.

"Not too much, because they do not make a bad use of it, else perhaps it would," temporized the handsome young doctor, looking first at Mrs. Stewart and then at the girl with a sweet little half-encouraging, half-deprecating smile.

And again their eyes met, his tender, humid, soft, pleading; hers mysterious, magnetic, passionate, bewildering-eves which were not part of her personality, but were the whole-eyes which, when you looked at them, made you forget all but what you saw, and which, when they looked at you, made you feel that you possessed

And for the second time something, he did not know what, in Ione, reminded St. Claire of Monica, and the suggestion seemed to bring her as close to him as if she had been the sister of the one

After this the conversation drifted naturally on to the things of Palermo-what he had seen and what he had not seen, what he admired, and how much he understood of the language, the habits, the architecture, the history-with the not very consoling inference to be drawn from their questions and his answers that he had seen nothing in the best way, that he understood nothing in the true light, and that if he wanted to make good use of his time he must put himself under Stewartian guidance, and they would direct him aright. And then this first interview ended with an invitation to come and lunch here to-morrow when they would arrange some excursion which should be at once profitable and pleasant.

It was all very charming, very cheering, and very strange. English in feeling, Palermitan in surroundings, the Stewarts had that odd kind of double nationality which interests the new-comer so much, reducing the social chaos in which he finds himself to some kind of intelligible order, giving a key to all the mysteries, and making an oasis of familiarity in the desert of the unknown.

Yes, indeed, it was all very charming; and St. Claire, who had so many feminine characteristics, felt the same kind of gratitude as is felt by the average woman when, desolate and alone, she suddenly lights on a compatriot who makes himself her protector, and henceforth feels herself championed and cared for. He was glad to have made this pleasant acquaintance. Palermo would now wear another and more friendly aspect to him, and the cure which it was to effect would be more certain and more complete.

As he drove along the upper road of La Favorita, conscious of the aromatic scents of the wild worts and the beauty of the flowers and evergreens, he was surprised to note how much lighter and less depressed he felt than usual. The deadweight of loneliness was lifted from his heart, and these good dear people had opened for him a temporary home. It would give him so much pleasure to cultivate their acquaintance! Already he liked them all, seeing each in his or her ideal. But naturally the two girls interested him most; and of the two Ione was the more suggestive. She was evidently a psychological study,

and she was of resplendent beauty. Why and how did she suggest Monica Barrington? line of likeness really existed, and Armine did not yet see that the likeness was only in his own imagination, and due simply to the fact of the allpervading influence of memory. Still it was there, vivid enough if self-made and baseless; and because of it Ione Stewart possessed a double charm-her own and Monica's.

"A day to mark in white chalk," he said to himself, as he drove up to the hotel. "And what a strange coincidence—it is my birthday!" he added, looking to the sky just as the sun sank down behind the noble barrier of Monto Cuccio to the west.

CHAPTER XIII.

"WHAT THEY INFLICT THEY FEEL."

THE next day at the appointed hour Armine St. Claire found himself at the Villa Clarissa, that strange charm of English life in a foreign setting as keen to-day as it was yesterday, and the fascination of the whole thing as strong. And, as yesterday, he found the two girls in the court by the fountain, again with the bird be-tween them. But this time the spirit of the scene was changed, though the frame-work and the actors were the same.

Clarissa, her body curved a little forward and her hands held out as if to repel her sister, stood with a flushed face, weeping violently, speaking passionately, and evidently with bitter reproaches, while Ione, concentrated and deadly pale, her head bent, but her flashing eves raised from he neath their level brows with a look of defiance and pain united, stood silent and superb, as one who had gained a victory, but at cost. Still having gained it, she could afford to let the vanquish-

In her hand lay the little canary, dead, with two or three drops of crimson blood staining the ruffled gold of his feathers.

"Oh. Dr. St. Claire, think what she has doneshe has killed poor Mimi!" cried Clarissa, as the young doctor came through the gate.

"Killed the bird—what a pity! what a mis-fortune!" said St. Claire. "How did it happen?" he added, with that kind of professional interest in death as a familiar and personal circumstance. which at once made him part of the affair. "How was it?" he repeated, holding out his hand for

the bird, which Ione did not give him.
"She did it on purpose!" sobbed Clarissa, between grief and rage torn out of all conventional bondage, and casting good-breeding and politic reticence to the winds. "She did it for jealous, because it came to me when I called it."

"Oh no, not on purpose!" said St. Claire, in his

sweet temporizing way. To a man of his gentle nature such an outburst was both abhorrent and unintelligible; and that this beautiful girl, who in some mysterious way suggested Monica, should have done such a savage thing as to kill a favorite bird for jealousy of her sister, was a thing he could neither accept nor understand. It could not have been done on purpose. He was sure that she could explain away a fact which looked so black against her, and that her action would prove to be rather a misfortune, because unintentional, than a crime, because de-

liberate. "On purpose," repeated Clarissa, emphatically. "On purpose; for jealousy because it came to me when I called it. She can not deny it."

"I have no wish to deny it," said Ione, proud-"It was my bird, and it should not have left me for any one else. It was mine; I had the right to it; I had the right to kill it if it deserted

me. It was faithless, and I did kill it."

"I am very, very sorry, and I do not see your right," said Dr. St. Claire, gravely.

She looked at him with her blazing eyes full of passionate contempt for his tame-spirited want of sympathy. Had he been a true man, she thought in her revolt, he would have understood her feeling, and would have honored her for the

assertion of her rights.
"But it was mine," she repeated, with the monotony of those who have only feeling on which to argue, and who can not bring forward reasons. "It had no right to leave me for Clarissa. It belonged to me, and I loved it, and I was justified in killing it if it no longer loved me.'

"No, you had no right over it, and you were not justified, Miss Stewart," said Armine, with more firmness than might have been expected from him, considering the man he was and the

girl with whom he was dealing.
"Love gives no rights?" asked Ione, with supreme contempt. "Oh, you are a cold-blooded Northerner, else you could not have said that." "I am neither a Northerner nor cold-blooded,"

said Armine, gently. "And love does not give the right of life and death." Not for infidelity

"Not even for intidelity," he answered. "What nonsense you talk, Ione!" said Clarissa, with the scornful accent of common sense in "Infidelthe midst of hysterical exaggeration. ity!-because a little bird came to another person when it was called! One would think you were speaking of men and women—husbands and

"It is all the same thing," said Ione. "It is the love, not the person. My bird was mine, and it should not have gone to you. And you are the murderess," she said, fiercely turning against Clarissa, as if she would have struck her to the "It is you, with your horrid cold-blooded love of teasing, who are to blame, not I. You were the cause of it all; you are to blame."
"No, no, Miss Stewart," said Dr. St. Claire;

"you go too far there."
"It is what she always does," said Clarissa,

"Oh, come now, don't!" said St. Claire, sincerely distressed. "Your sister did not mean what she said—she could not mean it," he said,

^{*} Begun in Harper's Bazan No. 2, Vol. XVL

soothingly, to Clarissa. "You did not mean it, coaxingly, to Ione. "Yes, I did," said Ione, stubbornly.

"Oh!" was the young doctor's exclamation, made in a tone of disappointment.
"You don't know Nony yet," said Clarissa,

with energy. "I am sure I know her too well for that," returned Dr. St. Claire, in his sweetest and most

winning way.

lone looked at him, and some of the darker

ssion went out of her face.
"You are angry with me?" she asked, suddenly, with a shade more of softness, or rather a shade less of fierceness, in her eyes than had been there before.

"Angry? My dear Miss Stewart, it is not my business to be angry with you, whatever you may do," he said, with a slight smile.

do," he said, with a sign sour business or "But you are, whether it is your business or not?" she answered.

"I am sorry," was his rejoinder.

"Which is the same thing under a different name—the pill sugared," returned Ione, bitterly. "Any one would be sorry and angry too, Nony, who was not such a monster of cruelty and jealousy as you are," said Clarissa, vehemently.

You are not fit for civilized life—you are nothing but a savage!" she added. "No, no, no; neither a savage nor a monster.

Miss Stewart," said Armine, trying to speak lightly. "But I am sorry she is so jenlous-and very sorry the poor little bird is dead."

"He should not have left me for Clarissa," said Ione, sullenly.

Dr. St. Claire shook his head.

"It was a small offense for which to cut short its happy life," he said, gravely.

moment lone's eyes flashed with impatient pride like a sneer and a reproach flung into the young doctor's face. Then they fell suddenly to the ground, while a strange and nameless something stole softly over her own. It was strange and nameless even to Clarissa, who knew the varied lights and shadows of that expressive countenance so well; for, with all its swift changes, it rarely showed tenderness, remorse, or shame; and it was tender, remorseful, and

"I am sorry my bird is dead, and that I can never love it again," she said, softly, a faint quiver passing over her lips. Then the gentler mood passed as quickly as it had come, and she raised her eyes again full of defiance into St. Claire's, while she stiffened her neck till it became like a column of stubbornness and pride.

"But he was mine, and it was a crime for him to leave me for any one else—to love any one but me. And I had the right to kill him if he did. And I did kill him," she said, setting her lips into a thin line, and breathing hard through her palpitating nostrils.

"You are a cruel, wicked, jealous girl, and you will never come to any good," said Clarissa, for her final fling, as they heard the voice of Captain Stewart as he came through the garden, summoned by that marvellous telegraphy of looks and signs by which Southern Italians are told all they wish to know and tell all they wish to have known. "And I will tell both father and mother what you have done," she added; "and then you will see

what they will say."

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"I do not care what they say," said Ione, with stubborn pride. "It was your fault for enticing my bird from me. He was mine, and he ought not to have left me. If it happened again I would do the same—I would kill him," she added, in her hardest, most tenacious, most desperate manner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BAR LIGHT-HOUSE. By MARY E. WILKINS.

GOVERNMENT had for several years been sadly neglecting a job of mending in the case of the Bar Light-house bridge. Here and there boards had begun to spring suspiciously beneath unwary footsteps; then the wind had begun to tear them off, and the rain to rot and moulder them down. What was every man's business was nobody's, and no individual was disposed to interfere with the province of that abstract millionaire, the United States government. To be sure, the keeper of the Bar Light, Jackson Reed, who was naturally more solicitous concerning the holding out of the structure than any one else, had wildly and fruitlessly patched some of the worst places, off and on, after a hard " northeaster," when he awoke more keenly to the exigencies of the case, and the hopeless dilatormess of his task-master. But it had amounted to very little. Long neglect had made something more than mere patching necessary. Now the quarter-mile bridge leading to the Bar Light-house, if plutely unsafe condition, was not call culated to inspire any degree of confidence in the unaccustomed crosser at least. It was not quite so bad at low tide, or on a mild still day. was not much to fear then beyond a little fall and a ducking; that is, if one cleared one of those ragged apertures successfully. But on a dark night, with the winds howling over it, and the ocean thundering beneath it, it was the sort of a bridge that only a disembodied spirit could be supposed to cross with any degree of nonchalance.

The light-house itself was only an ordinary dwelling-house, strongly built, with a tower for the light. It stood on a massive pile of rocks, with little tufts of coarse vegetation in the clefts. Jackson Reed, who had an unfortunate love and longing for a garden spot, had actually wheeled enough earth over from the mainland for a little patch a few yards square, and when he was not engaged in a fruitless struggle with the broken bridge he was engaged in a fruitless struggle with his garden. A pottering old man was Jackson Reed, lacking in nervous force and quickness of intellect; but he had never let the light go out,

and the only thing that is absolutely required of a light-house keeper is to keep the light burning for the sailors who steered by it.

The wonder was that his wife Sarah should have been his wife. She was a person not of a different mould merely, but of a different kind; not of a different species, but a different genus. Nervous and alert, what her husband accepted in patient silence she received with shrill remonstrance and questioning. Her husband patched the bridge, crawling over its long reach on his old knees; she railed, as she watched him, at the neglect of government. He uncomplainingly brushed the sand from his little puny, struggling plants, and she set her thin face against the wind that

In both, the religious element or cast of mind was strongly predominant, but Jackson Reed simply looked out on nature and into his own soul, and took in as plain incontrovertible facts the broken bridge, the tossing sea, his little wind-swept, sandstrewn garden-patch, and God in heaven. Neither proved the other or nullified the other; they were imply there. But Sarah Reed, looking out on the frail, unsafe bridge which connected them with the mainland, and the mighty, senseless sea which had swallowed up her father and a brother whom she had idolized, and the poor little tender green things trying to live under her window, had seen in them so many dumb denials of either God's love and mercy or His existence. She was a rheumatic old woman now, almost helpless, in fact, unable to step without the help of her husband. And she sat, day in and day out, at one of the sea-windows of her sitting-room, knitting, and holding her defiant old heart persistently against the

The minister at Rye, a zealous young man, with an innocent confidence in his powers of holy argument, had visited her repeatedly, with the view of improving her state of mind. She had joined the church over which he presided, in her youth; indeed, it was the church nearest to the lighthouse, and that was three miles distant. The minister had heard from one of his parishioners, who was a connection of hers, that Mis' Reed had lost her faith, and straightway he was fired with holy ardor to do something for her spiritual benefit. But even his tonguey confidence and ingen-uousness could glean but little satisfaction from his interviews with the rheumatic and unbelieving old woman.

"No, Mr. Pendleton," she used to say, shaking a thin rheumatic hand, with an impressiveness which her hearer might have copied advantageously in the pulpit, "it ain't no use. You kin talk about seein' with the spirit, an' worshippin' with the spirit; anybody needs a little somethin' to eatch hold on with the flesh; when it's all spirit it's too much for a mortal bein' to comprehend, an' the Lord knows I ain't never had much of anything but spirit. I ain't never had any evidence, so to speak; I ain't never had a prayer answered in my life. If I have, I'd jest like to know how. You say, mebbe, they've been answered jest the same, only in a different way from I asked for. Ef you call it answerin' prayer to give one thing when you ask for another. I don't. An' I'd ruther not believe thar was any God than to believe He'd do a thing like that. That's jest contrary to what He said about Himself an' the bread an' the stone in the New Testament. worse to think He'd cheat anybody like that than to think He ain't anywhar, accordin' to my mind. No, Mr. Pendleton, a human bein' needs a little human evidence once in a while to keep up their faith, an' I ain't never had any. I'll jest let you know how it's been a leetle. Here I am, an old know how it's been a leetle. Here I am, an old woman, au' me an' Jackson's lived here on this rock for forty year. An' thar's been things I've vanted different, but I ain't never had 'emthings that I've cried an' groaned an' prayed to the Lord for-big things an' little things-but I never got one. Ef the Lord had give me one of the little things, it seems to me that I might have got a feeling that He was here.

"Forty year ago, when Jackson an' me was jest married an' set up housekeepin' here, thar was an awful storm one night, an' my father an' my brother was out yonder in it. I staid on my knees all night prayin'. The next mornin' their two darlin' bodies was washed ashore. My brother had only been married a few monthsthe sweetest, lovingest little thing she was. She began to pine. I prayed to hev her spared. She died, an' left her little baby,'

"But you had him for your own, did you not?" interrupted Mr. Pendelton, desperately.
"He has been a comfort to you. God has displayed His love and mercy in this case in spar-

ing him to you."
"Mr. Pendelton"—and the rheumatic hand went up again-" I ain't never asked to hev him spared to me; ef I had it would hev been different. I ain't got through yet. Thar's been lots of other that I might jest speak of, and little ones. Look at that bridge! I'll ventur' to say that you shook in your shoes when you came over it, an' wouldn't be sorry this minute of you was safe back. Whenever Jackson goes over it my heart is still an' cold till he comes back, for fear he's fell through I've prayed to the Lord about that. Then—you may think this a little thing—but that is Jackson's garden. He set out a rose-bush in it fifteen year ago. Well, it ain't died. Thar ain't ever been a rose on it, though. An' it seems to me sometimes that if thar should be jest one rose on that bush that I should believe that the Lord had been thar. You wouldn't think I'd been silly enough to pray about that. I hev. It's fifteen year, an' thar ain't never been a rose thar. No. Mr. Pendleton, it ain't no use. You mean well, but it lays with God, ef He's anywhar, to show Himself to me in a way I can get hold on.'

So the pretty, rosy-faced young minister would go away, picking his way cautiously over the unstable bridge, after a somewhat nonplussed prayer, which Mrs. Reed, incapacitated from kneeling by

her rheumatic knees, had sat and listened to

The Bar Light-house was three miles from Rye. A sandy, desolate road almost as billowy as the sea stretched between. The only house in the whole distance was a little brown one just at the other side of the bridge. The Weavers lived there, a mother and daughter. They supported themselves by sewing for a shop in Rye. Jack-son Reed's nephew, William Barstow, had been engaged to marry the daughter—Abby her name was; but a month ago he had brought a wife home from the city. He had rented a pretty litthe tenement over in Rye, and gone to house-keeping. Abby Weaver had tied up a few little notes and keepsakes in a neat parcel, and put them away out of sight. Then she went on with her work. She was a plain, trustworthy-looking girl, with no show about her, as different as possi ble from the one her recreant lover had married. She was pretty, with an entrancing little air of style about everything she wore. Abby had seen her go by a few times in a jaunty velvet jacket and kilted petticoat, with the fair round face with its fringe of fluffy blonde hair smiling up at her husband out of a bewitching little poke. Then she had gone and looked at herself in her poor glass, taking in the old black alpaca, the plain common face with the dull hair combed back from her forehead.

'No wonder," said she, "an' I'm glad it's so, for I don't think the Lord can blame him.

Sarah Reed had found a double trial in the breaking off of the engagement. In the first place, she had liked Abby. In the second place, this new matrimonial arrangement had taken the darling of her heart from under her immediate supervision. If he had married Abby Weaver, he would have lived either in the light-house, as he had done all his life, or in her mother's cottage. But nothing could suit his pretty city lady but to live in Rye. The bare idea of the light-

Sarah Reed's frame of mind had not improved since the marriage.

One afternoon, a few weeks after the young couple had set up housekeeping, an unexpected deficiency in some household stores sent Jackson Reed to Rye, where the nearest markets were. It was the middle of the afternoon when he went,

and there was a storm coming.
"Don't worry, Sarah," his last words were,
"an' I'll be back by five to light the lamp. It 'll be pretty near dark enough for it then, I reckon, ef it keeps on this way, ef it is June.

She sat at her window with her knitting after he had gone, and watched the storm roll up. She had taken a fancy lately to a landward window, the one with the poor little garden patch under it, and the rose-bush which pover blossomed. The bush really looked wonderfully thing sidering its many drawbacks to growth. But it was in a sheltered corner, and had all the warmth and mildness that could be had in the bleak place. It was three feet high or so, a hardy little Scotch rose. There certainly seemed no reason in nature why it should not blossom, but blossom it never had. Mrs. Reed never looked at it now for She never even glanced at it to-day; she only looked out uneasily at the darkening sky, and knit on her stocking. She was always knitting stockings; in fact, it was all the kind of work she could do, and she had never been an idle woman with her brain or her fingers. So she knit stout woollen stockings for her husband and William Barstow from morning till night. Her husband kept the house tidy and did the cooking, and he was as faithful at it as a woman. No one looking at the room in which Mrs. Reed sat would have dreamed that it was not the field of action of a tidy housewife. It was a plain, rather cheerless kind of a room. There was a large-figured. dull-colored ingrain carpet on the floor, there was a shiny table, and some flag-bottomed chairs, and a stiff hair-cloth sofa. A few shells on the mantelshelf, a lamp mat that Abby Weaver had made, and a framed wreath which had lain on William Barstow's father's coffin were all the ornaments, Take a room like that and set it on a rock in the ocean, with the wind and the waves howling around it, and there is not anything especially

enlivening about it. Mrs. Reed had been rather good-looking in her youth, and was even rather good-looking now. She had bright, alert blue eyes, and pretty soft gray hair. But there was an air of keen unrest about her which could jar on nerves like a strident saw. In repose she would have been a sweet old woman. Now, she looked and was, as people say, hard to get along with. Jackson Reed's light burning meant more to the Lord, perhaps, than it did to the sailors.

At five o'clock the storm was fairly there, and the old light-house keeper had not come home. A heavy tempest twilight was settling down, and was almost time the lamp was li

Six o'clock came, and it was darker yet, and still she sat there alone, her knitting dropped in her lap. Seven o'clock, and her old husband had not come. It was quite dark now, and a terrible night, hot and pitchy, and full of mighty electric winds and fires and thunders. A conglomerate roar came from the ocean as from a den of wild beasts. Suddenly an awful thought struck the wretched old woman at the light-house window, and swift on its track rushed another still more awful. The first was, her husband had had a "turn" somewhere on that lonely road from Rye. "Turns," as she called them, Jackson Reed had had once or twice before, but they had never interfered with his duty. He had fallen down insensible, and lain so for two or three hours. This was what had happened to him now. And the second thought was her darling. William Barstow was out on that dreadful sea, and there was no light to guide him to port. Strange that she had not thought before. Yes, it was Tuesday. Was it Tuesday? Yes, the very day he was going down to Lockport with Johnny Sower. He was out on

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that sea somewhere in a boat, which could not live in it a minute. Yes, it was to-day he was going. He and his pretty little wife were talking it over Sunday night. She was lamenting, half in sport and half in earnest, over the lonesome day she would have, and he promised to bring her home a new bonnet to console her. Yes, it was Tuesday, and Jackson Reed had told Abby Weaver about it yesterday-that was Monday. He had forgotten that she was no longer so interested in Willie Barstow's movements. told his wife what he had done she scolded him for his thoughtlessness,

Yes, it was Tuesday, and he was out on that sea, and there was no light lit. Nothing to keep him off these terrible rocks that the light had been set there to show. In the morning he would be thrown dumb and cold where she could almost see him from her window. It would be with him as it had been with his father and grandfather, and maybe with his wife as it had been with his poor young mother. All the strong, baffled but not suppressed nature of the woman asserted itself with terrible force.

"Oh, my darling! my darling! my darling!" she shricked, in a voice which was in itself both a prayer and a curse. "You out thar, an' all the love in your mother's heart can't light ve home! Oh, the black water rollin' over that beautiful face, an' those laughin' blue eyes that looked at me when you was a baby, an' those black curls I've brushed, an' those lips I've kissed-puttin' out that lovin' soul! O, Lord! Lord! Lord!

"He's been a good boy," she went on in a curious tone, as if the mighty car of the inexorable God she had half believed in was become now a reality to her, and she was pouring arguments, unavailing though they might be, into it-"he's been a good boy; never any bad habits, an' what's worse than bad habits, never any little mean actions. There's Abby Weaver, I know; but look at the face of the girl he's married. O Lord, love is the same behind a homely face an' a handsome one. But while you keep on makin' folks that think roses is prettier than potatoes, an' pearls than oysters, the love that looks out of a pretty face will hold the longest an' the strongest. He wa'n't to blame = O Lord, he wa'n't to blame. Abby was a good girl, but you made this other one as pretty as a pictur'. wa'n't to blame, Lord, he wa'n't to blame. Don't drown him for that. It ain't right to drown him for that. O Lord! Lord! Lord!"

She sat there shricking on in a strained, weak voice, half in prayer, half in expostulation. The wind rose higher and higher, and the sea thundered louder and longer. A new terror seized her. If her husband should recover from the bad turn which she suspected he had had, and attempt to cross that bridge now, he would be killed too. God knew what new rents implit be in tt. When her sitting-room clock class, 1 out nine, above the roar of the storm, she went into a perfect fury of despair. Down she sank on those old rheumatic knees that had not bent at her bidding for the last five years, and prayed as she never had before.

In the midst of her agony a great calin fell

suddenly over her.

"I will go an' light the lamp myself," she said, in an awed voice, "an' He will go with me. Slowly Sarah Reed arose on feet that had not borne her weight for five years. Every movement was excruciating torture, but she paid no heed to it; she seemed to feel it and yet be outside of it. She realized, as it were, the separateness of her soul and her spiritual agony from all bodily pain.

She walked across the floor, went out into the entry, and groped her way up the narrow stairs leading to the tower. She dragged herself up the steep steps with terrible determination. slid apart the slide at the top, and a blaze of light almost blinded her. The lamp was lit.

Sarah Reed might have floated down those stairs, upborne on angels' wings, for all she knew. Somehow, she was back in her sitting-room, on her knees. Her husband found her there, a halfhour later, when he staggered, pale as death and drenched to the skin, into the room.

"Good Lord, Sarah, who lit the lamp?" his first words were.

"The angel of the Lord," she answered, solemnly, raising her gray head.

"I hed a turn over thar on the road, 'bout a mile out of Rye. I've jest come to an' got home. Seemed to me I should die when I thought of William. The bridge is pretty well broke up, but I hung on to the side. And, Lord! when I saw that light burnin' I could ha' come over a

cobweb. Who came to light it, Sarah?"

"The angel of the Lord," she said again. "Don't you ever say it ain't so, Jackson; don't you ever dare to try to make me stop thinking it's so. I've been askin' the Lord all these years for something to show me that He was anywhar He has give it to me. stairs-"

" You went up them stairs, Sarah?"

"Yes; I went up to light the lamp, an' it was lit. The Lord hed been thar. It's true about The pale old man went up to his kneeling

wife and raised her tenderly. "Don't you believe His angel lit it?" she asked,

looking at him with anxious intensity. "Yes, Sarah, I do," replied Jackson Reed. The thought was steadily recurring to his half-

dazed brain, "Abby Weaver, Abby Weaver lit the lamp; but Sarah, Sarah need not know."

The next morning Sarah Reed, looking out of

her window, saw a little pure white rose on the bush beneath it.

"Yes, I meant to have told you it had budded," said her husband, when she exclaimed.

it thar yesterday. Thar's another one too."

It was a lovely clear morning. Abby Weaver, looking out of her window, saw William Barstow pass by on his way to the light-house to tell the old folks of his safety.



"ICONOCLASTS."-FROM THE PAINTING BY PERCY MACQUOID.

LOTONE IL

Fans.-Figs. 1-6.

Fans.—Figs. 1-6.

The fan Fig. 1 has carved sticks of dull black wood, and a cover of royal blue satin, which is cut away at the centre and on each side to make place for inserted medallions painted in water-colors; those on the sides are cream white satin, that at the centre yellow. The blue ground around them is decorated with painted roses. Fig. 2 has an ebonized frame with gilt ornamentation, and a black satin cover decorated with gold embroidery. The sticks of the fan Fig. 3 are faced with black kid, and studded with small steel nail-heads. The black satin cover is ornamented with embeddery in black silk and steel beads. The fan Fig. 4 has broidery in black silk and steel beads. The fan Fig. 4 has broidery in black silk and steel beads. The fan Fig. 4 has carved wood sticks, and a black satin cover decorated with sprays of forget-me-not, in which the blossoms are embroidered with silks of the natural colors, and the foliage and stems are painted. The fan to the left has polished

finished with a narrow satin border, and lined with oldgold silk. The bamboo stick terminates with carved ivory balls. Fig. 4 is a parasol of black ottoman silk, with a shrimp pink lining, and a stick of light wood carved in grotesque India designs.

Spring Toilettes.-Figs. 1-5.

The graceful dress shown in Figs. 1 and 5 comprises a basque and drapery of crushed strawberry cashmere, and a printed foulard skirt with an écru ground. The skirt has a cashmere pleating at the lower edge, and above, one wide and three narrower gathered foulard flounces, each bordered by two-inch velvet ribbon of the red shade of the cashmere. The drapery is caught up in full soft folds, forming a round apron on the front, and at the back is hooked on the outside of the basque. The latter has a round Jersey back, and a pointed front buttoned diagonally.



Figs. 1-3.-FANS.

Figs. 4-6.-Fans.



Fig. 4.—Ottoman Silk Mantle.—Back. [See Fig. 2.]

brown sticks, and a paint-ed satin cover with figures and foliage in bright colors on one side and plain tan-color on the other. Fig. 6, an evening fan, is composed of black ostrich feathers of graduated lengths, mounted on tortoise-shell sticks, which are held together by a brown ribbon.

Lace Pin.

This pretty pin is in the shape of a daisy, of yellow gold, with the pet-als and leaves set with

Parasols.—Figs. 1-4.

THE parasol Fig. 1 is of changeable dark blue and salmon-color satin merveilleux, lined with dark blue silk. The trimming is a triple box-pleated ruche of the satin, made of strips which are ravelled at the edge in such a manner as to form a salmon-colored fringe half an inch wide. The stick is of light wood, with a twisted handle and a ribbon bow. The centre of the parasol Fig. 2 is black satin, while the surrounding part is of velvet brocade. It is lined with white satin, and has an ebonized stick ornamented with tassels. The parasol Fig. 3 is of dark brown twilled silk,



Fig. 1.—Cashmere and Foulard Dress. BACK.—[See Fig. 5.]

-OTTOMAN SILK MANTLE. FRONT.—[See Fig. 4.]

Fig. 3.—Plaid Wool Dress for Girl from 12 to 16 YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3422: POLONAISE, 20 CENTS; SKIRT, 15 CENTS; CAPE, 10 CENTS.

Figs. 1-5.—SPRING TOILETTES.



Fig. 5.--Cashmere and FOULARD DRESS .- FRONT. [See Fig. 1.]

The cashmere is cut away at the throat, and replaced by a pleated vest of foulard, whichis completed by a velvet revers collar. Velvet cuffs are on the sleeves. The mantle, Figs. 2 and 4, is of black ottoman silk. It has a short back and long square fronts, both trimmed with lapping flounces of Spanish lace, on which fall at regular intervals ends of narrow black velvet ribbon that terminate with a large jet bead. A border of passementarie in chenilla sementerie in chenille and gold cord forms a point on the back seam, and extends along the fronts, which are finished at the edge with a lace jabot. The coat sleeves are full at the shoulder and wrist, and are trimmed with an ot-toman frill and one of lace with velvet pendants. The young girl's dress, Fig. 3, is of cornflower blue wool crossbarred with darker blue, and trimmed with bands and bows of dark blue velvet. It is composed of a kilt skirt, and a polonaise with an apron front and a sash back, completed by a round shoulder cape. Stand-ing collar and cuffs of velvet.

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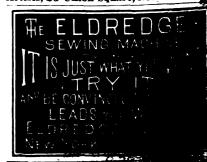
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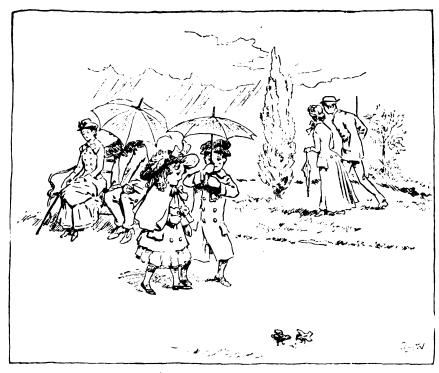
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APRIL.

"IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO THOUGHTS OF LOVE."



"WHEN LOVE CAME FIRST TO EARTH, THE SPRING SPREAD ROSE-BEDS TO RECEIVE HIM, AND BACK HE VOW'D HIS PLIGHT HE'D WING TO HEAVEN, IF SHE SHOULD LEAVE HIM."

FACETIÆ.

THERE is a story of an elderly party who was made sentimentally mhappy by the charms of a leading actress, and intended to express his feelings by throwing her a splendid bouquet on the evening of her benefit. He secured a box, provided himself with the choicest flowers the local forists could furnish, and gave a recherche little dinner to three triends to whom he had confided his intention, and whom he also asked to share his box. The bouquet lay resplendent near his hand all the evening; but he was so engrossed in the performance that one of his companions, an unconscionable wag, cut the string that bound the flowers together through and through. Of course when the moment came for throwing it to the lady, all the blossoms distributed themselves indiscriminately amongst the occupants of the pit and the members of the orchestra, amidst roars of laughter from the audience generally, and ironical cheers from the "upper story."

A young lawyer appeared before a Washington indge with his umbrella under his arm and his hat on, and in his aguation he forgot to lay either aside when he began speaking. "Hadn't you better raise your umbrella?" the Court kindly suggested.

There was an old fellow in Bostin Found on what his living was costin', So be look to his bed And refused to be led, This stingy old fellow of Bostin.

In a Chicago school recently the children were asked to give a sentence with the word "capillary." A little girl wrote, "I sailed across the ocean in a capillary." When asked what she meant by that, she turned to Webster's Dictionary and triumphantly pointed out this definition: "Capillary, a fine vessel." Further investigation showed that more than twenty scholars had made the same blunder.

The following lines will encourage foreigners who are seeking to acquire a knowledge of the English language:

"Write, we know, is written right
When we see it written write;
But when we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right;
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right, nor rite,
Nor yet must it be written wright,
But write, for so 'tis written right."

Young Lady (just from boarding-school, at dinner table). "Please, papa, I'd like a leg of the roast chicken."

PAPA. "You have had one, my dear, and your brother had the other."

Young Lady (in a sprightly manner). "Oh, sure enough! a chicken has only two legs. It's a duck that has four."



FASHION'S VICTIM.

REUBEN. "SO, BLESS ME, SHUAH, ZEKIEL, IF YER AIN' DONE GOT GOT YER OBERCOAT UNDERNEAF YER JACKET!"

ZEKIEL. "GO 'LONG, CHILE! WHAT RIGHT'S YOU GOT TO ARGUE 'BOUT DE STYLES, WHEN YER HAIN'T SEEN A FASHION PAPER DESE LAST TWO YEAHS? YOU'S TOO ANCIENT, YOU IS,"

An American outfit for a base-ball club has been sent to Robert College, Constantinople. It is expected that this will open a market in the Orient for American court-plaster, arnica, and splints.

The Shah of Persia is the only monarch who has thus far said he would be present in person at the Czar's coronation. Very little is known in Persia about the properties of dynamite.

Apropos of Mrs. Partington, a young lady more celebrated for her pretty face than her learning was heard recently to make a remark fully equal to any the old lady ever said. She was talking with an intimate about summer resorts, when her friend said, "I should like to spend the season at Newport if my wardrobe were new and elegant enough."

"Your wardrobe is new and el'gant enough," declared the pretty-faced girl. "I'm sure I'd wear it at Newport or anywhere else, and be glad to get it."

"No, you wouldn't," contradicted her friend. "You are as anxious to be in the fashion as any other woman."

"Well, I don't deny that I like nice new things, but really now, upon my word," was the emphatic reply, "I haven't that great apiration after style that some has. In fact, if I could always be sure of being passe I should be quite satisfied."

He came to the city to visit his son,
A young man of fashion and style,
Whose coat was a very remarkable one,
As was also his collar and tile.
He switched his rattan at the point of his shoe,
Saying, "Father, you see that I thrive."
"Oh yes," said the old man; "I'm glad that you do.
What gentleman's coach do you drive?"

Recalling the famous saying, "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," the Boston Globe asks, "Who would not rather be the author of 'Home, Sweet Home, 'than the author of the Tariff Bill?"

One of the greatest ornaments of the French bench is a handsome old judge who possesses such an excellent constitution that he has never been known to postpone a case on the score of indisposition. Consequently a well-known Paris physician was much surprised at receiving a visit from him.

"You here?" was his first exclamation.

"Yes, my dear doctor, there is something wrong with me. In fact, I feel very uneasy about the state of my health."

"What is the matter? Is it head, or stomach?"

"No, no," answers the judge; "they are in perfect working order; but of late I have suffered a good deal in court from—insomula."

A weekly paper in the interior of Illinois devotes a column to "colored society." The department head is in ornamental type, and the consideration accorded to colored society is in no degree less than that enjoyed by plain society.



LADY. "OH, HAVE YOU ANY CANINE PILLS?"

DRUGGIST. "WELL, I DON'T KNOW THAT WE HAVE ANY IN STOCK, BUT WE MIGHT PUT YOU SOMETHING UP. WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE DOG, MADAM?"

LADY. "DOG! NO MORE DOG THAN YOU ARE. I'D HAVE YOU KNOW, SIR, THAT MY HUSBAND IS A PERFECT GENTLEMAN, IF HE HAS GOT CHILLS 'ND FEVER."



Wife. "You certainly don't intend going out riding with such a Hat as that! The thing don't fit you at all, my dear."

Husband. "I know it don't, and I told the Hatter so; but he showed me his Gold Medal, and what could I do?"

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CTAR

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

SOME FAMOUS PEOPLE. BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

VICTOR HUGO, the grand old man of eighty, lives on a street named after him, at Passy (Paris). The house is of cream-colored stone, attractive but unostentatious. The reception-room where we awaited his coming is hung with satin, striped in pink and red. The mantel is of red velvet, with gilt embroidery; the chairs of tapestry corresponding in color with the walls. The chandeliers are of exquisitely colored Sevres china, arranged for Victor Hugo enters from the dining-room, where he has candles. Victor Hugo enters from the dining-room, where he has been at dinner with some friends on Sabbath evening, as is his

custom. A lady is on each arm. One with white hair is the life-long friend of his deceased wife. He greets us cordially, kissing the hand of each of us three la-Though an exile in the island of Guernsey for nearly twenty years by rea-son of his hatred of the Bonapartes, he has learned almost no English, though he said to us, "I must speak a little English," but immediately began to converse in French. He stood much of the time by the mantel with his hands folded behind him. He is of medium size, his snow white hair, cut rather close, standing up all over his massive head, and his eves are piercing and strong. He impresses one as a fearless man, who would willingly die for liberty. All pre-sent treated him most deferentially. One young man said to him, "Great master" -for thus they all address him-" you are the leader of the nineteenth century."
He replied: "Perhaps I am one of its representative men. I came in with the century, and I shall go out with it." He is a tireless worker, rising regularly at five or six in the morning, and writing all day at his desk,

standing. ROBERT BROWNING, living at Warwick Crescent, London, has all the kindness of manner of Whittier or Longfellow. He is seventy years old, with white hair and mustache, but with all the vigor of a man of fifty. He pleasantly asked my husband to take the arm-chair, saying, " I am not old enough for it." His beautiful home is full of re-

membrances of Mrs. Browning, whose memory he tenderly cherishes. Her writing-table, next his own, her chair, her books, her portraits, are all of touching interest. Being asked if he would not come to America, he said, "I dislike to cross the sea, and I have many friends here, so I fear I shall never come." He is a Liberal in politics, I judge, from his admiration of Mr. Gladstone, and a practical, earnest

JOHN RUSKIN, the noble apostle of art in England, lives at the head of Conistone Water—a beautiful Lancashire lake. His home, Brantwood, is a large rambling brick house, covered with vines, set on a hill side in the midst of a forest of spruce, holly, chestnut, and oak. Close to the walls are beds of yellow poppies, which I

eem to welcome one to the place. A walk back of the house leads to a mountain where Professor Ruskin revels in geological research. The house itself is a treasury of art and science. In the drawing-room, whose prevailing tint is blue, are pictures by Burne-Jones, Turner, and Mr. Ruskin. The library is, indeed, the workshop of a master. Books are on every side; some old, with Michael Angelo's autograph, and some very valuable from their choice illustrations. Here are some of Walter Scott's novels in manuscript. One desk has a beautiful collection of diamonds, agates, and other precious stones, each laid on crimson or purple velvet. Here is a circular table, covered with green cloth, where he writes. His seal is graven on the end of a fine piece of chalced-

village and a museum. To this Mr. Ruskin has given paintings and books, one of the latter costing five hundred dollars. He believes, and rightly, that the poor can appreciate beautiful things.

Mr. Ruskin is a slightly built man, with modest manner, kind blue eyes, and admirable powers of conversation.

Mrs. Craik (Dinah Maria Mulock) lives in Kent, in a house in the Queen Anne style, one of the most charming which I saw in England. She seems to me to illustrate in her own home life, with her husband and only daughter, Dorothy, the ideals she has drawn in her books. Her first novel was *The Ogilvies*, published in 1849, since which time she has given to the world over thirty volumes. She has written comparatively little since her marriage,

about sixteen years ago. She is a queenly woman in manner, loved by all for her many kind acts. Mr. Holman Hunt's little golden haired daughter, Gladys Mulock, whose picture was admired by every-body in the Royal Academy last year, held Mrs. Craik, her godmother, by the hand, as we walked about the grounds.

JEAN INGELOW and

her two brothers live in a lovely London home, full of flowers, as one might expect from one who so loves nature. Great bunches of yellow primroses (no one can be in England in the spring and not love these tiny things that make the fields yellow with their bloom) and blue forget - me - nots were about the house. The grounds, too, are a perfect flower gar-den. Miss Ingelow is most intelligent on all great ques-tions. She knows American literature well, and speaks highly of many of our writers. She is not strong, going to the south of France usually in the win-ter, while in the summer, in the London season, from May to July, her presence is of course eagerly sought. Her "Songs of Seven," not a great favorite with her, will be a favor-ite with the world as long as there are women to be wives and mothers. Miss Ingelow makes her writing secondary to her devotion to her home and the com-fort of those who are dear to her. Though she has written several books. she is best known among us by her poems and her two novels, Don John and Off the Skelligs. She is in the prime of life, though her



Fig. 1.-LITTLE GIRL'S STRAW HAT. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—STRAW ROUND HAT. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.-LACE BONNET. For description see Supplement.

Figs. 1-3.—LADIES' AND GIRL'S SPRING AND SUMMER BONNETS.

ony five or six inches high. Above is his bedroom, furnished in light chintz, simple, but the books and pictures are worth a fortune. The absence of pipes is noticeable. Mr. Ruskin, I believe, is much opposed to smoking. The Turners, hung all about the room, are covered with blue cases, lest the light fade the exquisite colors. The views of the lake, Conistone Old Man—a rugged mountain 2633 feet high-and the ivy-covered house where Sir Philip Sidney once lived, are inspiring.

Mr. Ruskin is a constant worker, studying one subject carefully for a month, and then another. He has great love for working people, and is always trying to help them by such publications as Fors Clavigera, or the Society of St. George, which proposes a model hair is turning gray, and will probably do much more work. Her name is a household word on both sides of the ocean.

Christina Rossetti, whose poems are pure, strong, and finished, lives quietly in the heart of London with her mother, to whom she is devoted. Her own health has not been good for some years. Her hair and eyes are dark, the latter very beautiful. Their home has many of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's pictures, one showing the face of his young wife, whose death, two years after their marriage, cast a shadow over his life. He must have been a patient worker as well as creator, so full of exquisite details are his paintings. Miss Rossetti has written at least six volumes of poems, prominent among which are Goblin Market and The Prince's Progress. She

is a woman of great culture, a noble, genial Christian, whose courtesy I shall never fo

MATTHEW ARNOLD, a man not over fifty. I should think, is rather slender in physique, has dark hair, a scholarly face, and easy, natural manners. He is one of the best thinkers and clearest writers in England, one of her Majesty's School Inspectors, and a hard worker. He has done more than any other man to show England that although she is great and powerful, she yet can learn much from others. Seeing that her primary schools were behind the age, he studied carefully the education al systems of Germany, France, and Holland, and became one of the greatest aids in England's wonderful progress in school matters in the last decade. It is greatly to be hoped that he will come to America. His poetry is granite daintily chiselled. His "Thyris," a monody on Arthur Hugh Clough, has depth of feeling scarcely expected in a man so practical. His "Heine's Grave" is at once touching and powerful.

George Macdonald has a poetic face, whose ev ery lineament shows refinement and delicacy. He has light hair, parted in the middle, as is the English fashion, and full beard. I saw him play at his own home, Shakspeare's Twelfth Night, his wife and his twelve children taking their parts admirably. His manner is most gentle, the mark of a true gentleman. He occasionally preaches in London, having entered the ministry after leaving Aberdeen University. His health is not good; nevertheless he is a constant writer, his books numbering nearly thirty already. In 1877 he began to receive a \$500 pension in consideration of his contributions to literature-a sum richly merited by the gifted poet and novelist.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—the draw. ing to be suitable for publication in Harper's Magazine, and to be the crelusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age - Messrs. Harper & Brothers award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by MESSES

HARPER & BROTHERS not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.

Mr. R. Swain Gifford, N.A.; Mr. F. D. Millet, A.N.A.; and Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., Superintendent of the Art Department, HARPER & BROTHERS, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found snitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harper's Werkly, \$3(0); one page Harper's Bazar, \$200; one page Harper's Young People, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messes. Harper & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-

open the rujue to extension of the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be a confinition to sent on application to

> HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

POETS AND THE POT-AU-FEU.

THERE is a world of theory regarding the spiritual nature of the intellectual worker, and particularly that of the poet, which, if it were scrutinized, would be found to partake largely of the simply ridiculous and impossible. The favorite one of all has been that the poetical creator is hardly to be styled or thought a person of flesh and blood; that he is, instead, incarnate spirit, the creature of his emotions and passions, not of his appetites and sensations; he is all soul and no body; he is soul, rather, clogged by body; and although, to give his soul full play in its captivity, vinous and other stimulating drinks may be necessary, food is and ought to be a matter of complete indifference to him, and he should fare as the butterflies do, on the lightest alimentation, being careless of any, but never dreaming of baser nourishment than bread and honey and grapes and kindred primitive articles.

That this and the general idea it represents is moonshine it needs only acquaintwith a few poets and their ilk to disrer; and one speedily learns on examin-

ing the subject that "Spare Fast that oft with gods doth diet" is their friend but very exceptionally, and that the gods would assist all the more promptly at any banquet to which the poet bids them were the body already sufficiently well nourished and healthy to maintain the brain at its loftiest altitude. This age, which seems to be sifting the chaff and finding the kernels of truth about everything, is coming to recognize such facts, and to laugh to scorn that delicate appetite which, by not feeding the body, allows the brain to wither, if indeed it do not condemn it by something more vigorous than laughter.

However all that may be, it is easily seen even by those that merely turn over the pages of the poets with their finger-tips that they themselves do not at all share these notions, that they do not necessarily consider themselves of the earth earthy because the good things of life are pleasant to them, that with a clear conscience they love the aroma of a rich dinner, and think that poesy and the senses may be satisfied together when they top it off with the ices which CATHERINE DE MEDICIS introduced into modern society, a part, if an insignificant part, of the luxury of poetry of the Italian Renaissance.

"Boy, tell the cook I love all knickknackeries, Fricasees, vol-au-vents, puffs, and gimerackeries," said Tom Moore; and if he spoke in another's name, he doubtless spoke also for himself, for does not his Muse elsewhere burst out in a rhapsody upon France, not as the land of the vine and dance, not as the land of ideas, not as the land of heroes and history, but in quite another spirit:

"Though many, I own, are the evils they've brought

Though royalty's here on her very last legs Yet who can help loving the land that has taught us Six hundred and eighty-five ways to dress eggs!"

And the sweet singer of the Irish Melodies is not by any means alone in appreciation of those things that make good blood and "a sound brain in a sound body.'

> "At present, if to judge I'm able The fluest works are of the table: I should prefer the cook just now To Rubers or to Gerard Douw,"

said another poet, acknowledging the harmonions workings of the system whose honger for food needs as much satisfaction as its hunger for beauty of line and tint and tone, and the worth of a fine dinner, to produce which the sciences have combined in a scarcely inferior degree to that in which they have worked together in the production of any other work of art. "A man who has dined at a sumptuous table," says the good-natured Brillat-Savarin, "in a hall resplendent with mirrors, pictures, statuary, flowers, delicate perfumes, adorned with beautiful women, and enlivened by the sound of soft music, will not need much mental effort to be convinced that all the sciences have been placed under contribution to heighten and crown the enjoyments of taste." And he will confess, moreover, that the sciences not only heighten and crown, but create, those enjoyments, since it is often chemical and philosophical skill, and nothing else, that has taught how to call forth savors and flavors, and prevent their injuring each other, and knowledge of botany and of natural history generally that has given the idea of finding and preparing a large portion of those condiments and accessories that enhance every pleasurable sensation of the palate. That this has not been completely and universally acknowledged has excited the ire of more than one professional devoted to the crucibles of the kitchen. "A scraper of catgut in an orchestra calls himself an artist," exclaims the indignant UDE; "another who makes pirouettes and jumps like a kangaroo on the stage is dignified with the same title. I have myself seen, at the Concert Spirituel, a young violinist, at the age of fourteen, execute a work of Viotti's. Show me a cook who has overcome the difficulties of his profession before a much more advanced age, and without great experience! And yet to a man who has had under his sole direction those great feasts given by the nobility of England to the sovereigns who visited London with Pla-TOFF and BLUCHER, who has more recently superintended the grand banquet at CROCK-FORD's on the occasion of the coronation of our amiable and beloved sovereign VIC-TORIA, and who, from the multiplicity of his engagements, has conversed with nearly all the members of the upper classes of English society-to such a man is denied that title of artist which has been so prodigally showered on singers, dancers, and comedians, who are so proud of the patronage they receive, but whose share of favor, if allotted in proportion to their merit, would be almost imperceptible, and whose only quality not requiring the aid of a microscope to dis-

cover is pride." Poets, in truth, have not restricted themselves to praising the pleasures connected with the table, they have thought it worth

while even to go out of their way in order to express critical and condemnatory opinions. Said GAY:

"The man had sure a palate covered o'er With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat, And risked the living morsel down his throat."

It is in somewhat curious contradiction to this fancy that another writer, although not one to be called a poet, has put on record his opinion that "those who wish to enjoy this delicious restorative in its utmost perfection must eat it the moment it is opened. with its own gravy in the under shell; if not eaten while absolutely alive, its flavor and spirit are lost. The true lover of an oyster will have some regard for the feelings of his little favorite, and will never abandon it to the mercies of a bungling operator, but will open it himself, and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously that the oyster is hardly conscious be has been ejected from his lodging till he feels the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death."

The same thing, in fact, that is beginning to take the reproach of leanness and invalidism from the women of America, and turn out a buxom, blooming generation of more or less avoirdupois, has given the poet his freedom in relation to a suitable abandonment to the enjoyment of his pot-au-feu, and has given him, also, knowledge that the world has no right to expect him to look like Romeo's apothecary any more than like Pickwick's fat boy, but that, on the contrary, it now believes, in spite of Byron's delicate appetite and SHELLEY's vegetarianism. that a well-fed, robust frame is likely to produce healthier and more robust creations of thought than the starved and etiolated one can, and that it will not produce deterioration in his verse, or lead any one to suspect it, if he should pass his plate twice for the tempting viand. "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves," ran the old adage; and if one added, "Take care of the body, and the soul will take care of itself," it would be a statement, be it said without irreverence, worth associating withit. Certainly this is now the gospel preached and accepted by great poets and small; and the late Viceroy of India knew what it all meant when saying once:

"He may live without books-what is knowledge but grieving?

He may live without hope—what is hope but deceiving? He may live without love—what is passion but

But where is the man who can live without dining?"

DOOR KEYS.

ITTLE attention has been paid either by scientific persons or housekeepers to the habits of door keys, and yet there is no subject which better deserves thorough and intelligent study.

The door key is designed by nature to inhabit the lock. Other species of keys, such as watch keys and latch keys, have their habitat in the human pocket, where they thrive and grow bright, and are always in readiness for any duty which may be imposed upon them. The common brass door key, on the other hand, is rarely found in the pocket, and is plainly adapted to no locality except the key-hole of the lock. while in the lock it is safe and comfortable, and can at any moment be made to exercise its highest functions with satisfaction to mankind and with benefit to itself. Nevertheless, it has apparently a deeprooted antipathy to the lock, and a desire to escape from it so strongly developed as

to be its ruling passion. A new house is always well stocked with keys, one being placed in the lock of every door. The housewife who moves into a new house always notices this fact, but while congratulating herself upon it, seldom ventures to hope, if she is a woman of experience, that the keys will long remain in position. In the course of a few weeks she notices that the key of the dining-room is missing. No one in the house has taken it out of the lock, and no one has the slightest idea what has become of it. A week later the key of the two-pair-back bedroom, or of the lower hall bedroom, or of the dress. ing-room closet, is gone. It vanishes mysteriously and without hands, and rarely if ever is seen again. The escape of door keys goes on steadily until at the end of a year or eighteen months there is not a key in the whole house except the front-door key, which, being a large, heavy key of a species different from that of other door keys, shows no disposition to wander. In a house of. say, fifteen rooms, and containing when new thirty-seven door keys, from three to five keys disappear every month, and those which are not detected and seized within a day or two after absenting themselves from their locks are never seen again. This is no rash assertion. It will be supported by

the testimony of every observant house

wife, and it is as fact can be.

What becomes of the is a grave and importa know as yet but few i the matter. The flight of sometimes been intercepted it has been begun. In all ca of flight has been found to The key when unobserved man tach itself from the lock and to arop on the floor. Probably it is partially paralyzed by the fall, for it seldom moves far from the door on the first day. It conceals itself behind the nearest article of furniture, or between the carpet and the wall, and remains there for a day or two before resuming its flight. If within that time its disappearance is noticed, it is usually found and captured; but if no search is made for it within five or six days, it contrives to conceal itself so effectually that even the strictest performance of the rite of house-cleaning fails to bring it to light.

We thus learn that the flight of the door key is at first very deliberate, but that afterward it moves with sufficient celerity and secrecy to defy pursuit. How it manages this rapid flight, and where is the place of its final concealment, are questions that remain to be answered. Similarly it has got to be ascertained what is the usual motive that induces a door key provided with a comfortable lock, and seldom called upon to do any work, to leave its situation and conceal itself from its owners and natural protectors.

It is conceded that door keys do not conceal themselves in houses. Were they to ascend to the garret or to hide themselves in the coal-bin, they could not escape the vigilance of the housewife who cleans house according to the best New England practice. Neither do they seek shelter in the grass or among the stones that may surround a house, for door keys are never found when the lawn is mowed, nor are they dug up when the garden is made. It might be imagined that the door keys of city houses would occasionally seek refuge in ash barrels, but the finding of a door key in an ash barrel is a piece of good fortune which seldom if ever happens even to the most accomplished and successful rag-picker. Somewhere there must be a vast gathering of missing door keys, an asylum where thousands of tons of brass door keys have concealed themselves, but we have no clew to the situation of this wonderful place.

There is nothing except constant watchfulness that will prevent the escape of door keys. Fastening them with strings or chains to door knobs has often been tried, and as often proved useless. Kind treatment fails to awaken any gratitude or to inspire any fidelity in the door key. If we would keep our door keys we must watch them day and night, knowing that they will improve the first moment to abandon us. Eternal vigilance is the price of door keys.

MRS. CARLYLE'S LETTERS.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have just published in their "Franklin Square Library," and also in cloth, neat editions of the Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, prepared for publication by her husband, and edited , the historian. The appearance of this by Froude volume, which rounds and completes the interesting Carlyle Reminiscences and Correspondence already published, is one of the marked literary events of the season. These sprightly letters afford internal evidence of Mrs. Carlyle's genius, and justify the encomiums of her husband, which some critics have styled merely his doting partiality. That Mrs. Carlyle had a sensitive, shrinking nature, which revealed itself only to a chosen few, and perhaps never wholly except to her husband, is quite probable; but the charm of these letters, their acute perception, their subtle criticism of persons and things, their mocking, airy grace, and, above all, their deep underlying tenderness, prove the writer to have been a fit companion for the rugged author of Sartor Resartus, and place her in the front rank of brilliant letter-

The publication of these letters, moreover, does much to clear away the misapprehension that has existed concerning the relations between Carlyle and his wife, as called forth by the Reminiscences. Those who take pains to read between the lines of this remarkable correspondence see a deeply attached couple, understanding each other's peculiarities, both poor, proud, gifted, and in delicate health, bravely fighting the battle of life side by side, and making the best of circumstances, and who would have been equally surprised and indignant at the commiseration of later critics. Painful as is the story of their struggle, it is a common one, which is repeated day by day in thousands of households in a station of life like unto theirs. It was her hard fate to contrive to make both ends meet by dint of wearing drudgery, with fragile health and inefficient help, and his to keep the grim wolf from the door by ill-paid brain-work of a kind that demanded the closest preoccupation, and that was aggravated by the tortures of dyspepsia. Small was the wonder that he failed to give ber the ever-ready sympathy that would have the burdens, and for whose lack he

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threnodies. But, for all that, she was happy with her bilious lord, whom she worshipped as a demigod; happy in the choice spirits that gathered god; nappy in the constantly increasing fame and added comthe constantly increasing tame and added comforts that came as years advanced; and happy in the buoyant spirit that helped her to bear life's cares lightly to the end. Her entertaining Letters cares nguny to the characteristic and Memorials are a valuable contribution to contemporary literature, and an absolutely indispensable complement to the biography of the greatest genius of the nineteenth century.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

FRENCH DRESSES.

THE dresses for immediate use commended by fashionable modistes on opening day are the cashmere costumes that have already been spoken of in the Bazar. This fine wool fabric is of proper weight to succeed cloth dresses on the first spring days, and has become the standard demi-season stuff, as cloth has for winter dresses. The écru and Havana brown shades promise to find great favor for these quiet refined toilettes to be worn in the street; corn-flower blue, stem green, and tea colors are also seen in such costumes, and ladies ask for heliotrope and Judic shades, but the eccentric and striking reds-the raspberry and terra-cotta colors—worn in the house are not used for these simple dresses that must be inconspicuous to be in good taste for the street, The écru and tan shades are worn church, etc. alike by blondes and brunettes, but may be trimmed with a contrasting color that will suit either a light or dark complexion. Plain ottoman silk of the same écru shade, or darker brown watered silk, checked taffeta with red, blue, or green checks alternating with écru checks, and finally cashmere of a darker shade, are the materials used for the skirts of these dresses, over which falls some cashmere drapery, and a small basque of the cashmere completes the costume for trimming there may be écru embroidery on the cashmere parts, and silk frills on the silk skirt, or else velvet from the piece and in rows of ribbon trims the whole dress. For instance, an éeru ottoman silk skirt has three silk pleatings deeply lapped around the foot, or it may ings deeply lapped around the toot, or it may have three lapped and gathered cashmere flounces that are pinked in deep leaf points, but in either case they must look full and thick, giving the effect of a ruche. The over-skirt of cashmere may be in curtain shape, with the wide écru batiste embroidery edging each side of the front as it slopes away from the basine on these ways from the basine on these ways from slopes away from the basque, or there may be a Greek over-skirt similarly edged; if a color is to be introduced, maroon velvet may border the overskirt, or pale blue silk may be laid under the embroidery to show in its many openings. The back drapery must be full, but not too long, and the ends may be turned under to give the appearance of a puff, or they may be hemmed with blind stitches, and caught up very high in the middle to make two slender points. The basque is short, and simply shaped, with a narrow vest or plastron of the embroidery or the velvet, or perhaps of both together. Bottle green velvet is also used with écru dresses as pleating on the skirt, a sort of panier edging the basque, and with three sets of velvet ribbon an inch wide to tie across the front of the waist, over the surplice shirred fullness, and in long-looped bows down the middle or sides of the front breadth. Still gayer skirts under écru over-dresses are of changeable green and red silk in which green predominates; this is used for broad box pleats, and there is Turkey d satin laid in the space between the pleats When the entire dress is of cashmere a darker Havana brown shade is used for three box-pleat ed flounces on the lower skirt, and the paler écru cashmere forms a wrinkled apron front, with its edges sewed on the lower skirt; this may be round, or else droop low on the right, and be caught up to the hip on the left side, and a knot of the cashmere be tied there, while the back forms two deep points.

THE COOK'S APRON.

The special novelty for over-skirts is the cook's apron, which forms a square across the front and side breadths, and has various arrangements for For the écru cashmere suits this apron is a single breadth of the double-width cashmere. long, square-cornered, extending just back of the side breadths, falling on the narrow flounces at the foot, and its wrinkles or drapery folds formed by a single bunch of gathers quite high on each side; this is shaped into the belt by two darts, and sometimes the square corner at the top is gathered into a knot, or a crescent-shaped puff, or hangs in a handkerchief end. The trimming around the three sides of this square apron may be a band of bias velvet three inches wide, a border of embroidery on écru batiste or on the écru cashmere, or several rows of soutache above a wide hem, or very wide Hercules braid, or per-haps rows of velvet ribbon. The back drapery may be a short pouf of the cashmere falling on two or three deep gathered flounces of silk, or all back drapery may be omitted, and the entire back of the lower skirt covered with silk One example of such a dress has two gathered flounces of écru and garnet checked silk so deep that they cover all the back of the skirt except where a kind of pointed puff of the cashmere hangs just below the belt; only one of these flounces crosses the front of the skirt, and this is partly concealed by the deep apron of écru cashmere that has a three-inch border of bias velvet all around it. Three rows of garnet velvet ribbon an inch wide are on each of the flounces, and loops of this ribbon are thickly clustered on the edge of the basque, on the velvet square cuffs, and are arranged standing around the neck

The cook's square apron is also seen on wash dresses of Chambery, percale, or muslin edged with embroidery or lace. For these light dresses

all drapery in the back may be dispensed with, and flounces be used instead. A good model for these is one of Worth's dresses of pale blue Chambéry that has the square apron covered with small embroidered white crescents, while larger half-moons form the scalloped edge that surrounds the apron. This apron is made by sewing together two Chambery breadths, making a seam down the middle. The back breadths are covered from belt to foot by eight flounces, four of which are of the scalloped embroidery gathered on, alternating with four others of plain blue Chambéry pleated and edged with Oriental lace. Scarlet watered ribbon in two very long-looped bows is on each side of the flounces next the apron. This is an excellent design for white muslin or écru batiste dresses trimmed with embroidery and lace, and is also used for foulards that have a printed border, or that may be edged with the colored embroideries that are now done on écru batiste.

PLEATED SHOULDER CAPES.

For the cashmere suits a pretty little pleated cape is added for the street. This has a standing collar of velvet, below which is more velvet three inches wide shaped to sit smoothly below this collar, and attached to this velvet is a finely pleated fall of cashmere about two fingers deep, merely hemmed on the edges, and pressed into pleats that are held by stitches on the wrong side.

VARIOUS SKIRTS, ETC.

very full effect is given to the skirts of foulard, China crape, or nuns' veiling dresses not merely by the long loose pleats that form the entire skirt, or that appear in clusters wherever the drapery does not conceal the lower skirt, but also in a new and simpler way by a single deep gathered flounce that begins just below the short and bouffant drapery that surrounds the hips, but does not extend far below them. This flounce falls straight and full to the foot, with perhaps a border, embroidery, or lace on its lowest edge. It must be remembered that under all this appearance of a straight round skirt such as was worn a generation ago there is a closely gored narrow skirt well faced with crinoline to make it a substantial foundation skirt, and finished with a silk pleating outside and a muslin and lace ba-layeuse pleating inside. This silk foundation is now often of a color in contrast to that which covers it, or else to match the basque and drapery in preference to the lower skirt; thus a red silk foundation skirt is under a changeable green and red silk in which green predominates, and an écru silk foundation is under a maroon silk skirt that has écru cashmere draperies. Simple and stylish silk skirts of checked silks, the plain Surahs, and the striped Surahs fall full from the waist over the foundation skirt, and descend below the knees, where they are gathered to the foundation to form two flounces, lapping, each about six inches deep. These straight flounces have the lower edges faced with silk that does not appear outside, and many of the flounces of thin summer silks are lined throughout with thin crinoline lawn in the old-fashioned way, and are then faced with silk as just noted. The little pleating at the foot of foundation skirts seems to be a necessity for supporting the flabby flounces of soft silks and cashmeres; even dresses of Chambéry and of linen lawn have a silk skirt and pleating underneath, with utter disregard of the question bow they are to be laundried. The box-pleated skirts with the pleats sewed together at the top are allowed to fall in flowing pleats below the knce.

One of the prettiest simple "footings" for the skirt of a dress, either silk or wool, is three knife-pleatings, each a finger deep when finished, placed to lap so deeply that only an inch of the lower flounces is visible after the top one is stitched on by machine an inch below the top, leaving an erect heading of an inch-wide frill. Another stylish finish for the foot of a silk skirt is one bias gathered ruffle of silk six inches deep after the edges are turned up. This is gathered an inch below the edge, and a row of lace or of embroidery three inches deep is gathered with it, and falls on the silk flounce amid its fullness. This is handsome when made of black ottoman or gros grain with French lace gathered upon it, or of white moiré with black French or Spanish lace, or of Havana brown silk or satin with écru embroidered batiste lightly gathered upon it. For more elaborate dresses of black silk, or of white silk, or muslin, French lace is used in three lapping flounces, or else there is a deep lambre-quin flounce of wide lace made by arranging broad double box pleats of the lace, and putting a gathered festoon of the lace between each box pleat. This festoon is merely the lace flounce gathered at the top, and sewed on in a deep curve. Sometimes a square bow of satin is set on top of each box pleat, and in other cases it is placed on the curved part.

There is very little new to say of sleeves, as those most used fit the arm smoothly, are curved high above the armhole, and have very simple small cuffs, or frills falling on the hand and rounded into the lower seam; or else they are caught up shorter inside the arm by a few gathers, or they may be trimmed with a slightly shirred bias scarf. It is only on elaborate dresses that sleeves become more fanciful, when they are formed entirely of embroidery, or beading, or lace, without lining, or else they are silk or satin as low as the elbow, and a puff of lace covers the This puff is gathered to a lace frill that falls on the wrist, and the join is concealed by a puff of net through which colored ribbon is drawn. The trimming most seen for the tops of sleeves is slashed open spaces showing a puff of satin, or of écru lace or embroidery, and sometimes écru lace edges the slashed lengthwise parts. There is a fancy for putting two or three wide diagonal bands of velvet ribbon on one or on both sides of the front draperies of skirts, with

buckles and loops at each end. Another ribbon arrangement is a single deep curve tied in bows at intervals, and placed on the left side only of the front of the skirt, beginning under the belt, and losing itself in the back drapery.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

JERSEYS.

Jerseys are again imported by fashionable modistes, and are very popular for wearing with skirts of the same color or in contrast. Black, white, and red Jerseys of silk webbing beaded all over are those most used for dressy toilettes. They are imported in the close shape that is to be passed over the head, but modistes cut them open down the front, and add small buttons and button-holes, and if necessary a very narrow vest of velvet is added. The neck and sleeves are finished by thickly quilled lace, and a deep bead-ed fringe is on the edge A very large bow and ends of wide satin ribbon is placed behind to give bouffant effect. A black silk beaded Jersey com-pletes black silk, satin, grenadine, or lace skirts bandsomely, and is also worn with white skirts by those who like striking things. The white Jersey with crystal beading may be worn with any colored silk, satin, or Surah dress, and the red Jersey makes a gay bodice for white, pink, black, maroon, and various other skirts. Moiré sash ribbon that is satin on the reverse side is used for the large bow and ends of the back. New black wool Jerseys have a large flower design in jet on the back, with a similar design in front, instead of being thickly powdered with beads that have no special pattern. These have a seam under each arm, a standing collar, and woven cuffs, and are fastened by smooth flat jet buttons that look like sequins. The low-priced wool Jerseys make useful waists for wearing out skirts that have worn better than the basque to which they belong. These come in serviceable brown, black, blue, green, or red wool webbing, and may be worn perfectly plain, or else cut in tabs, and lightly embroidered or braided.

HAIR-DRESSING.

High coiffures are again in vogue, though the low coil on the nape of the neck is by no means abandoned. For those who wear the high Elizabethan ruffs, and others to whom it is becoming, the hair is now arranged in two small coils high on the crown that seem to emerge from the French twist below. The front middle hair is drawn back from the forehead to these coils, while on the temples are irregularly curved locks of short hair. One or two shell pins shaped like large hair-pins may be thrust through the high coils for general wear; on dress occasions an aigrette or two short ostrich tips may be worn high on the left side, or there may be pins set with jewels or with Rhine Young ladies who have the low broad Greek forehead adopt the severe style of drawing the hair straight back, and brushing it smoothly to the coil behind, showing the contour of the head, and omitting all shading of locks above the brow. If the face is a long oval, the high forehead needs to be partly covered, and the hair is drawn back more loosely, and allowed to droop slightly in front. The bang is worn shorter than it formerly was, and may be very thick and straight, or else slightly waved. Very full and fluffy bangs are also worn in an exaggerated fashion that is unbecoming and most untidy-The invisible net that formerly flattened the hair above the forehead is now little used, bandoline is abandoned, the curls are loose and unconfined, and the hair has its natural gloss heightened by much brushing instead of by the use of pomades. Very little false hair is worn. Short witches are arranged in coils, or perhaps in a bow, but are seldom braided or formed in puffs. Occasionally short curls are added just back of the ears, or low on the nape of the neck. Older ladies part the front hair in the middle, and draw it back in long loose waves instead of in close crimps; their back hair is arranged in a coil, which is rather small, and may be either high or low. The Pompadour front is fashionable for gray hair, but must not be rolled very high; this is especially becoming when the hair is light gray, and the forchead is low and broad.

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; and Messrs. LORD & TAYLOR; ARNOLD, Constable, & Co.; Stern Brothers; and James McCreery & Co.

PERSONAL. It is thought that Mr. BLAINE's is the only private house President ARTHUR visits in Wash-

The water recently used to baptize some children by Professor Swing, of Chicago, was brought from the river Jordan, and the silver christening cup used once belonged to President

A plan for the education of women by the same course of instruction as that afforded the male students, but at a different place and time, is being considered by the trustees of the Pennsylvania University.

—A fine grove of natural forest trees surrounds the unpretentious two-story house of Judge W. O. Gresham, of Indianapolis, Indiana. Judge W. O. GRESHAM, Ol Indiampolis, Indiana, His daughter KATE has some artistic talent, while his son Otto is a lawyer of ability, and his wife is prominent in society.

—Rev. Edward Everett Hale says the Japanese do not teach arithmetic as much as we do, because they believe that it tends to make men soudid.

The father of the late Professor DIMITRY was a native of an island in the Grecian Archipelago, and on his mother's side he was the fourth in descent from an Indian ancestor of the now long extinct tribe of the Alabamous.

Governor BUTLER touched off the absence both

of piety and historical erudition in a certain class of people.

—During the war the income of PRTER COOPER from his iron-works averaged fifteen hundred

dollars a day.

—A colored man, named B. C. O. BENJAMIN, has been admitted to practice at the bar of Albemarle County, Virginia.

—A fortune of five million dollars was left by JOSE LEANDER PEAREA, the political autocrat

of New Mexico. -Mr. Bennett's cottage at Newport has been taken by Lord and Lady MANDEVILLE for the summer season.

-Mrs. ALEXANDER AITKEN CARLYLE has bought Carlyle's birth-place in Scotland, known as "the arched house" in Ecclefcchau,

and intends to have it kept in good condition.

HAWTHORNE expressed his opinion to Mr.
FIELDS, his publisher, that the House of the Seven Gables was superior to The Searlet Letter.

—Captain Dow, of the wrecked steamer Atlas, found himself on one of the Bahamas inhabited entirely by negroes, who export four corgoes of

comb himself on one of the Bahamas inhabited entirely by negroes, who export four cargoes of salt and import four cargoes of merchandise in return, and for the rest are sufficient to them selves in a veritable sort of paradise.

The Peabody Institute Library of Baltimore contains over seventy-five thousand volumes. The nucleus of the library of the United States National Museum, purely scientific, was given by Professor Spencer F. Baird.

At the wedding of her fourth daughter Mrs. Evarts were a white lace veit on her head, and quite rivalled the bride in attractions. All the ladies of this family dress with simplicity.

The diamonds given by the Khedive to General Sherman's daughter have been divided among his four daughters, making a necklace and a pair of solitaire car-rings for each of them.

The resolve providing for the appointment of women as justices of the peace has passed to a third reading in the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

Representatives. —At his recent installation the Rev. Wash-INGTON GLADDEN read the Nicene Creed as de-charative of his faith.

—Under the supervision of Father Antonucci a Chinese Catholic mission has been founded at San Francisco.

-NORA PERRY found Father RYAN, the poetpriest, short and stout, with grayish hair, full rubicund face, light blue eyes, and an almost

stolid expression -Lord Ashburnham was obliged to sell his father's library because, his house being six

miner's intrary because, his house being six miles from an inn, savants who came to study among its treasures found themselves so comfortable that they imposed on the good nature of his hospitality past bearing; it was borne, however, for several years, and at last came to this end. this end.

—A claim is about to be made before the world that Miss Wordsworth wrote many of Mr. Wordsworth's poems. Wordsworth himself gave her credit for helping him out with the "Daffodils."

the "Daffodis."
—The oldest man in the country is probably
Robert Gibson, now one hundred and sixteen
years. He belongs in Macon County, Georgia.
One of his sons is a stripling of eighty-one; the
number of his descendants is four hundred.

-Should the English royal family lose their titles in any republican access, the Queen would be plain Mrs. WETTIN.

—Lady FLORENCE DIXIE is small, wiry, and

thirty years old; she swims, rides, drives, and shoots. She is accomplished, clever, warm-hearted, and sincere.

-Young Robert Barrett Browning has a professional snake-charmer and tame boa for models in his group of sculpture which is to represent Apollo, in the shape of a serpent, wooing a nymph.

—Madame Adam recently gave a children's

—Madame ADAM recently gave a conderors ball in Paris, in which Alphonse DauDet led the farandole, a Provençal polonaise; the son of Carolus Duran wore a gitano's dress; the Demoiselles About appeared as Alsacian peasants; Georges and Jeanne Hugo were given the place of honor in the cotillon; and the painter Versitz heat a tamboneine.

place of honor in the cotillon; and the painter YUNDT beat a tambourine.

—Mr. BURNAND'S good-natured raillery is said to have killed the "masher," at least in London.

—The British bishop is sui generis. Lately the Bishop of Lincoln added a prayer of his own composition to the service—and called upon his clergy to use it—petitioning the interference of Heaven against the deceased wives' sisters bill; and at about the same time the Bishop of Nottingham put on white kid gloves trimmed with

tingham put on white kid gloves trimined with gold fringe to confirm a number of young Church people.

—George Eliot's home, "The Priory," was -George Enot's home, "The Priory," was decorated from special designs by OWEN JONES, everything was simple and in perfect harmony of color and disposition, and the house, which was exceedingly comfortable, was always kept in complete order.

-The little Princess CLEMENTINE of Saxe-Co-—The little Princess CLEMENTINE of Saxe-Co-burg, daughter of the royal family of Belgium, now only thirteen years old, has been selected, it is said, for the future wife of Prince Albert Victors, some half-dozen years hence. If the Queen's family goes on this way, always multiolying and never dying, it will bankrupt Eng-

land.

—The Crown Princess of Prussia felt so badly at having England despoiled of the HAMILTON collection that it was six weeks before she could bring herself to visit such of the gems as had found their way to Germany.

One of the Malagassy envoys remarked that Boston skies are like a pretty woman—they smile one moment and frown the next.

—At the end of Clara Schumann's farewell concert lately, at Berlin, the Director Rudolph touched a chord on the piano, and the whole house struck up, Hoch soll sie leben, although it is almost an unknown thing to sing the health of a performer at a concert. She is now sixty years old, but the technique of her playing is still won-

-Rebecca Harding Davis advises bee-raising as an employment for women because it takes only land enough to set the hives on and a small capital; because hives and honcy boxes come now ready to be put together, which any woman can do; because the bees make their own living; because the little time they require interferes with no other occupation—she herself carried on bees successfully with a baby in her arms and the other children near; and because now long extinct tribe of the Alabamous.

General Butler attended church at St.

Anne's, Lowell, on Fast-day, and heard a sermon quite in accordance with the principles of his proclamation. The last time he attended services in St. Anne's was at the funeral of his wife, which took place on the Fast-day of 1876. By quoting an old Fast-day proclamation of Governor Gore's in the early part of the century as well as profit.





Fig. 1.—Border and Fringe for Covers, Tidies, ETC. - HOLBEIN - WORK.



EMBROIDERED NEEDLE-BOOK

Knitting Patterns for Shawls, Stockings, etc. Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE knitting patterns can be used for a variety of purposes. Worked in Shetland or in Germantown wool they are suitable for shawls, in coarse wool or knitting cotton for eradle covers and counterpanes, and in fine cotton or silk for the openwork tops and fronts of stockings. For Fig. 1



OTTOMAN VELVET CAPE.—[For description see Supplement.]



erossed, k. 4, t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 3, t.o., n. (narrow) 2 st. (to do so, slip the next st., k. the following 2 together, and over the resulting st. cast off the slipped st.), t.o., k. 4; repeat from *; at the end of the round t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k 9th round.—Slip k. 2, * t.o., k. 2together crossed, k. 2, t.o., k. 2 together erossed, k. 4, t.o., k 2 together crossed, k. 3; the rest of the st. in the pattern are a repeti-tion of the corresponding st. in the



POMPADOUR BAG WITH CROCHET TRIMMING.

cast on any number of stitches divisible by 27, and allow 1 stitch at the beginning and 5 stitches at the end, the latter for the openwork stitches that close each stripe, and work as follows: 1st round. — Slip 1 st. (stitch), * k. (knit plain) 2, t.o. (put the thread over the needle), k. 2 st. together crossed (to knit a stitch or stitches crossed insert the right-hand necdle at the back from above downward, then work off like a plain st.), k. 5, k. 2 st. to-gether, t.o., k. 6, t.o., k. 2 st. together crossed, k. 1, k. 2 together, t.o., k. 3, t.o., k. 2 to-gether crossed; repeat from \star ; on the last 5 st. k. 2, t o., k. 2 to-gether crossed, k. 1. 2d round.—Slip 1, p. (purl) 2, t.o., p. 2 to-gether, * p. 10, t.o., p. 2 together, p. 13, t.o., p. 2 together; repeat from *; finally, k. 1. 3d round.—Slip 1, k. 2, × t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 4, k. 2 together, t.o., k. 7, t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 2 together, t.o., k. 5, t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 1; repeat from *; finally, t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 1. 4th round.-Work as in the 2d round; all the other even rounds are to be worked in the same manner, and therefore require no further mention. 5th round.—Slip 1, k. 2, * t.o., k. 2 together erossed, k. 3, k. 2 together, t.o., k. 8, t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 2, t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 1, k. 2 together, t.o., k. 3; repeat from *; at the end, t.o., k. 2 togeth-er crossed, k. 1. 7th round.—Slip 1, k. 2, * t.o., k. 2 together

crossed, k. 1, t.o., k. 2

together crossed, k. 4, t.o., k. 2 together



Fig. 1.—Dress of Plain and Plaid Wool. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Cashmere and Figured Silk Dress.—Back For Front, see Page 277.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. 11., Figs. 6-19.]

Fig. 3.—CHECKED WOOL DRESS. For description see Supplement.

1st round, and as this part of the pattern is complete in 8 rounds, continue to repeat on these st. the 2d-9th rounds in rotation, while repeating on the rest of the st. the 1st-12th rounds; the 1st-12th round is as follows: Slip 1, k. 2, * t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 3, t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 4, t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 2; then, in accordance with the preceding explanation, work on the rest of the st. in the pattern as in the corresponding part of the 3d round; after knitting the next even round, repeat the 1st-12th rounds as previously described.

The number of st. for the pattern Fig. 2 must be divisible by 28, with 1 st. added at the beginning and another at the end for the edge; the first st. is always slipped, and the last knitted plain, and these 2 st. are not included in the following directions: 1st round.—* K. 4, k. 2 together, t.o., k. 1, t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 4, p. 5, k. erossed, k. 4, p. 5, k. 5, p. 5; repeat from *. 2d round.—*K. 5, p. 5, k. 5, p. 13; repeat from *. 3d round.—*K. 3, k. 2 together, t.o., k. 3, t.o., h. 2 together armsend k. 2 together crossed, k. 3, p. 5, k. 5, p. 5; repeat from *. 4th round.—* K. 1, t.o., narrow 2 st. as described above, t.o., k. 1, p. 5, k. 1, t.o., n. 2, t.o., k. 1, p. 13; repeat. 5th round.—* K. 1, k. 2 together, t.o., k. 1, t.o., k. 5, t.o., k. 1, t.o., k. 2 together crossed, k. 1, p. 5, k. 5, p. 5; repeat. 6th





Fig. 1.-WOOL AND VELVET DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Walking Dress for Girl from 5 to 9 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3433: PRICE, 20 CENTS. For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—Scit for Boy from 3 to 6 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3434: PRICE, 15 CENTS. For description see Supplement.

are a repetition of the corresponding st. in the 1st

Fig. 2.—Deres of Cashmerr and Presian Cloth.
Front, without Cape.—(See Fig. 3, on Double Page.)—Cut Pattern, No. 3425: Polomaise and Temmer Skert, 25 Cards Radel, Cute, 10 Cents.—(For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 27-76.)

round, and in continuing the work repeat on these st. the 2d-15th rounds in rotation. The rest of the st. belonging to the open stripe require 3 more rounds to complete the pattern. 16th round.—After working over the st. of the close stripe as described, p. the rest of the st. 17th round. - * K. 5, t.o., n. 2, t.o., k. 5; work on the close stripe. 18th round.-Work over the close stripe, and p. the rest of the st. Repeat the 1st-18th rounds for the open stripe.

IONE STEWART.*

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KEMBALL," "THE T OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UN LORD?" "MY LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII,—(Continued.) "WHAT THEY INFLICT THEY FEEL.

At this moment Captain Stewart rounded the corner of the house, Mrs. Stewart came down the outside steps, and the conversation passed from the bird to St. Claire: how he found himself to day? what had he done this morning? was not Pellegrino looking magnificent? had he ever seen the sea so enchanting? and was not the day absolutely perfect?

But on this Mrs. Stewart said, with the plaintive discontent of one ever on the lookout for flaws and seamy sides-one who has outlived all illusions:

No, not quite perfect, Ralph; there is a point of sirocco in it.

After these necessary preliminaries had been gone through, Clarissa broke out with the story of her sister's iniquity, and, for all the presence of the stranger guest, lone was severely scolded by Mrs. Stewart, and sermonized with more effect but in fewer words by her adopted father. St. Claire, in spite of his constitutional dislike to think ill of others, could not help feeling that Clarissa told the news rather to get Ione into disgrace than for righteous indignation at the wrong itself. It was a stone put into her hand by lone against herself, and it was only too easy to adjust the sling. Accordingly it was adjusted, and the blow was delivered with telling force.

The severest thing, however, that was said or done was when Captain Stewart, taking the girl's burning hand and forcibly opening it, flicked with his forefinger a drop of blood that had come on the palm from the bleeding bird.

"Eh?" he said, dryly. "That hand-reading fellow said it was cruel. He did not go quite so far as to say it would commit murder.

"And would again," said Ione, defiantly. Vincenzo, the swarthy Saracenic-looking head of the mill, was standing by Captain Stewart, just that one step in the rear which marked his inferior position-standing bare-headed in the sun, no one bidding him be covered, till Ione suddenly ordered him to put on his hat, as a sign of grace to him which meant rebuke to the rest. St. Claire, preoccupied and disturbed, had forgotten to return his salute, and, after Ione's abrupt command, the man stood there with no more attention paid to his presence than if he had been a slave or an animal. With the quickness of his race, however, he seemed to have understood all that had taken place; and with the ready sympathy which accompanies that quickness, to have identified himself with the matter on hand, though he himself was of no account in it.

In a clear, unembarrassed voice, but with almost servile devotion of manner, he said to Ioue, as it it were a solatium that he was offering:

"I will make a little coffin for your bird, signorina, and we will bury him among the flowers. Captain Stewart looked at the man sharply, but Mrs. Stewart said, with a kindly smile, addressing St. Claire, while glancing at Vincenzo:
"He is such a good fellow, this Vincenzo! He

always brings us flowers on Sunday, because he knows that Sunday is a holy day with us—not a mere festa, as with them, poor wretches!—and he wishes to honor it for our sakes. We have a fairly well managed garden, as you see; though I must say I do not think it is equal to its costseeing what we spend on it, it ought to be a thousand times better," she put in, parenthetically, with her usual accent of displeased discontent; but Vincenzo manages to get flowers far superior to any that we have. I do not know where he goes for them; and he ought to tell us, but he will not, which is very wrong of him. Still, it is nice of him to bring them to us as he does. It is a graceful little attention, and shows that he appreciates all that we have done for him. For without us he would have starved in the streets," she added with that curious acrimony sometimes seen in generous people when recounting their good deeds, and half angry with those whom they have Berved.

All this time Vincenzo stood with a smiling face, bright, swarthy, glittering, looking from Mrs. Stewart to Dr. St. Claire, and from them to the others, in that unfocussed way of ignorant participation proper to a sympathetic man who does not understand what is being said, but who makes sure that it is something pleasant and

friendly.
"Does he speak English?" asked St. Claire.

"No. Poor creatures, they are so benighted!" replied Mrs. Stewart. "They know absolutely nothing-no English, nothing of the Bible; you can not call them Christians; indeed, they are half savages."

"No. mamma, Vincenzo is not a savage. He is a gentleman by birth, and as good as we are," said lone, suddenly. "He can not help being a Roman Catholic, if that is what you mean by being benighted. He was born so."

"Don't speak to mother like that, Nony," said Clarissa, sharply.

Vincenzo shifted his feet and took off his cap. which he twisted round and round in his hand. He was smiling, as he had been smiling all the while, but the expression on his face was somehow different from what it had been, and once when he looked at Ione, when no one watched him, his eyes were like burning coals, but not fierce nor unfriendly.

"He must have Saracenic blood in him," said

St. Claire, critical and professional.

"That is self-evident," said Captain Stewart.

"He is a good fellow for what he is—the least of a scoundrel of any I have about me; but he is an uncommonly ugly dog, I must admit

"Yes; he's no beauty," laughed St. Claire. And then Vincenzo lifted his coal-black, deepset, shining eyes into the young doctor's face and smiled benignly. He evidently imagined that St.

Claire had said something that was complimentary and pleasant.

After this they all turned with the master, and went through the garden to the mill, which was at a little distance from the house. Their way led through hedges of monthly-roses in the full perfection of their waxen bloom and delicate perfume; by large shrubs of broad-leaved, fragrant geraniums, not yet in flower; by miniature trees of glossy-leaved myrtle; by agaves and aloes and palms, giving a strangely tropical character to the whole scene; by groves of oranges and silver-dusted olives; by impenetrable hedges, living walls, of huge prickly-pear, or cactus, or fichi d' India, as it may best please one to call those rude amorphous growths which are so like great vegetable beasts — beasts mutilated, wounded, torn, dismembered, yet surviving all ill treatment by dint of strength and patience, and doing to the last, in spite of torture and ill usage, their life's work of producing delicate and dainty fruit. Those poor ill-used and all-enduring vegetable They are nearly as pathetic as the tor-

tured "ciucchi" of Castellamare.

How different it all was from anything to be seen in England! How much more luxuriant, how much more poetic, and how much less com-plete and orderly! Villa Clarissa was noted for its good management, but it would not have borne comparison with an English estate tilled by English hands; and the general look of loose-lying ends and unfinished bits everywhere, like vacant spaces in a mosaic, would have grieved the soul of a high-farming land-owner. Here the marvel was, not the vacant spaces, but those filled in and perfected. Such as it was, however, it was very picturesque, very novel, rich, and lovely; and St. Claire forgot the weeds in the flowers, and the partial disorder in the general profusion.

So, passing through this odd kind of enchanted ground, where wonders might have taken place as of the established order of things, they reached at last the mill to which they were bound, and whereof Vincenzo was the accredited overseer.

Half a dozen men were lounging about the

place, doing a little here and a little there, in that desultory, unmethodical way which seems to be more play than work, and more pretense than reality. One moved a sack a few inches farther to the side, as it would appear quite unnecessarily, and more as if to mask idleness than to do real work; another examined with close attention the empty hoppers, which were protected against the wiles of the Evil One by a picture of the Madonna pasted against the upright; a third lazily rubbed the flour between his fingers; a fourth seemed to find a grave problem in the material of which the sack was made. But when the master and his party came in, even these perfunctory little activities ceased, and all grouped themselves about the sacks and columns of the hall, each man, with the unconscious grace of his nation, making a picture or representing a statue.

All seemed to turn as if involuntarily to Ione. The master was the master, whose favor represented the bread and wine and oil of their homes: the mistress was the mistress, whose grace gave extra gratuities to fill the gaps made by the hand of the Church and the cursed ill chance of the lotto; but that younger signorina, that fair-haired girl, who was as if one of them and yet was notshe was the flower they all admired, the shrine at which they all worshipped, the cynosure of all their bold black roving eyes, the uncrowned queen to whom all their fervent and ideal loyalty was de-From Vincenzo to that young lad of sixteen, lounging with the grace of a forest animal and the unconscious dignity of a red Indian across a sack, and devouring Ione with his eyes, all turned to her as naturally as Mohammedans to their far-off Mecca, as Sabians to the sun.

To Clarissa came none of this ardent devotion. She had not that electric quality, that magnetic power, possessed in such abundance by Ione. She was just a nice little plump white human pigeon to them-no more; but Ione was the young goddess whom each man secretly loved as a woman, yet scarcely wished to find less than

The girl seemed to feel her position as the untitled queen of all these unsworn subjects, for she was superb in her easy consciousness of power, her strange eves flashing now on one, now on another, as she silently gathered up their homage and secretly returned encouragement. In that uncongenial life of home, where she was always as if in disgrace and somewhat under chastisement, it pleased her to feel that here, among her adopted father's men, she was supreme, and that, lowly as it might be, she had an empire which no one could invade. To a woman a sceptre is always a sceptre, and in default of gold and ivory, one of humble reeds or woodland flowers is better than none at all.

To-day the girl's fascination for these men seemed to be increased. Perhaps the mysterious force of her nature had gained in strength from the sin that she had committed and the passion that had possessed her. Who knows? We have not

sounded yet all the depths of human nature, and we do not know the full meaning of those words we use so glibly—spiritual influence. Be that as it may, this spiritual influence always exercised by Ione over her father's men was to-day more potent even than usual. Vincenzo had told the whole story by a few gestures and glances as he came into the mill, and each man and boy lounging there knew, as he looked, that in the long white hand so closely clasped the little bird lay dead, and that Ione, who loved it, had killed it from jealousy and out of regard for her rights. They knew and sympathized, and secretly adored her more than before. "She is one of us," they said among themselves. Daughter as she was of that cold and distant England, where the sun never shines, where no flowers bloom and no fruits ripen, she was nevertheless one of them.

And yet she, who seemed born for the life of the fervid South, was a passionate lover of England, that, unknown but to her ideal land of individual rights and female liberty; while Clavissa, who physically and by character was English to her finger-tips, cared for no place but Sicily, and never wished to leave Palermo.

By looks and signs the story of Ione's jealousy and revenge had been told by Vincenzo to all the men at the mill. By looks and signs, too, the new-comer was discussed, and pronounced a man of no account. He was to be ranked with Clarissa and human pigeons; but he was not of the height and stature of Ione, their queen. They need not trouble themselves about him. To be sure, he was one of that powerful nation whose supremacy they had to acknowledge in their padrone; but he was only a poor creature, for all his soft eyes and that strange beauty of face which was of the type that painters have taken for St. John or the Christ. And they, the fiery children of the South, with the living sun in their veins, had the right to despise him as one of the tradi-tional "machines" of his race.

And thus, before his face, unseen and undetected, went round from each to each a whole litany of contempt, and the stranger was rele-Monica had gated to the limbo of the despised. wept for him in the solitude of her chamber— Monica, the sweetest flower and purest growth of womanhood; but these wild and ignorant peasants ridiculed and contemned him, and ranked him below a girl as wild, as passionate, and nearly as ignorant as themselves.

The visit to the mill over, they all went back to the house, where the luncheon was English in sign and Sicilian in execution—like the translation of a ballad into terza-rima. But it pleased St. Claire, disposed to be pleased with everything at the Villa Clarissa. He felt as if he should get well and strong now. Yesterday and to-day had given him a lift onward—such a sensitive impressionable creature as he was, and so painfully under the influence of his imagination and affections!

The only thing that disturbed the absolute eniovment of the hour was the anomalous position which Ione seemed to hold in the family. A daughter, like Clarissa, there was yet the most undeniable if subtle difference made between her and her sister. Where the one was listened to with that kind of respect which springs from love, the other was contradicted and opposed with the chronic contempt of chronic displea-Where the one seemed to be in the full sunshine of favor, the other was evidently in the cold shade of mild disgrace. Even the very speech and manner of the girls themselves was different, for where Clarissa called her parents father and mother, Ione said papa and mamma; where Clarissa kissed and fondled each by turn, to receive back as much as she gave. Ione never laid her hand on either, nor was she caressed more than she herself caressed. And St. Claire wondered why there was this strange discrepancy of spirit and bearing, and why the younger daughter was always spoken to in the reproving manner of one under enduring chastisement.
What had she done?—how had she offended
that she should be thus rebuffed? He admired her immensely; did she not suggest Monica Barrington ?--if only in that evasive way of false likenesses and imaginative suggestions, which vanish as you examine them, till at last the first impression becomes merely a memory and no longer a fact-still, did she not suggest Monica?

Nevertheless, despite all his admiration, all his sympathy, he was sorry that she had killed the bird. The act which had roused for her the ardent admiration of the men at the mill had saddened him. He could not say that it had revolted him. His repulsion was not so strong as that; but it had shocked and made him sorry. All the same, he did not like to hear her spoken to as if under perpetual chastisement and in enduring if wild disgrace; and he wondered how such manifestly kind people as the Stewarts had the heart to do it.

After a time Ione, who had lapsed into absolute silence, sitting by the window and looking out on the garden as if dreaming with her eyes open, got up and left the room, and St. Claire saw her no more. It came to be time for him to leave, but still she did not appear; and he had to bid the family farewell without including her. As he went through the court she suddenly appeared from under the archway of the outer staircase, and came up to him almost as if she had watched for him. And yet it had been only by chance that he had not been accompanied to the gate according to the sweet and hospitable fashion of the place; in which case watching for him, to have a word with him alone, would have been a useless trouble.

"Good-by," she said, offering her hand. "I

want to say I am sorry I killed the bird."

"Thank you. I am glad that you have said this," said St. Claire, fervently. "God bless you!"

"You are very good—very, very good," said Ione, looking into his face with her dilated eyes

as dark as night. "I feel that you will understand me.'

Then she turned away, and in a moment she had gone.

"She has conscience and a heart," said St. Claire to himself as he passed through the gate, his own heart considerably the lighter for this philanthropic relief. "I am glad she is a good girl after all!"

As he thought this, Vincenzo, lounging with his noiseless step along the sunny side of the gar-den wall, came up to the carriage, the door of which he opened, while he took off his cap with a smile.

"Thank you," said St. Claire, a little brusquely. The man inspired him with a certain horror, and for the life of him he could not be suave and sweet as he generally was.

There was no smile on the Sicilian's face as he looked after the carriage and made a significant movement with his hand—no smile, but a scowl that only made the blazing fire of his eyes more potent, as he peered through the bars of the gate and saw Ione, with a dead-white face and tears in her eyes, standing motionless by the fountain, the dead bird in her relaxed hand, while she looked at the falling water, conscious of only one thought, one feeling: "I am glad I confessed I was sorry -glad that he was pleased with me and said God bless you!"

Then Vincenzo came through the gate and went

up to her.
"Shall I make the little coffin, signorina?" he said, his head uncovered, and his dark eyes reading her face as if he would read down into her

She turned from him impatiently. He had interrupted her thoughts, broken the flow of her soothing stream of repentance, and she was angry with him, as she often was; for all that she upheld him when Mrs. Stewart found fault with him, and rebuked those who rebuked him.

No," she said, haughtily; "when I want you to do anything for me, Vincenzo, I will ask youyou need not offer."

"The signorina is mistress. She could never ask me for what I would not give her—even my life," said Vincenzo, with more earnestness than is generally thrown into such like professions of faith and offers of service. "But the little bird can not be kept. He must be buried, and soon.

"Leave me. You are impertment—you are tiresome," said Ione, angrily. "If I choose, he shall not be buried at all. I am the mistress. You are impertment-you are

If I choose to keep him, what is that to you?"
"Padrona," said Vincenzo, humbly. "But it will do you harm to keep him, signorina. It will e you fever."
"What right have you to speak? You shall

not take my bird from me. Leave me, I say!" said Ione, with vehemence and passion. "Padrona," repeated Vincenzo; and at the word he was gone, rounding the corner of the

house like a dusky shadow gliding from her path. Then Ione dashed away, for her own part, into special place among the trees which she had made her own, and where she always went when oppressed and disturbed. And here, throwing herself on the ground, she covered the dead bird with passionate kisses, saving again and again:
"I loved you, Mimi! I loved you! Oh, believe
that I loved you! I killed you, but I loved you!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MINISTER AT SCRAGG END.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

SCRAGG END suddenly awoke to the know-ledge that it was a village. Hitherto it had ching to the skirts of Ponkapawket, and had never thought of the possibility of a separate existence. The soil was poor in that part of the town, and it had been a hard struggle to wring a living from it; the place was unhealthy, too, and "as pindlin' as a Scragg Ender" was a household saying in Ponkapawket. Nobody had seemed to prosper or to have much ambition. They were not accused of being "slack" or shiftless—they were hard-working people—but they "never seemed to get ahead." Some people thought there was a depressing influence in the name, and had made a move to change it; there seemed to be no especial propriety in retaining it, now that the Scragg family, for whom it was named, and who were the first settlers, had all died off, except "Bueny Visty," the sea-captain's daughter, who was married out of the name. But still the name clung to the place. Although several romantic names were suggested, such as Laurel Bank and Primrose Plain, the inhabitants would call it nothing but Scragg End, and Scragg End it seemed likely to remain until the end of time.

They had a school at Seragg End at certain

seasons of the year, because Ponkapawket built them a school-house, and appropriated to their use a certain part of the school money, but they did all their shopping in Ponkapawket, and relied upon that village for those servants of society generally regarded as indispensable, the doctor, the lawyer, and the minister. Rather strangely, it was the want of the last-mentioned of these servants that awoke Scragg End to a sense of

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Old Mis' Crichett, who had been in ill health for several months, suddenly discovered that she had a spine in her back, and was not long for this world, and wanted Gospel privileges before she died. Miss Angelia Lawton, who was held in high esteem because her father had been the minister of Ponkapawket, declared that she didn't think Mr. Ericson, the present minister of Ponkapawket, who now and then preached in the Scragg End school-house on a Sunday afternoon or evening, was "spiritual," because he wore a ring on his finger, and she "didn't feel to sit under" him any more. And good old Mrs. Simmons, who walked all the way to Ponkapawket to church

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every pleasant Sunday, said she had always known that "until it was watered by the droppings of the sanctuary, Scragg End would not

And Scragg End suddenly decided that instead And Scragg End suddenly decided that instead of occasional preaching by the Ponkapawket minister, it was entitled to "a stated supply." No longer would it go without "regular Gospel priviller."

Adoniram Hewitt, whose father had been a deacon, was deputed to make application to the proper authorities in that denomination to which Scragg End almost universally belonged for a minister to supply the Scragg End pulpit, or rather the school desk until a church should be

Adoniram Hewitt received an encouraging answer to his application. A very earnest and talented young preacher, lately graduated from a theological seminary, would at once be sent to

Scring End.
Some of the older people demurred a little; they
"didn't think much of 'prentice hands;" but the
people generally thought a young minister was

much more interesting.

Interest and curiosity were at their height in Scragg End on the day when Lysander Hewitt, Adoniram's son, drove over to Ponkapawket station to bring back the new minister. Innumerable guesses had been made among the younger and guesses had been made among the younger portion of the community concerning the appearance of the new parson. It was generally agreed upon by the young ladies that he would be slender, with dark eyes, a melodious voice, and very white hands, and they embroidered several very handsome book-marks for the Bible and hymnbook which were purchased for the desk-Mr. Ericson had been obliged to bring his own-and an elegant satin cushion to rest them on.

The minister was to board at Adoniram Hewitt's, the Hewitt's being well-to-do beyond the majority of Scragg End people, and being regarded as possessing book-learning, which would make them congenial companions for a minister, for Adoniram had in his youthful days been sent to an academy where Latin was taught, and Lysander, his son, had fitted himself for college, and only been prevented from working his way through by the illness of his father, which made it necessary for him to remain on the farm. Moreover, the Hewitts kept a "hired girl"-a very unusual luxury at Scragg End; and both Mrs. Hewitt and Roxy, the girl, were famous cooks, and ministers were but men in the matter of eating, however spiritually minded they might be; indeed, Miss Hepsy Jackson, who was greatly given to attending county conferences, had observed that "the piouser they were the more they ate." But this was generally regarded as sacrilegious, and it was remembered that Miss Hepsy was not "a professor," though she had such zeal in the matter of county conferences.

Adoniram Hewitt's house presented a holiday appearance on that summer afternoon when Ly sander drove over to Ponkapawket station to bring back the minister. The best room was thrown open, there were flowers everywhere. Mrs. Hewitt had on her best cap, and the pantry shelves were lined with good things to eat, in such quantities as to lead one to the belief that Miss Hep sy Jackson's words had had their weight. All Scragg End was at its windows and doors. Mrs. Hewitt stood on her door-steps, her cap strings fluttering in the breeze.

"I do hope Lysander hasn't forgotten to get a new box of blacking. Of course the minister will

want his boots very shiny," she said to herself.

Just at that moment Lysander drove up—with
only a girl beside him. What could be the reason that the minister had not come? The young lady was a stranger. She had probably come to visit somebody at Scragg End, and as there was nobody to meet her at the station, Lysander had brought her over. But he was helping her to alight at their own gate. She was walking up the path. Mrs. Hewitt adjusted her glasses, and satisfied herself that the face was unfamiliar. She was a grave and dignified young woman, with a self-possessed manner, but with a bright flush on her face. Why didn't Lysander come up and introduce her, instead of attending to the horse?

"I suppose you were expecting me," said the young lady, extending her hand in a friendly way.
"I am the new minister—Miss Barton."
As Mrs. Hewitt afterward declared, "you could

have knocked her down with a feather." her overwhelming astonishment was so plainly shown that the new minister became very much embarrassed.

"Of course you knew—certainly you ought to have been told that—that I was a woman," she said.

"We didn't know. Why, we never thought of such a thing. They didn't say a word about it," exclaimed Mrs. Hewitt, and in her astonishment d dismay she utterly ignored the outstretched

The young lady had a strong and resolute face but Mrs. Hewitt suddenly became aware that the corners of her mouth were drooping, and there was a hurt as well as a weary look in her eyes. and all her motherly compassion was aroused.

But it don't make any difference, child-I mean ma'am. I've no doubt you can preach as well as half the men. We know what is going on in the world, if we do live a good ways out of it; only there never did happen to be a woman preacher anywhere about here, so it took me by surprise. We believe in giving women a fair chance, here in Scragg End, I can tell you."

'I was afraid you might have objections," said the young lady, a smile chasing the weariness out

"Oh, we shall think everything of you, I've no doubt—after a while. You don't know what it is to be without regular preaching as long as we have. Come right in and get rested, and have a cup of tea, for I expect you've had a hard jour-

Before escorting her guest to her room Mrs. Hewitt managed to slip upstairs and slyly abstract Lysander's new shaving set from the toilette table, where she had placed it for the convenience of the new minister.

It is undeniable that at the first receipt of the news a general dismay overspread Scragg End. The older people were disposed to consider that a trick had been played upon them, and were angry accordingly, some even going so far as to wish to have Miss Barton told that her services could be dispensed with. But nobody seemed willing to tell her, and there was a great curiosity to hear her preach. There were a few courageous spirits who openly avowed that they saw no reason why a woman should not preach, and were glad to have one for a minister. Many complained of Miss Barton's youth, but acknowledged that they would not have objected on that score to a young man of twenty-six or twenty-seven, which was her age.

There were some who thought she was too handsome for a minister, and others who thought that since she was going to set herself up for everybody to look at, it was a pity that she was not handsomer; some who thought women ought not to preach at all, and others who thought some women might be allowed to, but that Miss Barton was not of the right kind. It was tacitly agreed that she should be given a hearing, but a woman minister as a stated supply was not what was

But in two Sundays Miss Barton conquered Scragg End, except a few of the most prejudiced, who would never own themselves conquered. She was so simple, so earnest, so sympathetic. There were no long words, no far-fetched analogies, such as Mr. Ericson used; there was no rattling of the dry bones of theology; she touched the chords that vibrated in their every-day life.

"She comes right home to you, that's a fact," said Joshua Ring. "She's Scriptoral, too, and she makes as feelin' a prayer as ever I heard. I don't like to see a woman in the pulpit, and I ain't a-goin' to say I do, but she's edifyin', and no mistake."

"I never went to meetin' before when I didn't have terrible hard work to keep from noddin', but somehow her talk is kind of plain and sensible, and keeps me awake," said Luke Pettingill, who was wont to disturb the congregation by audible breathing.

People flocked to Scragg End from far and near to hear the new minister, at first with much the same curiosity that they would have shown to see a white elephant, but soon for the sake of the preaching. Nobody could quite explain Miss Barton's popularity. Perhaps old Mrs. Simmons came as near to the truth as anybody when she said "she wasn't any smarter than anybody else, but someway she seemed just like own folks. she knew just how folks felt without being told.'

Ponkapawket was scandalized. It was a disgrace to the whole town to have a woman preacher holding forth every Sunday, and drawing such crowds-drawing half the congregation away from the Ponkapawket church too! The deacons requested Mr. Ericson to preach a sermon from the text, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." Mr. Ericson was known to hold the Woman's Rights movement in contempt; but he had been twice to hear Miss Barton preach, when there were no services in his own church, and he had also called upon her several times, and when the deacons conferred with him about preaching that sermon they found it impossible to obtain any satisfaction; he was very polite, and he did not say that he would not, but "he smiling put the question by."

One day he surprised Miss Barton by inviting her to an exchange of pulpits for the following Sunday; but that was in harvest-time, and she had come to Scragg End in June. Even Ponkapawket had become accustomed to the idea of a woman preacher, if it did not approve of it.

He had found her sitting on the piazza on a warm afternoon in late September. She had a large basketful of stockings beside her, and was darning them diligently. Some were her own some were Adoniram Hewitt's and Lysander's, for Roxy had gone away on a visit, and Mrs. Hewitt's hands were more than full. She looked as housewifely as if she had never aimed at any wider sphere. The shadow of a smile flickered about Mr. Ericson's mouth as he observed her employment. Although Miss Barton looked up only as much as politeness required, she saw the smile, and it brought a flush to her check. Though she looked so strong and resolute, it was evident that Miss Barton was keenly sensitive. He sat down beside her, and immediately proffer-

ed his request, perhaps as an antidote to the smile.

"Your people would be shocked. They don't approve of me," said Miss Barton. "And I shouldn't have the courage."

"I never suspected you of any want of cour

age," said Mr. Ericson.
"I am a dreadful coward. I don't think I fully realized it when I began. If I had been sent anywhere but to Seragg End, I don't know what I should have done. Here they are humble-minded people, without strong prejudices, and I do seem to have found the way to their hearts. But I am afraid I should never dare to enter another pulpit-certainly not yours at Ponkapaw

ket."
"You would soon conquer there as you have conquered here," said Mr. Ericson.

"I couldn't endure their unfriendly gaze. should display all my womanishness. I should blush, I should tremble, I might faint. I should be a stumbling-block to the women who are following in the same pathway. I don't mean to be My work in Scragg End suffices me, and I am so thankful for it.'

"I am sorry you feel so about Ponkapawket, because I have a proposition in my mind much more audacious than the one that I made," said

Miss Barton raised her eves inquiringly, and dropped them again instantly under the minister's gaze.

"I thought we might unite the churches." Mr. Ericson's voice trembled a little, as if he were

"I don't see how it could be done," said Miss

Barton, frigidly.
"Of course there is but one way," said Mr. Frieson, quietly. "I dared not ask you to be my wife without suggesting to you the fact that your work need not be given up."

The girl rose to her feet. Lysander's stocking

fell from her hand, and was blown away by the wind unheeded. "I don't know what I have done to deserve this—this insult. I thought that at least you respected me, and I thought my calling made me sacred from such-such attacks alto-

"I am sorry that you should think it an insult. I can hardly see how a man could give you a better proof of his respect than to ask you to become his wife. And as for your calling making you sacred, we don't believe in the celibacy of the clergy, you know." In spite of his evident mortification and distress, there was a sly twinkle in

Mr. Ericson's eye as he said that.
"But I—I am a woman," said Miss Barton, sitting down again, and covering her face with her

"The more reason why you should be married," said Mr. Ericson, calmly. "You need a protector."

"I am perfectly sufficient for myself. And I shall never care for anybody-anything-but my

Mr. Ericson arose. "I am sorry to have troubled you," he said, gently. "I love you, and I have never known what it was to love a woman

before; that is all my excuse."

Miss Barton watched him as he went down the road, with the yellow leaves falling upon him. She observed, as she had never done before, how finely his head was set upon his broad shoulders, what a manly grace there was about his strong, well-knit figure

"But he has no business to love me," she said, drawing her brows into a tight frown

Then suddenly she remembered Lysander's stocking, and went down in the grass to look for it. It had blown over the fence into the field. She stretched her arm between the slats and drew it back. As she did so she caught sight of Lysander. He was gathering squashes and pumpkins on the little south hill; she saw his figure in silhouette against the sky. He started to come toward the house, and she waited for him-waited until a sudden thought sent a flame

of color over her face.
"It can't be-" she said, half aloud, inquiringly. "I will keep that out of my life. I won't be a failure! I won't be!" And she rushed up to her room and locked herself in.

She came down as calm and grave as ever when the tea-bell rang, and after tea she and Lysander read their daily caantity of Greek, for Lysander was pursuing his studies with renewed avidity since he had a companion to help him, and had not yet given up his long-cherished hope of studying for the ministry, though there seemed no prospect of his being able to leave the farm.

After that day Miss Barton devoted herself more zealously than ever to her work. She darned no more stockings. When she was not writing her sermons, she was visiting the sick and the poor, and making, or suggesting and inducing others to make, improvements, sanitary and moral as well as religious.

"She was as practical and efficient as if she was not a woman," many people said; and old Jeremy Grimes, who had wished to tell her when she came that they didn't want a woman preacher, said, "They couldn't have had such women in St. Paul's time, or he never would have written what he did."

But Mrs. Hewitt had a grievance. Miss Barton didn't seem to make herself one of the family as she used to. She was shut up in her own room almost all the time now, and she and Lysander didn't seem to get along together as they used to. She never came into the kitchen and wanted to help make cake now, or sat with them around the fire in the evening while Lysander read aloud. She "didn't seem to have anything against them, but she wasn't free and sociable any more.'

Lysander was teaching school this winter, and attending to the farm work in his leisure time. His habit of studying with Miss Barton had gradually died out. To his mother's persistent questionings Lysander replied that neither of them had any time for it now.

Mrs. Hewitt could not make it out. "Pa," who prided himself upon being long-headed, hinted that he could, but he would not say outright what he thought, and his wife regarded his hints with lofty scorn.

One afternoon, after school-hours, Lysander went down to the woods back of the house to superintend the operations of some men who were cutting timber. Just at dusk Miss Barton. coming home from a visit to a sick parishioner. encountered four men carrying on an improvised stretcher Lysander's apparently lifeless body. He was lying white and rigid, and there were scarlet spots upon the snow all the way that he had come. Down on her knees in the snow fell Miss Barton, and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, my love! my love! have you gone so far away that you can not hear me say I do love you?" she cried. "I was cold and hard because

she is a minister. And Lysander-well, I calculate he won't complain of having his foot cut, if it does lay him up for a while. I can't say whether she'll let him do the preaching, or whether they'll both do it, but you'll see them married before summer."

"I don't want anybody to think it's because I'm a woman," said Miss Barton, rather inconsequently, when Lysander led her, blushing and tearful, to his mother's arms. "But I didn't tearful, to his mother's arms. "But I didn't seem able to help it. And Lysander says I needn't give up my work."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. N. A.—There has been an effort made to revive the use of pleated shirt bosoms for evening dress, but

the use of pleated shirt posonis for evening gress, out it has not succeeded well.

APPRECIATIVE SUBSCRIBES.—You will find your questions about wedding presents answered in Bazar No. 43, Vol. XIV.

N. M. B.—It is said that armure silk will be fashionable for spring dresses, but at present ottoman silk is

able for spring dresses, but at present ottoman siik is more generally worn.

B. T.—You will find directions for making cashmere dresses in the New York Fashions of Bazar Nos. 10 and 11, Vol. XVI. Drape your white muslin skirt very high on the left side, and put a bow of ribbon in the bare space above the flounces. A dull plaid visite with some braid on it will be a nice wrap for spring and autumn. Get some sheer black bunting, or else black and white checked wool, for an over-dress to wear over your black pleated skirt.

Swent Seventes.—Deeper shades will be needed for a background to your "drab blonde hair" and "light brown eyes." Use seal brown, strawberry red, dark green, medium blue shades, and black.

Miss M. Mc.—We do not select samples of dress goods or make purchases of clothing for readers of the Bazar.

The Bazar.

A Suisorier.—If by Italian lace you mean the imitations of Valenciennes laces, we can tell you that it is very little used for trimming ladies uninsook and muslin dresses. Embroidery is more fashionable for such purposes, and there are newer laces, such as the Oriental, the Moresque, and Breton.

ELIZABETH.—Satteens will be worn again this summer. Waists of solid color will be worn with figured skirts of similar colors. Questions concerning MSS. are not answered in this column.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—Use black velvet with your chiné silk.

Dusy.—Get gray silk instantion.

A COUNTRY GILL.—Use black velvet with your chiné silk.

A COUNTRY GILL.—Use black velvet with your chiné silk.

Dilay.—Get gray silk, instead of that like your black sample, to be married in, and travel in your black cashmere dress. Have a gray straw bonnet with gray velvet ribbon and an aigrette; also gray gloves. A black ottoman silk mantle would do well with all your dresses, and a plaid or plain black cloth wrap for travelling.

RIGHMOND.—Get plain blue Surah to replace the polka-dotted Surah in your costume. Use ottoman silk in blocks or in palm-leaf figures to combine with the black silk you now have, and retrim it with the thread lace and passementerle.

Mollig.—High corset covers are most generally used under high-necked dresses, and there are low covers for low evening dresses. Tacks, feather stitching, embroidery by hand on the garment, and lace are the trimmings.

Ens.—Get cardinal cashmere for your skirt; use the silk flounces at the toot, and form a soft puffed drapery at the top. Your plaid silk will do for an entire dress made with a pleated skirt, basque, and draped over-skirt. The enshmere is a good shade; combine with oftoman silk by hints given in the New York Fashions of Bazar Nos. 10 and 11, Vol. XVI. Use black velvet ribbon for trimming the summer silk, and make it with a pleated skirt, short hip draperies, and basque. Get green and red striped flaunel for a gay skirt for your boating dress; let the red stripe be undermenth in all the pleats. Then fit your sacque tightly, like a Jersey basque, drape the pieces on the edge, and trim it with five or six rows of wool soutache laid on red flaunel the color of that in your stripes. The sample you send is suitable for a Mother Hubbard morning wrapper.

Arknasa.—Any of the large dry-goods stores will send you by mail samples of silks or of cashmeres of

you send is suitable for a monic.

Wrapper.

Arkansas.—Any of the large dry-goods stores will send you by mail samples of silks or of cashmeres of the new spring shades.

Jessik.—As you can not wear grays and lavender, you should confue yourself to black and white for light mourning. Trim your dresses and bonnets with jet frimmings and white pompons; use the black and white satin-striped ottomans for nice dresses, and the checked black and white twilled wools for travelling dresses.

checked black and white twilled wools for travelling dresses.

S. E. G.—Black silk stockings will be worn with dresses of any color and on all occasions. Your grenadine sample will make a pretty afternoon dress trimmed with yellow Surah sash and flounce. Checked and plain wool and plain cashmere and beige will be used for travelling dresses.

E. C. A.—One of the prettiest of the new polonaises for spring dresses is the cut pattern No. 3393, illustrated in Bazar No. 10, Vol. XVI.; it may be used for any soft wool or silk goods. Ladies who like to braid their own dresses can put soutache in this simple way on the corsage and skirt, or they can use leaf passementerie in the same way.

E. B. S.—Use white Castile soap for washing black and other colored stockings. They should be washed in tepid soap-sudes in which nothing else has been washed; their wrong side should be turned out during the whole process of washing and drying, and they should be dried in a shady place—not by the sun or the fire.

Or sure.—Make up your striped gray and brown silk

should be dried in a shady place—not by the sun or the fire.

QUEBEG.—Make up your striped gray and brown silk as a pleated skirt with a brown cashmere polonaise. Of the other pretty sample make an entire dress with a basque, hip drapery, and flounces gathered on the skirt.

Of the other pretty sample make an entire dress with a basque, hip drapery, and flounces gathered on the skirt.

Clovis.—A riby-colored embossed velvet or velvetcen skirt will be very pretty for you.

County Girl.—Get plush, striped Threoman, or else double-faced Canton flame! for a portière, and hang it with rings and rods of wood or brass. It should lie slightly on the floor. Your other question has been already answered in our columns.

AUGUSTA.—An answer was published to your inquiries in Bazar No. 10, Vol. XVI. Embroider or write the family name or its initial in very large fanciful letters on table-line.

Bertha.—A good recipe for ebonizing wood is as follows: To a quarter of a pound of best size, in a stone pot, add water sufficient to cover it, and set it on the range to melt, but do not let it boil. Take three cents' worth of lamp-black, with a little blueblack added to improve the color, and make it up with oil into the consistency of paste; after which pour the melted size upon it, and mix the two thoroughly together. Apply it to the wood while it is yet warm, painting it on thickly enough to insure an appearance of solidity, and when it is quite dry varnish with two or three coats of oil copal varnish. This last process needs care. The room should be of a temperature of 60° or 65°, and as free from dust as possible. Put on the varnish with a big brush, boldly, rapidly, and uniformly. If the work is not to be polished, two coats will suffice; but if otherwise (and polishing adds greatly to its beauty) varnish must be applied three or four times. The polishing is done with the finest pulverized pumice-stone mixed with water to about the consistency of cream, and rubbed on the work with a line rag. This rubbing must be persevered in until "On, my love! mly love! have you gone so far away that you can not hear me say I do love you?" she cried. "I was cold and hard because I thought it was my duty, but if you could only come back—"

And then they had to raise Miss Barton, and carry her into the house, for she had fainted.

"That's just what I could have told you a good while ago if I had had a mind to," said "Pa," as he rehearsed the scene to his wife an hour afterward. "She's a terrible sight like a woman if

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Fig. 1.—Stellienne Visite.
Cut Pattern, No. 3423:
Price, 25 Cents.
For description see
Supplement.

Fig. 2.—CLOTH AND VELVET CLOAK. CUT PATTERN, No. 3424: PRICE, 25 CENTS.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—Dress of Cashmere and Persian Cloth, with Cape.—[See Fig. 2, on Page 277.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3425: Polonaise and Trimmed Skirt, 25 Cents—Each; Cape, 10 Cents.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 27-36.

Fig. 4.—CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 7
YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3426:
PRICE, 15 CENTS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 43-50.

Fig. 5.—Dress
4 to 8 Year
PATTERN, No. 19 For description



Fig. 6.—Cashmere Dress, with Shirred Cape.—Cut Pattern, No. 3428: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each; Cape, 10 Cents.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—Brocaded Grenadine
Mantle.—Cut Pattern, No. 3429:
Price, 25 Cents.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-5.

Fig. 8.—Cloth and Moiré Dress. Cut Pattern, No. 3430: Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents Each; Cape, 10 Cents. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—Ottoman Silk Mantle. Cut Pattern, No. 3431: Price, 25 Cents. For description see Supplement. Fig. 10.—Dress for Girl from 3 to 7 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3432: Price, 20 Cents.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 37-42.

EIGHT VIEWS OF A SNOW-STORM.

TIME: BEFORE BREAKFAST, MARCH 17—SNOW FALLING FAST.

No. 1.

School-Boy (loquitur). School-Boy (loquitur).

H1! This is jolly!
Three cheers for the snow!
Winter's not over yet—
I told you so.
Bet you the drifts 'll be
High as our fence;
Teacher'll let out at noon
If she's got sense.
Give you a sled ride, sis?
You'd freeze your nose.—
Yes, ms, I'm getting up.—
Scott! how it snows!

No. 2.

Angelica's Point of View.

Angelica's Foint of view.

O daintiest, loveliest, heaven-born snow,
Floating and fluttering with feather-like fall,
Gray clouds above me, and deep drifts below,
I welcome, I smile on, exult in you all.
For Reginald said in the very next snow
With his lovely new sleigh he was coming for me;
And I feel in my heart what he's waiting to ask,
And I know—oh, I know what my answer will be!

No. 3. Reginald's.

Thrice welcome, blessed snow!
A bridal omen white:
The moon, propitions too,
Is full to-morrow night.
I know I don't deserve
My coming happiness,
And yet I'm almost sure
My derling will say "Yes"? My darling will say, "Yes."

No. 4.

Old Apple Woman Old Apple Woman.

Good gracious me! another snow!
I knowed it by my bones;
They ached all night as if I was
A-lyin' on bare stones.
That impident hot-chestnut man
Can have the trade to-day:
Not even boys wants applies when
They're freezin' on the tray.
I'd only get more rheumatiz,
As I'm a livin' sinner.
I'll stay at home and mend my clo'es,
And fry some tripe for dinner.

No. 5. A Sick Girl.

Another storm! Oh, when will summer come, With flowers and sunshine and the sweet south wind? My very soul is sick of clouds and gloom; Thie weight of snow seems pressing on my breast; The tossing pine-troes moan, and long, like me, to reat.

No. 6.

Bereaved Mother speaks

Bereaved Mother speaks.

Again, again, the tender snow has hidden
The little mound where my lost daring lies,
The whirling flakes in dizzying clouds obscuring
The hills, the garden, and the arching skies.

A cruel mother I, thus warmly sheltered,
My tender nursling out in storm so wild.

O God! convince my heart Thou hast him safely;
Help me to live till I may join my child!

No. 7. A Farmer.

Now if I had wished with all my might,
I couldn't have seen a better sight.
Why, Jane, it must have snowed all night—
Ten inches deep already.
I'll haul the last of that wood to-day,
And then to the sugar camp away:
Late snow is the poor man's manure, they say.
I hope it 'll keep on steady.

No. 8.

A Knight of St. Patrick.

A Ringat of St. Patrick.

Ohone! what a murdherin' sight do I see—
The snow fallin' down full as high as me knee!
Whin I went to my bed iviry shar was in sight—
Be Jabers, St. Pathrick, they don't sarve ye right,
To send ye sich weather as this iviry year!
There's some grudge agin ye up yonder, it's clear.
But I'll not desart ye, I'll march in my place,
Forninst the green banner, though froze is my face;
But I'll want absolution—now don't ye forget—
For a drap of "the cratur" to kape out the wet.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

EMBROIDERY is destined, beyond dispute, to wield sovereign rule next summer; it assumes a thousand forms, and from the simple linen dress trimmed with bands embroidered in the English fashion to the trimmings of the elegant full-dress evening toilettes, everything will be embroidered. There are charming embroid-eries in silk of pale, mixed colors, on écru linen or silk muslin, light designs or large flowers embroidered on silk, very rich embroideries on étamine threaded with gold, and a whole series of embroideries in beads and jet. Some costumes have tabliers or side nanels that are a veritable

were turned back loosely at the bottom, so as to show a revers with colored lining and a sort of under-skirt. A drapery of changeable silk formed a scarf on the hips and a pouf behind. Over this skirt was worn a coat-basque of brocaded silk with revers and collar of glacé silk, and large pleated skirts half opening over the pouf. Mention should be made here of the glace stuffs; many of these will be worn, with ruby, opal, and iridescent shades, either plain or with small or medium-sized plaids.

We notice in general that gigot sleeves, or else those with epaulettes, are growing more and more in favor. Corsages are pointed, with small basques, fitting closely over the hips, and termi-Corsages are pointed, with small nating behind in a postilion, or butterfly bow, organ pleats, etc. Sometimes the pointed fronts with buttons in hussar fashion, are turned back over a vest-plastron, also cut in points at the bottom. Draperies and poufs still continue their sway; it must be admitted that the new stuffs are admirably adapted to this kind of arrange-

Certain fashion prophets have foretold that wraps would either be very long or very short, and our visit to Worth bore out this prediction Only they were for quite different occasions. For instance, the spring, like the autumn, demands a mixed garment, which shall be neither too heavy nor too light, while the summer wrap will be as short as possible. For the first we have observed a large half-fitting polonaise of brocaded Genoa velvet flowers on a satin ground. The seams stopped three-quarters of a yard from the bottom of the garment, whence panels fell loosely on the dress. The sleeve, of an entirely new shape, was made of a piece of stuff adjusted to the back, and fastened to the elbow by a ribbon band which formed an elegant puff at the top. This sleeve is charming, and will assuredly be much used for short summer wrappings. A very stiff postilion, cut in butterfly wings, was fastened behind to the waist by a passementerie ornament. Similar ornaments ornamented the bretelle corsage in front and behind. Another wrapping. smaller than the preceding one, but very elegant, had the back and fronts of brocaded satin. The sleeves of beaded grenadine were large, and stood out from a foundation of glacé silk. This style is new and popular, and is likely to have a great success. There is a great variety of these small

wrappings, however, all equally pretty.

Among the innumerable multitude of bonnets, we will mention the Corde and the Fedora, as seen in our best houses. The first is not of cord, as its name might imply, but of colored straw, forming open-work blocks. It is rather large, and has strings, and is trimmed with flowers and lined with Surah, which is drawn through the open-work straw and slightly puffed. The Fédora is round, and is of white glacé straw, turned up on one side, and trimmed with a bunch of colored feathers, at the bottom of which are three microscopic birds. This bonnet is lined with black velvet, which contrasts prettily with the white straw, and gives an air of youth and distinction to the coiffure.

We will close with a detail of the masculine toilette: young men of the highest fashion now have the soles of their shoes black.

We will add that new bonnets are made entirely of moss, with a bunch of flowers on the side. EMMELINE RAYMOND.

Embroidered Needle-Book.

See illustration on page 276.

Two pieces of card-board four inches long and two Two pieces of card-board four inches long and two inches and a half wide are required for the covers of this needle-book. A thin sheet of wadding is laid on the outside, and the whole is covered on both sides with a strip of old-gold satin lined with foundation, a half-inch of satin being allowed for the back of the book between the inner edges of the covers. The satin on the upper cover is ornamented with an applique of peacock blue plush on one-half of it, and on the other half with embroidery, the flower worked in pink, the leaves and stems in olive silk, and the cross seem around the edge in blue. The book is edged with the old-gold silk cord, and fastened with a button and cord loop. Inside it is filled with leaves of white flannel pinked at the edges. pinked at the edges.

Borders and Fringe for Covers, Tidies, etc. Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 276

Thiss borders form a pretty finish for the edges of linen bureau covers, Java canvas tidies, etc. The Hobeln-work is executed in fast-colored silk twist, or else in red or blue marking cotton. A simple running stitch is used, passing over and under an equal number of threads of the ground, and two rows of stitches are required to form a line, the second row filling in the gaps left by the first. Sufficient depth of the marking for feling must be allowed below the Holbsin

work the 1st-8d rounds once, and connect in the course of the work to the wider stripe by corresponding chain stitch scallops. Fold the whole through the middle, and join the close side edges with a round in single crochet. The corners of the bag are trimmed with clusters of olive pompons.

Monograms.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 277.

THESE monograms for marking linen are worked in cross stitch with colored marking cotton.

Pendant in the Renaissance Style.

See illustration on page 277.

The centre of this pendant is formed of a sapphire surrounded by small pearls, while the gold setting is modelled after the Renaissance style in graceful figure and scroll designs.

USEFUL RECIPES.

USEFUL RECIPES.

PLUM -PUDDING, No. 1.—One pound of beef suct chopped very fine, one pound of dried currants, one pound of bread-crumbs (or bread and flour mixed, or state sponge-cake mixed with the flour, six ounces of white sugar, and, just before putting in the shape to boil, eight eggs, a salt-spoonful of salt, and a gill of brandy. Serve with wine sauce. Just as the pudding is going to table pour over it half a gill of alcohol, and set it on fire with a lighted paper match. The blue flame is ornamental, and the burned alcohol inparts heightened flavor to the pudding.

UNBUALLED PLUM-PUDDING, No. 2.—Two and a half pounds of raisins, one and three-quarter pounds of currants, two pounds of finest moist sugar, two pounds of bread-crumbs, two pounds of finely chopped suct, three-quarters of a pound of citron, 16 eggs, rinds of two lenions, one nutmeg, a tea-spoonful of cimnamon, half an ounce of blanched bitter almonds pounded fine, and one gill of brandy. Mix all of the dry ingredients well together, and moisten them with the eggs, which should be well beaten and strained. Add the brandy mix well, tie in a strong cloth, and boil from three to four hours. Serve with brandy or wine sauce. The proportions given will make a pudding of large size, and may be divided into two if you choose. Hung up in a cool place, this pudding will keep for weeks, and may be taken down and cooked just when needed.—Note. For the benefit of many temperance-society families we remark that milk may be substituted where brandy is called for in the recipe; sugar and butter creamed together and nicely flavored answer admirably in place of wine sauce. Brandy is recommended in the composition of both, however, as an aid to digestion, wherever no scruple is felt about using it in food.

Sauok for Puddings, Cakes, kto.—To a cupful and a half of sugar put one cupful of butter creamed. Put them in a saucepan, and let them simmer together for about five minutes; then thicken with a tea-spoonful of futter, one cupful of wine. Put these ingredient

LENDING A HAND.

See illustration on page 285.

STEADILY, steadily, little hands: Steadily—that is the way; Over the rocks and the shifting sands, Over the breathless bay. Pull away, pull away, little mate, Keep time with the plashing oar.
What will they say who watch the bay
When they see us pull to shore?

Little brown hands, but I know they make A wonderful change to me; I fancy the old boat for their sake Goes merrily over the sea.

Many a time when my heart is sore, And tired of its weary part, If the little brown fingers touch the oar, I feel the touch at my heart.

When the winds blow rough and seas run high, I've a mate that is strong and bold; For a summer sea and a summer sky, I've my little six-year-old. Then over the beautiful bay we float,

Far out from the hot dry land, And merrily, merrily, goes the boat, If she only lends a hand. Calm and happy is my little mate,

And calm and happy am I;
And still I pray that my darling's fate Be a summer sea and sky; That her life-boat may pleasantly float Under a loving command; And sorrow pass the dear little lass, So happy to "lend me a hand."

YOLANDE.*

By WILLIAM BLACK,

father's having stooped to ceit? Was Yolande going to -she, the only being in the wo he cared for? And always his fears and anxious conjectures ca

one point:
"He might have spared her! he might have

"Now look here, Winterbourne," John Shortlands said, in his plain-spoken way. "If I were you, before I would say a word of this story to Yolande I would make sure that that would be sufficient for him. I don't know. I am not sure. He says that Yolaude must be told; but will that suffice? Is that all he wants? If I were in your place I would have a clear understanding. Do you know, I can't help thinking there is something behind all this that hasn't come out. If this young fellow is really in earnest about Yolande—if he is really fond of her— I don't think he would put this stumbling-block in the way, I don't think he would exact this sacrifice from you, unless there were some other reason. Yesterday afternoon Melville said as little as he could. He didn't like the job. But he hinted something about a disagreement between young Leslie and his family over this mar-

I guessed as much," said Mr. Winterbourne. "Yes, I have suspected it for some time. Otherwise I suppose his father and aunt would have called on Yolande. They know each other. Yolande staid a night at the Towers when Mrs. Graham first brought her here-until the lodge

was got ready.' "Of course, if the fellow has any pluck, he won't let that stand in his way. In the mean time, a domestic row isn't pleasant, and I dare say he is impatient and angry. Why should he revenge himself on Yolande, one might ask? But that is not the fair way of putting it. I can see one explanation. I didn't see it yesterday; and the fact is, I got pretty wild when I learn ed how matters stood, and my own impression was that kicking was a sight too good for him. I have been thinking over it since, though: the rain last night kept me awake. And now I can understand his saying, 'Well, I mean to marry in spite of them; but I will take care, before I marry, to guard against any risk of their being able to taunt me afterward.' And then, no doubt, he may have had some sort of notion that when there was no more concealment, when every one knew how matters stood, some steps might be taken to prevent the recurrence of—of—you know. Well, there is something in that. I don't see that the young fellow is so unreasonable."

Mr. Winterbourne was scarcely listening: his eyes looked haggard and wretched.

"When I took this shooting," he said, absently, "when the place was described to me, on the voyage out, I thought to myself that surely there Yolande and I would be safe from all anxiety and trouble. And then again, up the Nile, day after day I used to think of her being married and settled in this remote place, and used to say to myself that then at last everything would be right. And here we are face to face with more trouble than ever."

"Nonseuse, man! nonsense!" John Shortlands said, cheerfully. "You exaggerate things. I thought this mountain work would have given you a better norm. Fractility at the state of the same that is the same that the same that is the same that t you a better nerve. Everything will be rightin time. Do you expect the young people never to have any trouble at all? I tell you everything will be right—in time. You pull up your cour age; their is nothing so dreadful about it; and the end is certain—wedding bells, old slippers, speeches, and a thundering headache the next morning after confectioner's champagne."

The haggard eyes did not respond.
"And who is to tell her? The shock will be

terrible-it may kill her."

"Nonsense! nousense! Whoever is to tell her, it must not be you. You would make such a fuss; you would make it far more desperate than it is. Why, you might frighten her into declaring that she would not marry—that she would not ask her husband to run the risk of some public scandal. That would be a pretty state of affairs—and not unlikely on the part of a proud, spirited girl like that. No, no; whoever tells her must put the matter in its proper light. It is nothing so very desperate. It will turn out all right. And you for one should be very glad that the Master, as you call him, now knows the whole story; for after the marriage, whatever happens, he can not come back on you and say you had deceived him.

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est and hearty John Shortlands given to moody staring into the fire. So she went to her own room, and sat down and wrote the following note:

" Allt-nam-ba, Friday.

"MY DEAR ARCHIE,-We are all in a state of "MY DEAR ARCHIE,—We are all in a state of dreadful depression here, on account of the bad weather, and the gentlemen shut up with nothing to do. Please, please take pity on us, and come along to dinner at seven. Last night, in spite of the gale, Duncan played the 'Hills of Lynn' outside after dinner, and it seemed a kind of message that you ought to have been here. I believe the gentlemen have fixed next Tuesdaw if the the gentlemen have fixed next Tuesday, if the weather is fine, for the driving of the hares on the far-off heights; and I know they expect you to go with them; and we have engaged a whole crowd of shepherds and others to help in the beating. There is to be a luncheon where the Uska-nan Shean, as Duncan calls it, but I am afraid the spelling is not right, comes into the Allt Crom, and it will not be difficult for me to reach there, so that I can see how you have been getting on. Do you know that Monaglen is for sale?—what a joy it will be if Mr. Melville should get it back again, after all! that will indeed be 'Melville's Welcome Home!' You will make us all very happy if you will come along at seven, and spend the evening with us. Yours affectionately, "Yolande."

She sent this out to be taken to Lynn Towers by one of the gillies, who was to wait for an answer; and in something more than an hour the lad on the sturdy little black pony brought back

"LYNN TOWERS, Friday afternoon.

"DEAR YOLANDE, -- I regret very much that I can not dine with you to-night; and as for Tuesday, I am afraid that will be also impossible, as I go to Inverness to-morrow. I hope they will have Yours sincerely, a good day.

"A. LESLIE."

She regarded this answer at first with astonishment; then she felt inclined to laugh. "Look at this, then, for a love-letter!" she said to herself.

But by and by she began to attach more importance to it. The coldness of it seemed studied; yet she had done nothing that she knew of to offend him. What was amiss? Could he be dissatisfied with her conduct in any direction? She had tried to be most kind to him, as was her duty, and until quite recently they had been on most friendly terms. What had she done? Then she began to form the suspicion that her father and John Shortlands were concealing something she knew not what—from her. Had it anything to do with the Master? Had it anything to do with the singular circumstance that not even the most formal visiting relationship had been established between Lynn Towers and the lodge? Why did her father seem disturbed when she proposed to send a haunch of venison to the Tow--the most common act of civility?

It was strange that, with these disquieting surmises going on in her brain, she should think of seeking information and counsel, not from her father, nor from Mr. Shortlands, nor from the Master of Lynn, but from Jack Melville. It was quite spontaneously and naturally that she thought she would like to put all her difficulties before him; but on reflection she justified herself to herself. He was most likely to know, being on friendly terms with everybody. If there was no-thing to disquiet her—nothing to reproach herself with—he was just the person to laugh the whole thing away, and send her home satisfied. She could trust him. He did not treat her quite so much as a child as the others did. Even when he spoke bluntly to her, in his school-masterish way, she had a vague and humorous suspicion that he was quite aware that their companionship was much more on a common footing than all that came to; and that she submitted because she thought it pleased him. Then she had got to believe that he would do much for her. she asked him to tell her honestly what he knew, he would. The others might try to hide things from her; they might wish to be considerate toward her; they might be afraid of wounding her sensitiveness; whereas she knew that if she went to John Melville he would speak straight to her, for she had arrived at the still further conclusion that he knew he could trust her, as she trusted him. Altogether, it was a dangerous situation.

Next morning had an evil and threatening look about it; but fortunately there was a brisk breeze, and toward noon that had so effectually swept the clouds over that the long wide valley was filled with bright warm sunshine. Yolande resolved to drive in to Gress. There was no game to take to Foyers; but there were two consignments of household materials from Inverness to be fetched from Whitebridge. Besides, she wanted to know what Mrs. Bell had done about Monaglen and the lawyers. And besides, she wanted to know where Alchemilla arvensis ended and A. alpina began; for she had got one or two varieties that seemed to come in between, and she had all a beginner's faith in the strict lines of species. There was, in short, an abundance of reasons.

On arriving at Gress, however, she found that Mr. Melville, having finished his forenoon work in the school, had gone off to his electric storehouse away up in the hills; and so she sent on the dog-cart to Whitebridge, and was content to wait awhile with Mrs. Bell.

"I'll just send him a message, and he'll come down presently."

"Oh no, please don't; it is a long way to send

any one," Yolande protested.

"It's no a long way to send a wee bit flash o' fire, or whatever it is that sets a bell ringing up there," said the old dame. "It's wonderful, his devices. Sometimes I think it's mair than nai-Over there, in the laboratory, he has got a kind of ear-trumpet; and if you take out the stopper, and listen in quateness, you'll hear every word that's going on in the school."
"That is what they call a telephone, I sup-

"The very thing!" said Mrs. Bell, as she left the room to send a message to him.

When she came back she was jubilant.

'My dear young leddy, I am that glad to see I've sent the letter." "What letter?"

"To the lawyers. Oh, I was a lang, lang time thinking o't, for they lawyers are kittle cattle to deal wi'; and I kenned fine if I was too eager they would jalouse what I was after, and then they would be up to their pranks. So I just telled them that I did not want Monaglen for which is as true's the Gospel-but that if they happened to hear what was the lowest price that would be taken, they might send me word, in case I should come across a customer for them. It doesns do to be too eager about a bargain, especially wi' they lawyers; it's just in-

"If Mr. Melville," said Yolande, quickly, "were to have Monaglen, he would still remain in this neighborhood, then?"

'Nae doot about that! It'll be a' a man's wark to put the place to rights again; for the factor is a puir body, and the young gentleman never came here—he has plenty elsewhere, I have been told."

"Mr. Melville would still be living here?" said

Yolande, eagerly.

"At Monaglen, ay, and it's no so far away. But it will mak' a difference to me," the old dame said, with a sigh. "For I have got used to his ways about the hoose, and it will seem empty "Then you will not go to Monaglen?"

"'Deed, no; that would never do. I wouldna like to go as a servant, for I have been living too long in idleness; and I couldna go back in any other kind of a way, for I ken my place. Na, na; I will just bide where I am, and I will keep £220 a year or thereabouts for mysel'; and wi' that I can mak' ends meet brawly, in spite o' they spendrif hussies."

These romantic projects seemed to have a great fascination for this good dame (who had seen far less that was attractive in the prospect of being given away in marriage by a famous duke), and she and Yolande kept on talking about them with much interest, until a step outside on the gravel caused the color to rush to the girl's face. did not know that when she rose on his entrance. She did not know that she looked embarrassed, because she did not feel embarrassed. Always she had a sense of safety in his presence. She had not to watch her words, or think of what he was thinking of what she was saying. And on this occasion she did not even make the pretense of having come about Alchemilla alpina. She apologized for having brought him down from his electric works, asked him if he would take a turn in the garden for a minute or two, as she had something to say to him, and then went out, he following. She did not notice that when she made this last remark his face looked rather

"Mr. Leslie went to Inverness this morning?" she said, when they were out in the garden.
"Yes; he looked in as he was passing."

"Do you know why he went?"
"Well," said he, "I believe they have been hav-

ing some dispute about the marches of the forest; but I am told it is to be all amicably settled. I fancy Archie is going to have the matter squared

She hesitated then. She took up a flower, regarded it for a second, and then looked him fair

"Mr. Melville," said she, "do you think it strange that I ask you this question?—you are Mr. Leslie's friend: is he offended with me?"

His eyes were looking at hers too—rather watchfully. He was on his guard.

"I have not the slightest reason to suppose that he is," was the answer, given with some earnestness, for he was glad to find the question so simple.

"None? I have not done anything that he

could complain of—to you or any one?"

"I assure you I never heard him breathe a word of the kind. Besides," added he, with a very unusual warmth in his pale cheeks, "I wouldn't listen. No man could be such a cow-

"Oh, please don't think that I am angry," she said, with earnest entreaty. "Please don't think I have to complain. Oh no! But every one knows what mischief is wrought sometimes by mistake; some one being offended and not giving a chance of explanation; and—and I was only anxious to be assured that I had done nothing to vex him. His going away without seeing us seemed so strange—yes; and also his not coming of late to the lodge; and-and my papa seems to be troubled about something; so that I became anxious; and I knew you would tell me the truth, if no one else would. And it is all right, then? There is no reason to be disturbed, to be anxious?"

He was disturbed, at all events, and sorely perplexed. He dared not meet her eyes; they seemed to read him through and through when he ventured to look up.

"Don't imagine for a moment that you have anything to reproach yourself with—not for a moment," he said.

"Has any one, then?"

"Why, no. But-but-well, I will be honest with you, Yolande: there has been a little trouble at the Towers. The old people are not easy to please; and—and Archie has too much spirit to allow you to be dragged into a controversy, you see: and as they don't get on very well together, I suppose he is glad to get off for a few days to Inverness.'

"Ah, I understand," she said, slowly. "That

is something to know. But why did he not tell Does he think I am afraid of a little trouble like that? Does he think I should be fright-ened? Oh no. When I make a promise, it is not to break it. He should have trusted me more than that. Ah, I am sorry he has to go away on my account. Why did he not speak? It is

strange."
And then she regarded him with those clear, beautiful, contemplative eyes of hers.

"Have you told me everything?" He did not answer.

"No. There is more. There is more to account for my papa's trouble—for his going away this morning. And why do I come to you?—be-cause I know that what you know you will tell to You have been my friend since ever we came to this place."

He could not withstand her appeal; and yet he

dared not reveal a secret which was not his own. "Yolande," said he, and he took her hand to emphasize his words, "there is more; but it is not I who must tell you. What I can tell you, and what I hope you will believe, is that you are in no way the cause of anything that may have hap-pened. You have nothing to reproach yourself with. And any little trouble there may be will be removed in time, no doubt. When you have done your best, what more can you do? 'The rest is with the gods."

It is just possible that she might have begged him to make a candid confession of all that he knew-for she had a vague fear that she herself was the cause of that anxiety which she saw too visibly in her father's look—but at this moment the dog-cart drove up to the front gate, and she had to go. She bade him, and also Mrs. Bell, good-by almost in silence; she went away thoughtfully. And as he watched her disappear along the high-road—the warm westering light touching the red gold of her hair—he was thoughtful too; and his heart yearned toward her with a great pity; and there was not much that this man would not have done to save her from the shadow that was about to fall on her young life.

CHAPTER XXX.

HE could not rest, somehow. He went into the laboratory and looked vacantly around; the objects there seemed to have no interest for him. Then he went back to the house—into the room where he had found her standing; and that had more of a charm for him: the atmosphere still seemed to bear the perfume of her presence, the music of her voice still seemed to hang in the air. She had left on the table—she had forgot-ten, indeed—a couple of boards inclosing two specimens of the Alchemilla. These he turned over, regarding with some attention the pretty, quaint French handwriting at the foot of the page: "Alchemilla alpina. Alpine Lady's mantle. Allt-nam-ba, September, 188-." But still his mind was absent; he was following in imagination the girl herself, going away along the road there, alone, to meet the revelation that was to alter

And was he going to stand by idle? Was he going to limit himself to the part he had been asked to play—that of mere message-bearer? Could he not do something? Was he to be dominated by the coward fear of being called an intermeddler? He had not pondered over all this matter (with a far deeper interest than he himself imagined) without result. He had his own views, his own remedy; he knew what counsel he would give, if he dared intervene. And why should he not dare? He thought of the expression of her face as she had said, with averted eyes, "Good-' and then, why, then, a sudden impulse seized him that somehow and at once he must get to Allt-nam-ba, and that before she should meet her

He snatched up his hat and went quickly out and through the little front garden into the road; there he paused. Of course he could not follow her; she must needs see him coming up the wide strath; and in that case what excuse could he give? But what if the shooting party had not yet come down from the hill? Might he not intercept them somewhere? Sometimes, when they had been taking the far tops in search of a ptar migan or two, they came home late—to be scolded by the young house-mistress for keeping dinner back. Well, the result of these rapid calculations was that the next minute he had set out to climb, with a swiftness that was yet far too slow for the eagerness of his wishes, the steep and rough and rugged hills that stretch away up to the neighborhood of Lynn forest.

First it was over peat bog and rock, then through a tangled undergrowth of young birches, then up through some precipitous gullies, until at last he had gained the top, and looked abroad over the forest-that wide, desolate, silent wilderness. Not a creature stirred, not even the chirp of a chaffinch broke the oppressive stillness; it seemed a world of death. But he had no time to take note of such matters: besides, the solitude of a deer ferest was familiar to him. He held along by the hill-top, sometimes having to descend into sharp little gullies and clamber up again, until, far below him, he came in sight of Lynn Towers, and the bridge, and the stream, and the loch; and onward still he kept his way, until the strath came in view, with Allt-nam-ba and a pale blue smoke rising from the chimneys into the still evening air. Probably Yolande had got home by that time; perhaps she might be out and walking round the place, talking to the dogs in the kennel, and so forth. So he kept rather back from the edge of the hill-top, so that he should not be descried, and in due time arrived at a point overlooking the junction of three glens, down one of which the shooting people, if they had not already reached the lodge, were almost certain to come.

He looked and waited, however, in vain; and he was coming to the conclusion that they must have already passed and gone on to the lodge, when he fancied he saw something move behind some birch bushes on the hill-side beyond the glen. Presently he made out what it was-u pony grazing, and gradually coming more and more into view. Then he reflected that the pony could only be there for one purpose; that probably the attendant gillie and the panniers were hidden from sight behind those birches; and that, if it were so, the shooting party had not returned, and were bound to come back that way. A very few minutes of further waiting proved his conjectures to be right, a scattered group of people, with dogs in to heel, appearing on the crest of the hill opposite. Then he had no fur-ther doubt. Down this slope he went at head-long speed, crossed the rushing burn by springing from bowlder to bowlder, scrambled up through the thick brush-wood and heather of the opposite banks, and very soon encountered the returning party, who were now watching the panniers being put on the pony's back.

Now that he had intercepted Mr. Winterbourne, there was no need for hurry. He could take time to recover his breath, and also to bethink himself as to how he should approach this diffi-cult matter; and then, again, he did not wish those people to imagine that he had come on any important errand. And so the conversation, as the pony was being loaded, was all about the sport. They had done very well, it appeared; the birds had not vet got wild, and there was no sign of packing; they had got a couple of teal and a golden plover, which was something of a variety; also they had had the satisfaction of seeing a large eagle—which Duncan declared to be a Golden Eagle—at unusually close quarters.

Then they set out for home; Duncan and the gillies making away for a sort of ford by which they could get the pony across the Dun Water, while the three others took a nearer way to the lodge by getting down through a gully to the Corrie-an-eich, where there was a swing-bridge across the burn. When they had got to the

bridge, Melville stopped him.

"I am not going on with you to the lodge," said he. "Mr. Winterbourne, I have seen your daughter this afternoon. She is troubled and auxious; and I thought I'd come along and have a word with you. I hope you will forgive me for thrusting myself in where I may not be wanted; but but it is not always the right thing to but—but it is not always the right thing to 'pass by on the other side.' I couldn't in this

"I am sure we are most thankful to you for what you have done already," Yolande's father said, promptly; and then he added, with a weary look in his face, "and what is to be done now I don't know. I can not bring myself to this that Leslie demands. It is too terrible. I look at the girl-well, it does not bear speaking of."

"Look here, Winterbourne," John Shortlands said, "I am going to leave you two together. I will wait for you the other side. But I would advise you to listen well to anything that Mr. Mclville has to say; I have my own guess."

With that he proceeded to make his way across the narrow and swaying bridge, leaving these two alone.

"What I want to know, first of all," Mr. Winterbourne said, with a kind of despair in his voice, "is whether you are certain that the Master will insist? Why should he? How could it matter to him? I thought we had done everything when we let him know. Why should Yolande know? Why make her miserable to no end? Look what has been done to keep this knowledge from her all through these years; and you can see the result in the gavety of her heart. Would she have been like that if she had known—if she had always been thinking of one who ought to be near her, and perhaps blaming herself for holding aloof from her? She would have been quite different; she would have been old in sadness by this time; whereas she has never known what a care was. Mr. Melville, you are his friend; you know him better than any of us. Don't you think there is some chance of reasoning with him, and inducing him to forego this demand? It seems so hard."

The suffering that this man was undergoing was terrible. His questions formed almost a cry of entreaty, and Jack Melville could scarcely bring himself to answer in what he well knew to be the truth.

"I can not deceive you," he said, after a second.
"There is no doubt that Leslie's mind is made up on the point. When I undertook to carry his message, he more than once repeated his clear decision—"

"But why? What end will it serve? How could it matter to them—living away from London? How could they be harmed?"

"Mr. Winterbourne," said the other, with some-thing of a clear emphasis, "when I reported Leslie's decision to Mr. Shortlands, as I was asked to do, I refused to defend it-or to attack it, for that matter-and I would rather not do so now What I might think right in the same case, what you might think right, does not much matter. I told Mr. Shortlands that perhaps we did not know everything that might lead to such a decision: Leslie has not been on good terms with his father and aunt, and he thinks he is being badly used. There may be other things; I do not know

"And how do we know that it will suffice?"
e other said. "How do we know that it will the other said. satisfy him and his people? Are we to inflict all this pain and sorrow on the girl, and then wait to see whether that is enough?"

"It is not what I would do," said Jack Mel-

ville, who had not come here for nothing.
"What would you do, then? Can you suggest anything?" her father said, eagerly. little know how we should value any one who could remove this thing from us!"
"What I would do? Well, I w

Well, I will tell you. I would go to that girl, and I would see how much

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of the woman is in her: I think you will find enough. I would say to her, There is your mother; that is the condition she has sunk into through those accursed drugs. Every means has been tried to save her without avail—every means save one. It is for you to go to her—you yourself—alone. Who knows what resurrection of will and purpose may not arise within her when it is her own daughter who stands before her and appeals to her—when it is her own daughter who will be by her side during the long struggle? That is your duty as a daughter: will you do it?' If I know the girl, you will not have to say more."

The wretched man opposite seemed almost to recoil from him in his dismay. "Good God!" he muttered, and there was a sort of blank, vague terror in his face. Melville stood silent and calm,

awaiting an answer.
"It is the suggestion of a devil," said this man, who was quite aghast, and seemed scarcely to comprehend the whole thing just

"It is the suggestion neither of a devil nor an angel," said Melville, calmly, "but of a man who has read a few medical books."

The other, with the half horror-stricken look in the eyes, seemed to be thinking hard of all that might happen; and his two hands clasped together over the muzzle of his gun, which was resting on the ground, were

trembling.
"Oh, it is impossible—impossible!" he cried at length.
"It is inhuman. You have not thought of it sufficiently. My girl to go through that !— have you considered what you are proposing to subject her to?"

"I have considered," Jack

Melville said (perhaps with a passing qualm; for there was a pathetic cry in this man's voice). "And I have thought of it sufficiently, I hope. I would not have dared to make the suggestion without the most anxious considera-

"And you would subject

Yolande to that?"
"No," said the other, "I would not. I would not subject her to anything; I would put the case before her, and I know what her own answer would be. I don't think any one would have to use prayers and entreaties. I don't think it would be necessary to try much persuasion. I say this—put the case before her, and I will stake my head I can tell what her answer will be—what her de-cision will be—yes, and be-fore you have finished your

"And to go alone—"
"She will not be afraid."

He seemed to have a very profound conviction of his knowledge of this girl's nature; and there was a kind of pride in the way he

"But why alone?" pleaded the father—he seemed to be imagining all kinds of things with those haggard eyes.

"I would not have the mental shock lessened by the presence of any one. I would have no possible suspicion of a trap, a bait, a temptation. I would have it between these two: the daughter's appeal to her mo-

daughter's appear to her mother. I am not afraid of the result."

"She could not. My girl to go away by herself!—she could not; it is too terrible."

"Try her."

"She has poon travalled.

"She has never travelled alone. Why, even to go to London by herself—"

"Oh, but that has nothing to do with it. That is not what I mean at all. As for that, her maid would go with her as a matter of course; and Mr. Shortlands might see her as far as London if he is going south shortly, as I hear. She could put up at one or other of the hotels that she has already staid at with you. Then you would give her the address, and leave the rest to her."

"You have been thinking over this," Mr. Winterbourne said.
"I have not. I am rather bewildered about it. Shall we ask

"If you wish. But first let me explain, Mr. Winterbourne. As I understand, several arrangements have been made with this poor woman-only, unhappily, to be broken by her. Well, now, why I want Yolande to go alone-if you think the experiment should be tried at all—is to prevent suspicion in the poor woman's mind. I would have no third person. It should be a matter between the would have no third person. two women themselves; and Yolande must insist on seeing her mother alone."

"Insist! Yes, and insist with two such wretches as those Romfords! Why, the man might insult her; he might lay hands on her, and force her out of the house."

Melville's pale, dark face grew darker at this, and his eves had a sudden, sharp fire in them.

"She must have a policeman waiting outside," he said, curtly.

"And her maid must go inside with her, but not necessarily into

"And then," said Mr. Winterbourne, who was apparently picturing all this before his mind; "supposing she were to get her mother away with her, what then?'

"She would take her back to the hotel. She must have a private sitting-room, of course. Then, in two or three days' time, when she had got the necessary travelling things for her mother, she would take her down to some quiet sea-side place-Eastbourne, or Bournemouth, or some such place-and get rooms there. The two women would get to know each other that way; Yolande would always be with her; her constant society would be her mother's safeguard."

"You have thought of everything—you have thought of everything," the father murmured. "Well, let us see what Shortlands says. It is a terrible risk. I am not hopeful myself. The thing is, is it fair to bring all this distress and suffering on the girl on such a remote chance?'

"You must judge of that," said Melville. "You asked me what I would do. I have told you.

know to some end. Other things have been tried, and failed; this might not. The shock might bring her to her senses. Anyhow, don't you see, if you once tell Yolande all about it, I rather fancy she will be dissatisfied until she has made a trial." "That is what I am certain of," Melville said, quickly. "I would contentedly leave it to herself. Only the girl must have "Surely, surely," said John Shortlands. "I consider your plan very carefully laid out—if Winterbourne will risk it. The only other way is to leave Yolande in her present happy ignorance other way is to leave rolande in her present happy ignorance; and tell the Master of Lynn, and his father, and his aunt, and whatever other relations he has, to go to the devil."

"Shortlands," said Mr. Winterbourne, angrily, "this is a serious thing; it is not to be settled in your free-and-easy way. I suppose you wouldn't mind bringing on Yolande the mortification of being the state of the settled in your serious them. How could you explain to her? She would be left-with jilted? How could you explain to her: She would be lett—without a word. And I fear she is beginning to be anxious already. Poor child, whichever way it goes, she will have enough to suffer."

"I should not mind so

much which way it goes," said John Shortlands, bluntly, "if only somebody would take the Master of Lynn by the scruff of the neck, and oblige me by kicking him from Allt-nam-

ba bridge to Foyers pier."
"Come, come," said Melville (though he was by much the youngest of these three), "the less said in that way the better. What you want is to make the best of things, not to stir up ill-will. For my part, I regard Miss Winterbourne's engagement to Mr. Leslie as a secondary matter -at this present moment; I consider her first duty is to her mother; and I am pretty sure you will find that will be her opinion when you put the facts of the case before her. Yes; I am pretty certain of that."

"And who would undertake to tell her?" her father said. "Who could face the suffering, the shame, you would see in her eyes? Who would dare to suggest to her that she, so tenderly cared for all her life, should go away and encounter these horrors?"

horrors?"
There was silence.
"If it comes to that," said
Merville, slowly, "I will do it,
If you think it right—if it
will give you pain to speak
to her—let me speak to her."
"You" said how futbes."

"You?" said her father.
"You?" said her father.
"Why should you undertake
what can not but be a dreadful task? Why should you
have to bear that?"

"Oh," said he, "my share in the common trouble would be slight. Besides, I have not many friends; and when one has the chance of lending a hand, don't you understand, it is a kind of gratification. I know it will not be pleasant, except for one thing—I am looking forward to be a preserve and I know to her answer; and I know what it will be."

"But, really," her father said, with some hesitation, "is it fair we should put this on you? It is a great sacrifice to ask from one who has been so recently our friend. You have seen her—you have seen how light-hearted she is; and to ask any one to go and take away the happy carelessness of her life from her-"

"Yes, it will make a change," said Melville, thoughtfully. "I know that. She will be no longer a girl.

"At all events, Winter-bourne," John Shortlands broke in, "what I said before I say now-you are the last man to undertake such a job. You'd frighten the girl out of her senses. It's bad enough as it is; and it 'll have to be told her by degrees. I would have a try myself, but I might say something about the cause of her having to be told, and that would only make mischief. If I said anything about your friend Leslie, Mr. Melville, I ask you to forget it. No

use making rows. And I say, if Winterbourne decides on taking your way out of this troublous business, and if you don't mind doing what you've offered to do, you could not find a better time than next Tuesday, if that will be convenient for you, for we shall be all away at the far tops that day, and, I dare say, it will take you some time to break the news gently."

"I am quite at your service, either on Tuesday or any other day, whenever you let me know what you have decided."

He would not go on to the house with them, despite all their solicitations; on the other hand, he begged them not to say to Yolande that they had seen him. So they went on their way down to the little lodge and its dependencies, while he went back and over the hills.

"He's a — fine fellow that, and no mistake," said the plain-spoken John Shortlands. "There is a sort of broad human nature about him. And I should think, Winterbourne, you were very much obliged to him."

"Obliged ?" said Yolande's father. "It is scarcely the word." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RETURN FROM ABROAD. - DRAWN BY EMILY L. PHILLIPS.

Mr. Winterbourne was about to step on to the bridge, across which only one could go at a time; but he suddenly turned back, and said, with some earnest emphasis, to the younger man:
"Do not imagine that because I hesitate I think any the less of

your thoughtfulness. Not many would have done as much. Whatever happens, I know what your intentions were toward us." took Melville's hand for a moment, and pressed it. "And I thank

you for her sake and for my own. May God bless you!".

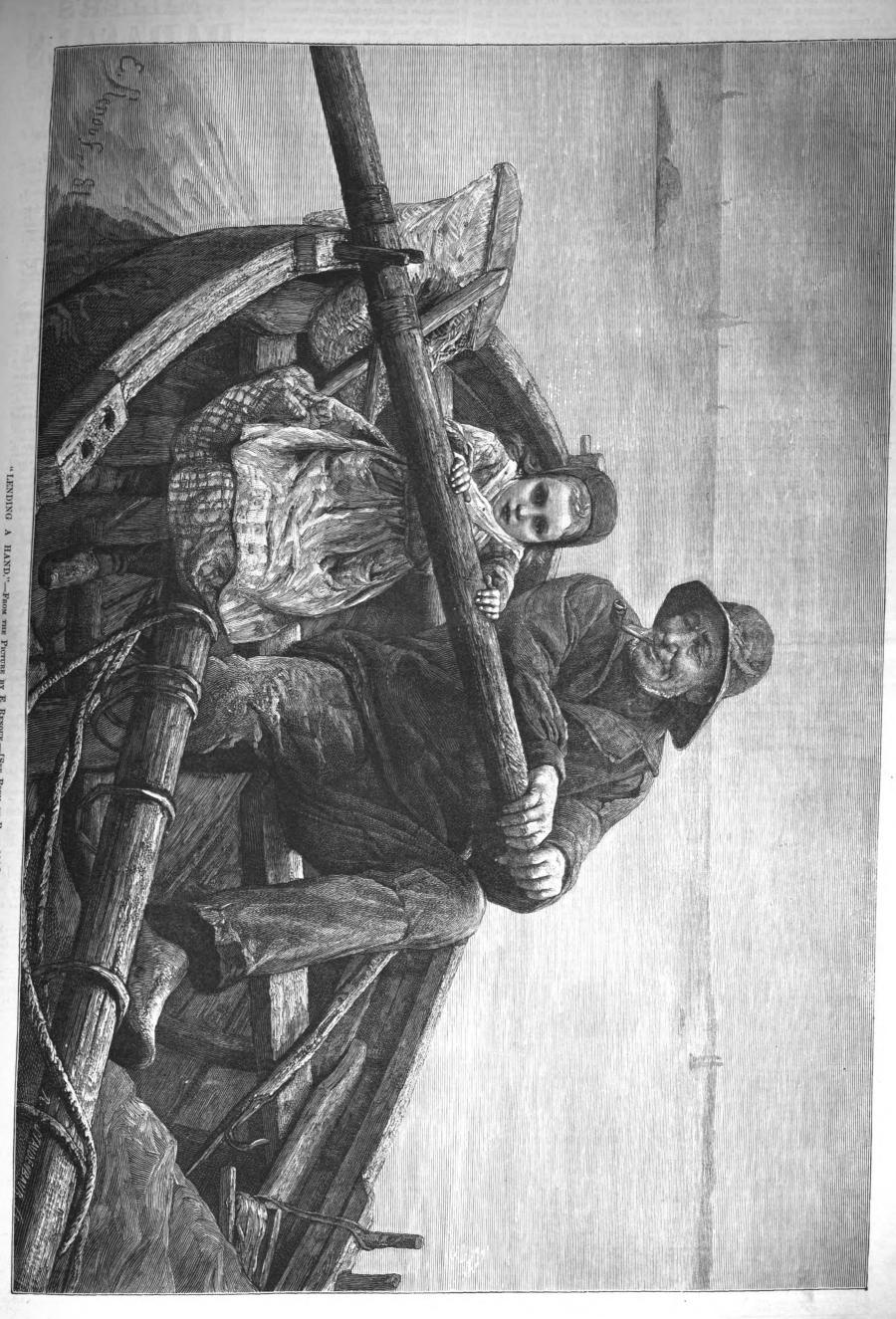
When they got to the other side they found John Shortlands seated on a bowlder of granite, smoking a cigar. He was not much startled by this proposal, for Melville had mentioned something of the kind to him, in an interjectional sort of fashion, some time before, and he had given it a brief but rather unfavorable consideration. Now, as they talked the matter over, it appeared that he stood about midway between these two, having neither the eager enthusiasm of Jack Melville nor yet the utter hopelessness of his friend Winterbourne.

"If you think it is worth trying, try it," said he, coolly. "It can't do much harm. If Yolande is to know, she may as well

VOLUME TOLD



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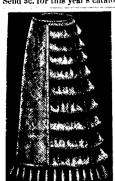
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NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

MANY people who have tried to throw light on the difficult subject of curing disease have found that what they supposed to be light was nothing but darkness. Those who depended on them for information and relief have been, like the suffering woman mentioned in Scripture, who had spent her money in vain on many physicians, "nothing better, but only worse." This sort of experience is unpleasant for all concerned. When the sick are to be made well and the suffering to be healed, there should be no blundering about it. The common blunder of American invalids is that they think they must swallow great quantities of drugs, concerning which they know with certainty only one thing, namely, that the taste is horrible. There is another thing in connection with these drugs which is not so generally known, namely, that the liquid which carries most of them is bad whiskey. Thus many an invalid goes from bad to worse, becoming a dyspeptic, a hypochondriac, a drunkard, and eventually a wreck. This is bad business, and they who follow it walk in the darkness to their own destruction.

It is better to walk in the light to recovery and HEALTH. The old Saxons spelled that word "wholth," and there is a good idea in the way they spelled it. True health is a state of whole soundness. When a man is sick, it is not only lung, or stomach, or brain that is out of order. The entire man is affected, and the trouble is most severely manifested in whatever happens to be his weakest part. When he completely recovers he is well all over, and in a state of "wholth," which is just what everybody wants to enjoy. The blood is the life of the human being. When it is poor and ailing, and clogged with impurities, there is no health. When it is properly vitalized, it courses through artery and vein, carrying to every part of the body the vigor and delight which spring from real health. The blood receives its vitality, or its promptings to decay, from what is taken into the lungs. It verily gets its substance from what goes into the stomach. But substance without vitality is not life. To see how that which is inhaled affects the life which is in the blood, look at the wretched suf-ferers who inhale poisons. They take in sewer-gas, and the inevitable low typhus fever or quick diphtheria seizes them. They inhale the bad air of undrained swamps, and presently shake and burn with chills and fever. They blow out the gaslight before going to bed, and devitalize them-selves into untimely graves by taking into their hings carburetted hydrogen. Now if all this mis-chief can be done by simply inhaling that which can neither be seen nor handled, it is but fair to recognize the fact that, on the other hand, the inhaling of that which is life-giving can work corresponding benefit. The skeptical drug-swal-lowers, whose ideas of relief and cure are associated with the taking of nauseous things into their suffering stomachs, may not look on it in this light, but it is just as true as if they did. The facts are against them, and these speak louder than all their theories and objections. The sick can, in the most pleasant and delightful manner, inhale new life for lungs and blood, and, consequently, for the "wholth" of the entire sys-

tem. "What!" says a suffering and weary invalid who has swallowed nearly all the drug nostrums that are compounded and sold, "you don't mean that I shall get well by just breathing something that I can't see, or handle, or take with a

Yes, Mr. Suffering-and-Weary, that is exactly COMPOUND OXYGEN will do it, and all you have to do is simply to inhale the Compound Oxygen according to directions.

The lungs are the air-bellows of the body. They are continually opening and closing as air is inhaled or exhaled. They are made of a delicate, yet very strong substance, much like leather. They are divided into thousands of little air-cells. When we inhale (or take in) a breath of air, we fill as many of these air-cells as are in working order. The air with which we fill them is composed of oxygen and nitrogen. What we send out when we exhale (or breathe out) the contents of the lungs, is nitrogen and carbonic acid gas. The latter is the impurities from the blood. The oxygen, coming in contact with the blood through the delicate tissue or membrane of the lungs, gives it its life. The heart is busy all day and all night pumping blood into the lungs and thence all through the circulation in every part of the body. In four minutes from the time a drop of blood has received its oxygen in the lungs, it has gone its round, and is back again to discharge its load of carbon and other impurities, and to receive a new message of life in the vitalizing inspiration of the oxygen. In the Compound Oxygen treatment, the invalid is given something to air. Oxygen by itself would not answer the purpose. It is sharp, severe, and irritating, and in its uncombined state is not assimilable. sands of faithful trials have proved this. In the atmosphere we breathe there is but one part of oxygen to five of nitrogen. If there were too much nitrogen and not enough oxygen, we would soon die. Compound Oxygen is a skilfully prepared, revitalizing agent, which supplies through the lungs to the blood exactly what the blood needs for its restoration, and for the restoration or renewing of every part of the system on which it acts. It carries with it a magnetic property, reaching the nerve centres, which, in their partnership with the brain, exercise a controlling influence on every part of the body, and telegraph to its remotest corner, either by sensations of pleasure or of pain, their condition of health or of ailment.

America's great disease is consumption. This is, to define it briefly, a wasting or decay of the lungs. The most remote air-cells first refuse to do their duty. Mischievous little tubercles in-

vade the substance of the lungs, producing_inflammation and other unpleasant results. lungs become flabby and poor, like a worn-out kid glove, and grow powerless to vitalize ≼he blood. There has been a prevalent idea that consumption cannot be cured, because no drug has been found to act as a specific for it when taken through the stomach. But it is now a well-attested fact that consumption is really curable, provided only that it is taken in time. Even COMPOUND OXYGEN will not convert a worn-out old leather glove into a new one. But it will take hold of consumptive lungs, and, by its searching and invigorating action, build them up to life and health. Its first action is to inflate air-cells which have long been uninflated and collapsed. Then, gently but powerfully, stimulating the lungs to vigorous action, it enables them to throw off the tubercles and regain a condition of soundness. So many consumptives who had been booked for the grave have been cured by Compound Oxygen that there is no reason why persons who are afflicted with lung troubles should feel gloomy about themselves, or regard their cases as at all hopeless, if taken in

As to other diseases than consumption. Is Compound Oxygen a cure-all?

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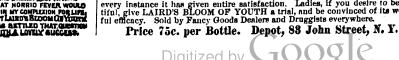
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TOO LITERAL.

MRS. KETTLEDRUM (who is initiating a new maid). "Now, Mary, go to my room and get my Shoes, and Put them on."

MARY (re-appearing). "I can't put thim on, Ma'am. It's meself as wears D's."

FACETIÆ.

It is related of a certain well-known theatrical manager that, while gifted with what might be termed a confusion of words, he is also somewhat over-fastidious regarding the behavior of an audience. The other evening it so happened that during a very tender passage in the play he chanced to see an old gentleman

Small Ned was reasonably generous with his other goodies, but he could never be induced to part with even a 'bite" of molasses candy. So the surprise of the family circle may easily be imagined when, after retiring one day to a secluded corner with a thick stick of his favorite aweet, he suddenly emerged and offered to give away a large piece. It had become entangled in one of his long curls, and pulling and twisting it only



NEW HEAD ARRANGEMENTS.

HOW TO UTILIZE TO ADVANTAGE THE OPEN SPACE BETWEEN HEAD AND PEAK IN THE "EMPRESS" BONNET.—ITS GOTHIC SHAPE SUGGESTING VITRALS, WHY NOT MAKE USE OF THE SUGGESTION?

THE NEW FASHION OF SHORT HAIR. IS IT NOT ENOUGH THAT OUR HORSES SHOULD BE DE-PRIVED OF THEIR SWITCHES, THAT OUR LADIES NEED FOLLOW THIS PRECEDENT?



who was calmly sleeping, with his head bowed upon his breast. Calling his chief usher, the irate manager exclaimed, "Wake that man up!"
"But, sir," the recipient of the order ventured to interpose, "do you know that is Colonel B.—, one of our richest men, and—"
"Do as I tell you, for I don't care who he is; and he can't sleep in my theatre if he's as rich as Cressote."

pulled and twisted the curl, and at last, with tears, partly of puin and partly of vexation, in his eyes, Ned fretfully exclaimed, "Oh dear! whoever 'll get this lasses candy out of my hair may have it."

The heaviest human brain ever weighed was that of a bricklayer. Still more strange is the fact that he laid bricks very well.

During a religious revival in a certain town in Ohio a clergyman laid great emphasis upon the importance and necessity of prayer for young people. Among the audience was Horace M.—, well known in that locality, who had no children, although he had been married a number of years.

"Pray for a son! pray for a son!" urged the minister, with all the cloquence he could command.

Horace leaned toward his neighbor, and with a comical twinkle in his eye observed, "I've been praying for a son these ten years, and haven't got any answer yet."

yet."
The remainder of the sermon was lost upon that part of the congregation.

Liberatti was doing his best, and the crowds in front of the Brighton were enjoying his music in spite of the hot sun that was slowly melting them, when a rather tipey son of Brin inquired of his neighbor, "Ol say, misther (hic), is that Lev!?" Upon being informed that it was not Levy, he pondered for a long time, and then, with true Irish logic, remarked, "Well, an' he's a foine player (hic), whoever he is"; and after another pause, "Ol prefer him (hic) to Levi, though of niver (hic) heard Levi."

Cottages at Newport cost from \$100,000 to two of three times that amount. Hovels come cheaper—say about \$75,000.



"COMPARISONS ARE ODIOUS."

DIRECT DESCENDANT OF BALAAM'S BEAST OF BURDEN (soliloquizing). "SO THEY CALL IT A 'DUDE' NOW. THEY USED TO CALL IT AFTER ME, AND I NEVER FELT MUCH FLATTERED BY IT EITHER."



ONE OF THE PLEASURES OF OUR CITY PROMENADES. THE RAG-PICKER ON A WINDY DAY.

Vol. XVI.-No. 19. Copyright, 1883, by HABPER & BROTHERS.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY. \$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SHANDON BELLS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI. CONTRITION.

RS. GRAHAM, attended by her maid, and dressed in one of the most striking of her cos-tumes, was slowly pacing up and down the loud-echoing railway station at Inverness. This was what her brother used

Begun in HARPER'S BAZAE No. 3, Vol. XVI.

spitefully to call her platform parade; but on this occasion, at all events, she had no concern about what effect, if any, her undoubtevents, she had no concern about what effect, if any, her undoubtedly distinguished appearance might produce. She was obviously
deeply preoccupied. Several times she stopped at the bookstall, and absently glanced at the titles of the various journals;
and, indeed, when at length she purchased one or two papers,
she forgot to take up the change, and had to be called back by
the pretty young lady behind the counter. Then she glanced
at the clock, handed the newspapers to her maid, and bade her
wait there for a few minutes, and forthwith entered the Station
Hotel.

She passed along the corridor, and went into the drawing-room. From that room she had a full view of the general reading-room, which forms the centre of the building, and is lit from the roof; and the first glance showed her the person of whom she was in search. The Master of Lynn, the sole occupant of the place, was lying back in a cane-bottomed rocking-chair, turning over the pages

of Punch.
"So I have found you at last. What are you doing here?" she

said, rather sharply.

He looked up. "I might ask the same question of you," he answered, with much coolness.

"You know well enough. It is not for nothing I have come all the way from Inverstroy."

"You must have got up early," he remarked.

"I want to know what you are doing here."

"I am reading Punch."

"Yes," said she, with some bitterness, "and I suppose your chief requestion; a playing billiards all day long with computed.

chief occupation is playing billiards all day long with commercial travellers."

[Continued on page 293.



HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty five years of age — Messrs. Harper & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience

of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messes HARPER & BROTHERS not later than August 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto. which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful com-petitor will not be publicly announced until the pub-lication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; and Mr. Charles Parsons, A.N.A., Superintendent of the Art Department, Harrer & Brothers, will act as judges of the competition.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing

us one page for Harper's Magazine of December as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harper's Weekly, \$300; one page Harper's Bazar, \$200; one page Harper's Young People, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messes, Harrer & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-

open the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1837 is the one for the illustration of which artists are inrited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

> HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

😥 Our next Number will contain a Pattern sheet Supplement, with numerous full-sized put terns, illustrations, and descriptions of Girls' and Boys' Spring and Summer Suits; Ladies' Trav-ELLING and STREET DRESSES and WRAPPINGS; SUMMER MANTLES, TEA GOWNS, MATINEES, and WRAPPERS; SUMMER TOILETTES; DRESS and KITCH-EN APRONS, CHILDREN'S APRONS; Lodies' Lingerie, Fancy Articles, Embroidery Patterns, etc.; with choice reading matter, and art and homor-

STRANGE NOTIONS REGARD-ING GEMS.

LMOST ever since we have any historic A records we find that gems have exercised a great influence over the imaginations of men, who, unable to form any idea of the processes of their primal creation, and filled with admiration of their all but immortal color and splendor, have attributed to them various sorts of magic potencies. which, if now nothing but amusing pastime to recollect, were once tremendous realities to the untutored mind. Thus there were teachers in antiquity who declared that this gem and the other brought good fortune or the reverse through the relation of the planets to the earth on certain days, because they could only have been produced, as they held, through "the chemic operation of the planets working secretly in the telluric body," and that, although they had an original foundation in common, gems had been differentiated into ruby, cat's-eye, diamond, or what not by the unknown magnetic light and polar power of the stars.

Nor was it merely the alchemists and people of their pursuits who attributed strange potentialities to these beautiful objects, as the Urim and Thummim of the Hebrew highpriest may testify, to go no farther. The blue sapphire was looked upon by many of the ancients as a sacred stone; and the superb purple of the amethyst is holy to the priesthood of the Catholic Church to-day, decorating the cross and the pastoral ring of the bishop. In Burmah, at the present time, a procession of nobles, with soldiers and elephants, sets out to meet and greet the treasure whenever a particularly large stone is found, and one of the king's titles is "Lord of the Rubies."

Among all the fancies and superstitions regarding gems few are any prettier than those having reference to the day on which they should be worn. Thus, according to the old hermetic rules, which were formulated, from reasons then supposed to be sufficient, by some of the most active minds of

their dark period, one could wear on Monday a pearl or any white stone except a diamond, Monday being the day of the moon; and the moon being the second, not the first, force in nature, and Monday being the second, not the first, day in the week, one must not then, of course, wear the superior stone of all. On Tuesday, to continue, that being the day of Mars, rubies of the real pigeon's blood were in order, and all other stones of a crimson or fiery stain. Wednesday was for blue stones, the cloudy turquoise, the resplendent sapphire, the obscure lapis lazuli, thus reflecting the azure of the heavens, and suggesting the invisible atmosphere above and beyond in which dwell the elementary sylphs of the old cabalistic system, who, eagerly desirous of sharing the immortal privileges of man, are ready to do him favors on requisition by force of the commanding crystals that rule them. The amethyst, the sardonyx, and gems of deep rich tints are suitable for Thursday, which is Thor's day. And emeralds alone must be devoted to Friday, the day of Venus, and named for the Scandinavian Venus, to whom their jealous and sinister hue pertains-a sinister hue in truth, if one recalls all the misfortunes that overtook the Aztec tribes, with whom the emerald was sacred, and so plentiful and valued that fine work was lavished on it, specimens of which Cor-TEZ took home to Spain: emeralds of great size cut into fantastic shapes, this like a little green rose, that like a bird holding a pearl in its mouth, another like a bell of which a pearl was the clapper, and still another like a cup with gold chains pendent about it, and fastened to the bandle, which was one large pearl. To Saturday, the day of Saturn, the father of the gods, belongs the king of all stones, the diamond, that unfading, imperishable drop of dew with the sun in it, the "lustre-darting diamond which is produced from the black Sab, Seb, or Saturn, the origin of all visible things." And finally, on Sunday one must wear yellow gems, the chrysolite, the topaz, and the like, which were thought to destroy all the spells of evil through the power of the yellow and light-giving sun. According to these notions, rising almost to the diguity of myths, these particular stones were talismans that called for obedience or help from the powers ruling their particular days, and to wear any other was to be like a child playing with edged tools or drawing the lightning down from heaven in its ignorance. Still, we may be forgiven by Rosicrucian and disciple if now we dare to imagine that other gems were worn and nothing happened.

One can not look at any ancient gem, especially any of those that are shown as pecimens of the glyptic art, without some singular sensations and fancies concerning the manner of person that wore them, and the uses to which they were put. Did this seal call spirits from the vasty deep, and did that command them to their lairs once more! Was she beautiful who wore it, and to the measure of what passions did it rise and fall on her breast! And was this buried with some hero after flashing with him through the fight, and did it absorb any of its splendor from his splendid spirit? It is within the power of most of us to see some of these historic things, since numbers of the antique treasures come to our own shores both in public collections and in private jewel cases, there seeming to be nothing which the vast wealth of some individuals among us can not purchase. A share, indeed, of the superb old jewels of long-decended Spanish, Portuguese, and French noble families are finding purchasers in our country-people: perhaps in this way some of the very gems of which we have spoken, the wondrons Aztec emeralds, may find their way back to their native regions. It would almost be enough to make the old necromancers turn in their graves, feeling their doctrines verified, and that the stones had worked out their own return! It is fortunate, in view of such possibilities, anyway, that the various and beautiful stones of color are once more the fashion among us, since antique jewelry paid much less heed to the diamond than we have done, and ancient parures were more often in colored gems than in the dead white of the rarer and more costly stone, although nowadays many colored stones are dearer in price than any but the very best diamonds, the fields at South Africa having produced such an amount of yellow diamonds that one is now worth only a quarter of what it was twenty-five years ago. Yet it seems barbarous to speak or think of the beautiful things with regard to price-things that thrill one with a sense of unspeakable and unexplainable loveliness, flowers of the dark inner earth, blooming in all their many-hued lustre in the hidden recesses of rock and mine and central darkness, and showing us that it is impossible for any portion of creation to be other than beautiful. and that beauty is so inherent in the work

that it does not once think of developing itself only in the broad light, but belongs quite as much to depth and darkness as to surface and sunshine.

COMPANIONABLE PEOPLE.

N every society we find that the people who are called companionable are those who have a knack of making light of their tribulations and vexations, and a habit of putting them out of sight; who do not entertain their acquaintances with the recital of a bad baking, a leaky pipe, the children's measles, the short-comings of the servants; who know how to keep their melancholy, if they have any, out of the conversation; whose nerves do not furnish them with material for a morning call; who are not always on the outlook for a draught, or a change of weather, cr a slight; who do not lament their poverty aloud, and make us feel responsible for it, and uncomfortable amidst our plenty. The companionable people never seek to make us dissatisfied with ourselves or our belongings; they talk about the things we like to hear, and are silent npon the subjects on which we disagree; they do not differ from us for the sake of differing, and do not announce their opinious as if there were no appeal therefrom. They do not talk you blind, as the saying is, neither do they offend by their taciturnity; they do not have to be drawn out, like defective teeth, but develop their talent as generously and charmingly as the plant develops its blossoms; neither do they pump or catechise us about our affairs, but show a genuine interest in whatever we may choose to impart of a personal nature; and although they never force their confidence upon us, they have none of that frosty reserve which never allows us a glimpse of their hearts. There are some people who are out of sorts at every hand's turn for no legitimate reason-because the sun has gone under a cloud, because they slept badly or ate too heartily ; but the companionable person makes the best of every situation. She is not fidgety or fussy, and her prejudices are not, as with some, her chief characteristics. When she arrives she brings another atmosphere with her, and common things, seen with her eyes, become wonderful. She is a person of ideas, and bestows them with prodigality; she is not so often a wit as the occasion of wit in others, which is a far more popular being than the mere wit can hope to be; and although she may only have travelled "a good deal on Cape Cod," yet she has seen and understood more than many who have ransacked Christendom.

QUIET DINNERS.

OUR late illustration of one of the grandest of New York dimension New York dinners is complained of by some of our correspondents as being too magnificent for their needs. The quiet dinner, with one man to wait, is far nearer their ideas, and we gladly comply with many requests to give hints for such

One lady makes a pertment inquiry, one which many of us have had to answer practically, as to how to make her man-of-all-work fit to wait on the table. This is a somewhat difficult problem. The duties of outside and inside the house are almost incompatible. Still, with a willing spirit and quick intelligence, a man may be trained to leave his stable, make his ablutious, and come in to help in the house. The mistakes and guffaws of "honest Diggory" in *She Stoops to Conquer* may be repeated, but they need not be unconquerable.

In the first place, it is difficult to make a serving-man clean. The mistress of the house must insist on the frequency of soap and water, and she must provide him with aprons and towels. If he is not able to buy his own clothes, she must give him the decent apparel which is the fit accompaniment of her neat damask and silver. Generally the cast-off clothing of the master of the house is used in this way, but a better and more economical way in the long-run is for her to buy him a neat and serviceable livery. At all events, he must be provided with proper clothing, and his washing had better be done out of the house, as servants are apt to object to washing

Having made him presentable, the lady pro ceeds to teach him how to set a table, how to clean silver, to keep his closets neat, and how to manage the dining-room and parlor. Full directions on this score will be found in our papers on servants and their duties in former nambers of Harper's Bazar.

The matter of a small dinner in the country can

not be improvised in a day. Local markets are poor, as a rule, and the lady of a house must look ahead. Let us advise her to have a good store closet filled with city-cured hams, tongue, dried fish, sardines, and preserved soups, vegetables, and fruits. By this means she is independent of the local markets. The canned sonps are especially good, and an energetic housewife can scarcely make any as good or as chean herself as these are, and of the canned vegetables we need not speak; they are not as fine as the imported ones or as good as fresh ones, but they are better than nothing.

The good housekeeper who is to give a dinner should think of it the day before, or several days in advance. She should have her beef or mutton

killed certainly a week before it is to be eaten, and hung in a cool ice-house or cellar, and her fowls should be killed, dry picked, and hung for a day

Then her soup must be made the day before, and put away to cool, and all the grease taken When the soup stock is ready let her descend to the kitchen and see to the seasoning herself. She can put in chopped vegetables, or macaroni, or vermicelli, or serve her soup clear, with an egg dropped into the tureen just before serving, as she pleases. Fish is difficult to get in the country oftentimes. If she can procure a dish of brook trout, however, nothing can be more delicate. If she can not get good fish, she must provide something in its place. Chicken crojuettes will do very well, and can be easily made,

Then comes the roast, and we advise a country lady to buy a large piece of beef, to cut out the tenderloin, and to stew it with mushrooms (canned), if she wishes to make a nice dish for her dinner. This served with potatoes very carefully mashed and browned makes an excellent course.

Then as to game she must consult her local market. Venison steaks, grouse, partridges, quail, or canvas-back ducks, according to the season or the place, are always good. If she lives in the far West she can have her pick of birds; if she lives in the East she is generally able to get quail, partridge, or squab. Some good housekeepers keep a pigeon-house for the purpose of always having a set of young squabs for broiling. It is a great luxury. There are no such pigeon and chicken houses with us, or very few, as are common in France, and which could be maintained at very little expense, and with great personal profit to the owners.

Following the roast should be a course of game and a salad. Ladies in the country who can not get green salads or celery can make a very nice salad with hard-boiled eggs, which fortunately belong to every clime. The eggs should be hardboiled early in the morning, and a mayonnaise dressing should be made just before dinner. The eggs are then sliced, and boiled beets and potatoes may also be sliced and spread between the The mayonnaise is then spread over all. This is, if well made, a very delicious salad. Chicken and lobster salads are too heavy to accompany game at a dinner.

If the lady's store-closet hold pots of pâté de foir gras, it is excellent to add to a small dinner. Cheese is also to be passed with the salad, or just after. In England gourmets always eat cheese with the salad. A Dutch pine-apple cheese, such as one finds at every grocer's now, is an excellent cheese to have on hand, as it does not mould or spoil as the cut slices do.

For a small country dinner a tongue boiled and served hot with white sauce is an excellent dish. It should be cut lengthwise, not across, as is the usual fashion. Cut it through the middle of the tongue lengthwise, and you get all the best of the ment. A boiled ham roasted, with a few cloves, and sugar rubbed in, and a bottle of cider poured over just as it is put into the oven, is a dish for an epicure. The ham should be boiled four or five hours before being roasted. This may be served with the salad, and is universally appreciated, taking the place of game. It comes appropriately after roast turkey or chicken.

As for dessert, the whipped creams and the blane-mange, the delicious tarts, the ice-cream, now within the range of every housekeeper in the country, with a basket of cake, are quite enough.

The presence of a simple bunch of flowers, s, or dried leaves in the middle of the table adds much to a dinner. A glass dish with a pine-apple, or oranges and grapes, does duty for the épergne The four compotiers with figs, nuts, raisins, and dried ginger will fitly furnish forth the table.

If your waiter can carve, have all your carving done at the side table. It saves the feelings of master and guest. If neither can carve well, the lady must learn to carve herself, and this is a very elegant accomplishment. The side table must be replenished with plates and clean knives and forks, which the waiter must give to each

guest as the soiled ones are taken away.

This part of the service must be carefully taught a maid or a man servant before the dinner. Indeed, it is very proper that this should be gone through with every day, that the servant may learn his duty, and the family also be well served. Nothing can be more distressing to a guest than to see the hostess anxious and preoccupied with her ignorant servant. Unless & hostess feels perfectly assured on this point she had better not give dinners. If the lady of the house offer wine, she should have two decanters of sherry on the table, and should have claret and champagne passed. The waiter pours sherry with the soup, white wine or claret with the fish, and champagne with the roast. This is quite enough wine for a small dinner. Those who do not offer wine should have Apollinavis water, and after dinner always coffee in small cups. The sherry and champagne should be cold, and the claret the temperature of the room.

As for the almost universal oyster, where it can be obtained fresh, it should be served on the half-shell at the beginning of the dinner, five for each person, with a slice of lemon on the plate. Scalloped oysters from the keg make a very good substitute for fish, if fish can not be obtained; also an excellent dish, instead of game, can be made of broiled or fried oysters. A truffle cut up in a dish of stewed oysters, called "huitres au poulets," is a great addition to a dinner.

The training of servants is a business by itself. A neat-handed maid is much more satisfactory than a man in a small household, as she is apt to be clean, to neither smoke nor drink, and to learn more quickly. Colored men have, however, a great aptitude for household service, and can be made to do the work inside and out, if well trained. Quiet dinners should indeed be quiet. The

man or maid should wear list slippers, and should be taught not to slam doors or to rattle the dishes. The courses should be not too many or too crowded, and there should be no vulgar superabundance.
We could give many bills of fare, but will con-

tent ourselves with one, presuming that the lady has an abundant market to choose from:

Oysters on the half-shell.
Clear Soup, or Soupe à la Reine (made of Chicken).
Boiled Bass.
A Saddle of Mutton. Currant Jelly.
Roast Partridges.
Salad of Lettuce.
Cheese.
Fruit, Ice-creun, and Dessert.
Coffee.

Or, if she is in a place where she has neither ovsters, fish, nor partridges, let her give:

Beef Soup.
Chicken Croquettes.
Roast Beef.
An Egg or Potato Salud, with a Roast Hum.
Cheese.
Pudding, Pie, Blanc-Mange, or Whipped Cream.
Fruit, Nuis, Figs, etc.
Coffee.

And if well served, the one dinner will be quite as good as the other; but if not easily and neatly served, either will be unendurable. Bread at least two days old should be cut and placed in each napkin, and the china, glass, and silver, table-cloth and napkins, should be spotlessly clean.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BLACK DRESSES.

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NOTWITHSTANDING the prediction that colored dresses would be worn almost to exclusion of black, there is still evident a partiality for black fabries for both rich and simple toilettes, and most ladies, whether young, old, or middle-aged, provide themselves with one or two black dresses. The repped silks are considered most stylish for these; Sicilienne, ottoman silk, and gros grain find equal fayor, and are used with the plain large reps and also with unique brocaded and stamped patterns of linked rings, three in a group, large blocks, arabesques, fruits, and shaded balls. The more conservative dressmakers, however, say that satin merveilleux is as largely used as it was last season because ladies are afraid to trust for service to repped silks that are still apt to grow "shiny," although they are much less adulterated than formerly For street suits to be worn with small mantles these black silk or satin dresses are made almost as simply as if fashioned by a tailor. The basque is short and severely plain, with some postilion pleatings in the back, and a pleated plastron, or some ornaments of passementerie or of lace be-tween the throat and the top of the darts. The over-skirt is a deep apron or a short one, as best suits the figure, and its edges are concealed if short, or simply faced if long. If the wearer is short of stature the lower skirt is in lengthwise pleats, either three or five wide triple box pleats falling down the front and side gores, with only a narrow pleating all around, or else there may be a soft bagging puff around the hips with long single box pleats falling below it on all but the back widths, where there are two breadths of drapery arranged to droop in wing-like points. If the dress is worn by a tall person, the figure is apparently shortened by trimmings that pass around the skirt; for instance, there are three bias gathered flounces, on each of which are three rows of velvet ribbon, and there are crosswise pleated puffs on the front and sides; these puffs may be of different widths, two being very deep, with two narrow shirred puffs at the foot of each, and at the top around the hips is the soft vertugadin puff.

Another style for those of medium height has the back foundation skirt covered with two deep gathered valances of black satin Surah, in each of which are three deep tucks, for all materials, no matter how rich, are now folded into tucks; across the front and sides are two satin pleatings bordered with passementerie or with a band of brocaded ottoman silk, and above these is a full wrinkled drapery of a breadth of the satin drawn across with its edges concealed. For such skirts a plain black silk Jersey will make a stylish corsage, and may be completed by notched collar of the same, or a collar and cuffs of jet, small jet buttons, and a sash bow, or else a regular sash of satin ribbon that is watered on the wrong side; for a still more dressy suit this Jersey may be beaded all over, and trimmed with lace frills and rich fringe of large jets and chenille in the way described last week. Small buttons, either in bullet or coin shape, of plain crocheted silk, or else the berry buttons covered with small beads, remain in favor for all such dresses. Another feature that accommodates itself to both the slender and the stout is the plastron or vest of the basque: for thin chests there is a Breton plastron set in of shirred and pleated satin merveilleux made in one piece—not separated in the middle—with two standing frills around the neck; there may be passementerie ornaments on each side of this, or else the silk of the basone is cut away from the lining to form two bold curves on each side and below, and its edges are finished with a piping fold or thick cord, and made to fall on the plastron. If the whole waist is too slight, there is a pleated and shirred vest instead of a plastron, and this vest falls in a puff below the waist For plump round figures the silk or satin basque may be as plain in front as a Jersey, though with the postilion pleating for finishing the back, and the trimming is flat passementerie, or else a smooth vest of jetted net.

The panelled skirts and those with loose long pleats are much used for stout figures, and there are now double pleated flounces on each side to form side panels, while the front breadth has only a few loose pleats its entire length. The demi-polonaise with basque front and princesse back is liked with the skirts just described, and

a princesse effect is now given to the back of plain round basques by hooking the drapery of the over-skirt upon the middle and side forms a few inches below the waist. The plainest of the dresses described above are seen on bright days on the Fifth Avenue or at church, with a very simple jacket of black or blue cloth in tailor style or in Jersey shape, or else with a short mantle of the silk or of camel's hair scarcely more than a scarf in depth, enriched by full pleatings of French lace, with loops of ribbon or pendent jet ornaments amid the lace. The bonnet with these is also very simple; if worn by a young lady, it is a small round-crown capote of lustrous black, cream white, or colored straw, with a velvet puff on all its edges, and a cluster or full wreath of small and light-colored flowers, usually of cream white or pinkish-white tiny blossoms in preference to the larger daisies or artemisias; close English turbans are also appropriate with velvet on the brim, and either small tips or else flowers for trimming. For older ladies the bonnet is of similar shape, but with fuller, higher velvet puffing, and an aigrette, or darker and larger flowers, with sometimes a beaded or embroidered crown, and richly colored cashmere lace. The neck is plainly dressed, with the merest rim visible of pleated lisse or lace, or a linen collar. The outof-town reader will find excellent illustrations of stylish short basques and designs for skirts in Bazar No. 16, Vol. XVI.

FOR RECEPTIONS AND DINNERS.

When black silk or satin dresses are meant for day receptions, lace flounces are added in three or five gathered rows of either Spanish silk lace, or the French laces that may be real thread or only an imitation; the designs for these have usually very bouffant and short draperies above the flounces. For dinner and house dresses of black gros grain, ottoman, or satin merveilleux the has a demi-train, not long, but very full, and flowing free from the belt, that is, not bunched up by puffs or pleats. Jetted net in small figures is very fashionable for the front breadth, the transparent sleeves, and for gathering in the open square neck of the basque of these dresses. The side breadths fall over on this net, and may be laid in pleats or gathered in festoons or half-circles. Lace flounces are also used on the plain fronts of these dresses, covering them sometimes to the belt, but in most cases there is a panier fullness across the front and side breadths. A princesse dress of black jetted net over colored satin is one of the novelties imported from Worth's by the most fashionable modistes. Old yellow that is a sort of golden brown is the favorite lining for these, and this lines the long princesse front, the basque back, and the sleeves of the beaded tulle or net. This princesse front is fastened diagonally, and is otherwise perfectly straight, with only a narrow pleating at the foot; the back is also straight, but is given fullness by two or three breadths of black satin laid in two great box pleats, and sewed upon the basque.

CASHMERE, CHINA CRAPE, ETC.

Wool dresses of fine French cashmere are by no means confined to colors, for when of the ex-quisite black cashmeres and Henrietta cloths combined with white moiré or white ottoman silk, and trimmed with lace, these are among the most refined and costly dresses made by Worth. The cashmere forms the short basque and the overskirt, which is caught up on the back of the basque, while the white moiré is used for the flat front and side breadths, and for the vest, which is shaped triangularly at the top, widening toward the darts, and sloped narrowly to the waist. Heavily repped white Sicilienne is used for the vests, collar lining, and cuffs of fine black Henrietta cloths, and jet ornaments and French lace complete the trimming. The useful fashion of wearing an inexpensive black cashmere polonaise with any black silk or satin skirt the wearer may have is also revived; the beauty of such polonaises consists in their fine fabric and fit, with very full drapery across the hips. For plain black wool suits the skirt is also of wool in large pleats bordered near the foot with one wide band of velvet or three narrower rows of velvet ribbon or of mohair braid.

The most dressy summer toilettes of black goods will be made of China crape, with detached figures wrought in the Canton embroidery that is alike on both sides. This will be used for the whole dress, with low draperies opening over clustered pleats of the crape, or else caught up short by bunches of velvet ribbon loops, and trimmed on the lower skirt with slightly gathered flounces of embroidery or of Spanish or French lace. The black silk and satin Surah dresses that found such favor last year are still liked for cool summer silks, and will be worn for morning made in the plainest manner with pleatings on the skirt, deep untrimmed aprons, and plain basque, while those for afternoon wear will have flounces of lace and jet ornaments,

Very large scarf fichus of French lace are im-

ported for summer mantles with black toilettes. There are also many talma capes of jetted grenadine rounding open in front and straight across the back, with full lace ruches at the throat, and falling frills of lace on the edge. Some of these are attached to sleeveless mantles of brocaded or plain Sicilienne made with a full box-pleating across the tournure. There is sometimes a bow in the back of such capes catching them up in the middle; other net or grenadine capes are closed all around, and have the high-shouldered side pieces already noted, and a very full ruche for the neck and the border.

VARIETIES.

The military collar of Irish point embroidery or of real lace is a novelty in lingerie. It is two inches high, is worn standing, is straight, with the scalloped edge at the top, and is attached to

Percale collars with white ground and dashes. stripes, bars, or dots of color are also the straight bands in military style. They are not now curved in front, and are worn to meet at the throat. They are provided with a fall or collarette of the percale, so that they may be worn without a scart inside dresses that have the open throat and notched collar such as are seen on men's coats. The flat folded scarfs that gentlemen wear are also copied for young ladies to wear with plain white linen military collars; these scarfs are of pointed or brocaded satin in small figures or stripes, and are also made of foulard, checked silk, and gingham.

Valenciennes lace is gradually coming back into favor for trimming fichus, edging frills, and for trimming evening dresses. It is also used for bonnets, and there is an effort to revive duchesse lace for millinery purposes.

Transparent fans of black or of white net are painted all over with Cupids, flying figures, and They are mounted on sticks of smoked pearl, ebony, or tortoise-shell.

A new trimming for mourning dresses has a foundation of English crape, on which are appliqué designs cut out of black cashmere and put on with feather stitching. It has deep scallops or points for one edge, while the other straight edge is to be attached to the garment.

Large shawls of white mull embroidered on the edges will be worn in the summer. They may

have scallops with a vine above them of raised work, or be in open Irish point designs or else they are hemmed, and the embroidery is above the hem. They are to be folded in three-corner shape, and are knotted in front, drawing the arms closely against the figure.

Parasol covers to be worn with white summer dresses are made of figured Mechlin net edged with lace frills of a pattern to match the net, and are put over colored Surah-yellow, scarlet, rose blue, or green. There are also dotted and sprigged muslin covers with embroidered frills. Economical young ladies have these mounted on partly worn or soiled silk parasols of last year. A small capote bonnet of muslin or net over silk, with flowers, or an aigrette, lace pleatings, and colored velvet strings, is made to match the parasol, and may be worn with any colored dress, but will be more especially used with white dresses over colored Surah for lawn and garden parties.

Neck ribbons an inch wide are passed around the linen collars that have a vine of embroidery turned down at the top, and tightly tied in a small bow at the throat. Ottoman and satin ribbons are used for these. Very narrow ottoman ribbons scarcely a third of an inch wide are tied into very long-looped bows for wearing at the throat without a brooch. Three or four colors appear in each of these, making them as gay as bouquet; thus there are three shades of strawberry with one ribbon of stem green, or two or three yellow shades with a single corn-flower blue

For information received thanks are due Miss SWITZER; and Messis. Arnold, Constable, & Co.; JAMES McCREERY, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; STERN BROTHERS; and AITKEN, SON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

IN HARPER'S YOUNG PROPLE, No. 91, published July 26, 1881, an appeal was made to the little readers of the paper to endow a cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, New York city. The amount specified as necessary was three thousand dollars, and the last dollar of that sum that such has just been received by the treasurer of the fund. We think the children have done nobly in raising so large a sum in less than two years. The final report will appear in Young People,

No. 183, May 1.

—Thirty thousand dollars, to establish an art gallery at Smith's College, in Massachusetts, has been given by the late Winthrop Hillyre, of Northampton.

—A granite shaft is to be erected on Thomas to the control of the control o

—A granite shaft is to be erected on Thomas Jefferson's grave by Mr. D. McMenamin, to replace the one destroyed by relic-hinters.

—Mr. John Alber, the poet and lecturer, lives in a farm-house in summer on the sea-coast of Newcastle, New Hampshire, and is interested in the Concord School of Philosophy. In winder the fact that has been defined at ion-radius.

in the Concord School of Philosophy. In winter he tries his hand at journalism.

—They say that Mrs. Aston's diamonds are eclipsed by those of Mrs. Diaz, who is only nineteen, and speaks English readily.

—General Grant's portrait, which Le Clear began and Birstadt completed, is now in the East Room of the White House.

—Mrs. Mary Hemmenway, of Boston, built the Tileston School-house (so named for her father) at Wilmington, North Carolina, fifteen years ago, in which Amy Bradley has scored such success among the poor white people of that neighborhood. Through her bounty also a large number of public-school teachers in Boston have been enabled to take advantage of the scientific lectures at the Institute of Technology. scientific lectures at the Institute of Technology She has, furthermore, established a school near Norfolk, Virginia, where one hundred colored children are taught.

FLORENCE BRAND is the name of the adopted daughter of Anthony Trollope, to whom he was tenderly attached, and who was for a time inconsolable at his loss.

-Hon. Frederick Billings suggests that a

—Holl. FREDERICK BILLINGS Suggests that a fire-proof building should be put up for the ten thousand volumes left to the University of Ver-mont by the late George P. Marsh, United States Minister to Italy, and offers to give sev-enty-five thousand dollars for the object. —Every American, says Herbert Spencer,

— Every American, says Herbert Spencer, appears to have been born half an hour late, and to be trying to make up for lost time.

—Montpelier, President Madison's estate, has been bought by Louis F. Detrick, of Baltimore.

—ELIHU VEDDER has gone to Rome.

—Somebody calls Dr. Holmes the Peter Cooper of liberting.

—Somebody calls Dr. HOLMES the PETER COOPER of literature.

—The Mayor of New Bedford, it is said, arrived in that city fifty-one years ago, on foot, and has since walked into public favor.

—An invitation to sing with the Bach Choir of Loudon before Queen Victoria at Windsor

Digitized by

Castle in June has been accepted by Mr. George Henschel. He was formerly a music teacher of the Princess Louise, who called on him, with her husband, while in Boston.

—Peter Cooper's granddaughter, it is said,

readily gave up balls and parties to stay at home and read to him, "Grandpa was so agreeable."
—General Gresham limps a little in walking,

owing to a bullet wound. —At a concert in Bultimore lately for the benefit of Professor Crouch, composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," he accompanied the singer when two of his songs were sung. It is said that "Her I love" is the only song which has brought him any money in the United States.

—Eleven thousand dollars have been sub-

Eleven thousand dollars have been sub-—Eleven thousand dollars have been subscribed toward a fifty-thousand-dollar art gallery in Detroit, by Senator PALMER, of Michigan. The American people ought to be educated in art, sooner or later, if galleries will do it.

—A half-dime of 1804 brought four hundred dollars shortly since at the sale in New York of the numismatical collection of Mr. HAROLD P. Newly, of Philadelphia and a cent of LOD.

brought twenty-two dollars.

— A grandniece of Charlotte Cushman's, Miss Belle Cushman Eaton, has been giving acceptable dramatic readings.

—Peter Cooper believed that it was better to be described by the desc

-Peter Cooper believed that it was better to be deceived by many than to deny one deserving sufferer, and during the four cold winters succeeding 1874 he sat in his office or library from three in the afternoon till half past six, with piles of one-dollar greenbacks and new half-dollars, and gave to every applicant, sometimes aggregating fifteen hundred dollars a week.

Live prairie-hens have been forwarded to the Queen and the Prince of Wales to acclimatize in the royal preserves, and the Maronis of

the Queen and the Prince of Wales to acclimatize in the royal preserves, and the Murquis of Lorne has sent home wild turkeys for the same purpose, although it is hardly expected the latter effort will be successful.

—Miss Mary Anderson has bought some of the exquisite Turkish embroideries in the stock of the late Co-operative Dress Association for her artistic toilettes, and Mr. F. D. Miller has also purchased several to use for continuing the figures in his Academy picture "The Story of Engile."

The trensurer of the Massachusetts Homæ-opathic Hospital of Boston, Isaac Fenno, has received forty thousand dollars from "a friend," with which to erect an addition to the building.

The philanthropic works of Miss DOROTHEA

—The philanthropic works of Miss DOROTHEA Dix begin when she was but thirteen; she is now eighty, and recovering from a severe illness.
—It is thought that the new park at Pittsfield, Missachusetts, will owe its existence to the efforts of Miss Anna Dawes, the Senator's daughter, a bright, active, witty, and energetic girl, who has talked and written in favor of the scheme.

scheme.
—The late Mrs. WILLIAM R. ALGER served with Lydia Maria Child, Maria W. Chapman, Julia Ward Howe, Lydia Parker, and others, when such service was a social sacrifice. Her private charities were unfailing, and no test was too severe for her friendship.

The grandfather of Rear-Admiral Nicholson, just retired, was licutenant under Paul Jones in the action between the Bon Homme Ri-

chard and the Scrapis, and was also the first com-mander of "old Ironsides." The family has been in the naval service ever since the foundation of the government.

—A critic well observes that it does not do to

—A critic well observes that it does not do to talk of the degeneracy of the stage with such a group of players as McCullough, Patti, Boucicallt, Salvini, Mary Anderson, Clara Morris, Modjeska, and John Gilbert playing at one time in New York.

—J. J. Kraszewski, a Polish novelist, wrote four hundred and ninety novels.

four hundred and ninety novels.

Since his visit to America Herbert Spencer has been in constant ill health.

When Louis Blane was told that Harrier —When LOUIS BLANC was told that HARRIET MARTINEAU enjoyed the prospect of annihilation, he cried, "I say of her as St. Thérièse said of the devil, 'La Malheurense! Elle n'a jamais aimé." "Blessed are those who believe in immortality," he used to say; "without it, the universe is a grim riddle."

The two vacquest indres in England are

-The two youngest judges in England are Justices Cave and Bowen, aged forty-eight and forty-seven. Vice-Chancellor Bacon, the oldest, is eighty-four.

An indefinite leave of absence from his Ar gentine observatory has been granted to Dr. B. A. Gould, the discoverer of last autumn's great omet, and a nephew of Hannah Gould, the

poetess.

-"Is there not the King, Victor Emanuel, my uncle, whom all the world calls 'Il Re Galantuomo,'" asked MARGHERITA of Italy when

lantuomo,'" asked Margherita of Italy when she read in Shakspeare, "The man that hath no music in himself... is fit for treasons, stratagems," etc., "who can not, for the life of him, distinguish one tune from another?"

—The greatest honor at the disposal of the Royal Swedish Geographical Society, the Vega gold medal, was bestowed upon Mr. Stanley, at the generous suggestion of Baron Nordenskjöld. It has been but twice before conferred, Baron Nordenskjöld and Captain Palander having been the recipients.

—The mantle of the Czarina for the approaching coronation is cloth of gold embroidered with

ing coronation is cloth of gold embroidered with armorial bearings in silk and gems; her crown was worn at the coronation of CATHERINE II. and of ELIZABETH, and is worth three million rubles; her sceptre is tipped with the Orloff diamond; her carriage is a covered throne, the pancls set in brilliants, drawn by eight white horses in red velvet, gold, and precious stones.

—Gilbert and Sullivan will now make So-

—GILBERT and SULLIVAN will now make Socialism their target.

—The English National Gallery has been presented with a palette used by Turner, by a Brighton artist, Mr. R. H. Nibbs.

-The new Finance Minister of France, M. Ti-RARD, was once a working jeweller.

-Lord Beaconsfield's portrait now hangs near the entrance to the Queen's private diningroom, under an admirable portrait of her great-grandfather.

the fushion for royalty to be literary. The Archduke Ludwig Salvator and the Crown The Archduke Ludwig Salvator and the Crown Prince Rudolph have published sketches of travel, the pen of the Queen of Romania is well known in song and story and apotherm, Prince George of Prussia is a dramatist of talent, Prince Elmer of Oldenburg has composed a comedy to be performed at the Vienna Burg Theatre, old King Oscar of Sweden is a poet and translator, and we all know Queen Victoria's good and interesting books.



Fig. 1.—LACE BONNET.



Fig. 2.—Cashmere and Silk Street or Travelling Dress.—Back.—[See Fig. 1.]



Fig. 2.—Satin Straw Bonnet.



Fig. 1.—Cashmere and Silk Street or Travelling Dress, Front.—[See Fig. 2.]

Cashmere and Silk Street or Travelling Dress.

Figs. 1 and 2.

This dress illustrates one of the new combinations. It consists of a basque and over-skirt of tan-colored cashmere over a dark blue ottoman silk skirt. The basque, of which Fig. 1 gives the front view, has a simulated vest and revers of blue silk, and a pleated vest of blue and tan-colored striped ottoman silk, which hangs below the waist like a loose blouse. The Byron collar is also of striped ottoman silk, and a full puff attached to a close wristband is set inside the cashmere sleeve. The apron overskirt is caught up in soft even folds on the sides, and looped in the back. The ottoman silk skirt has a lining foundation edged with a three-inch side-pleating, over which falls a flat flounce three yards wide and twenty-two inches deep, plain on the front and sides, and gathered across the back. Large metal buttons trim the front of the basque.

Ladies' Spring and Summer Bonnets.—Figs. 1 and 2.

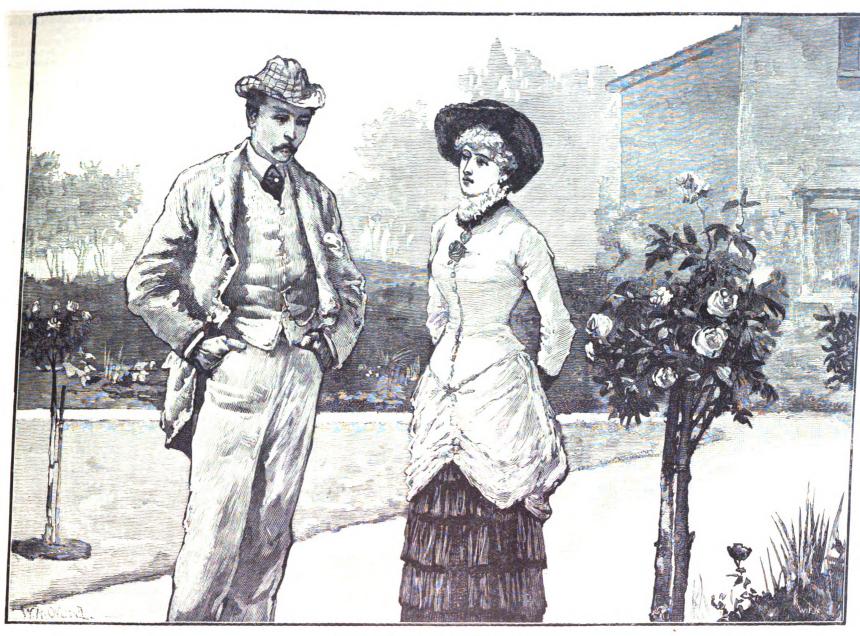
The bonnet Fig. 1 has a light frame of net and wire, with a pointed flaring brim, which is faced with dark olive velvet, and bound an inch deep with gold gauze. A frill of gold lace is set along the edge on the inside and outside, and the outside is covered with frills of yellowish-white lace, while soft tulle of the same color is puffed on the crown. The edge of the crown is covered by a band of satin-backed olive velvet ribbon an inch wide, with a cluster of loops and ends at the top. A bouquet of small white flowers and olive green velvet leaves is placed on the right side behind the band, and at the centre there is an olive pompon, with some small ostrich tips drooping over on the left side. The double strings are of inch-wide olive velvet ribbon, and pale yellow velvet ribbon a little wider; a bow of the two intermingled is at the middle of the back.

two intermingled is at the middle of the back.

The peaked bonnet Fig. 2 is of écru satin straw, with a brim facing which is composed of three folds of garnet velvet and as many puffs of écru tulle. The outside trimming consists of large yellowish-pink roses, a row of which is sewed flat around the inner edge of the brim, while the rest are massed in a large cluster on the crown. The strings, which are of satin-backed garnet velvet ribbon, are passed through a slit in the top of the crown, and tacked down at the sides. Two short ends of similar ribbon are crossed at the back.



BROCADE AND OTTOMAN SILK MANTLE.



"HAVE YOU TOLD ME EVERYTHING?"

YOLANDE.

[Continued from front page.]

"One might be worse employed."

"Archie, let us have none of this nonsense, to do? Why don't you answer my letters?"
"Because you make too much of a fuss. Because you are too

portentous. Now I like a quiet life. That is why I am here; I came here to have a little peace."

"Well, I don't understand you at all," his sister said, in a hopeless kind of way. "I could understand it better if you were one of those young men who are attracted by every pretty face they

see, and are always in a simmering condition of love-making. you are not like that. And I thought you were proud to think of Yolande as your future wife. I can remember one day on board the dahabeeyah. You were anxious enough then. What has changed

"I do not know that I am changed," said he, either with indif-

ference or an affectation of indifference.

"Is Shena Van in Inverness?" said Mrs. Graham, sharply.

"I suppose Miss Stewart has as good a right to be in Inverness as anybody else," he said, formally.

"Downwhether when it is Inverned to the said in Inverness."

"Do you mean to say you don't know whether she is in Inverness or not?"
"I did not say anything of the kind."

"Have you spoken to her?"

"Don't keep on bothering," he said, impatiently. "Miss Stewart is in Inverness; and, if you want to know, I have not spoken a single word to her. Is that enough?"

"Why are you here, then? What are you going to do?"

"Why are you here, then? What are you going to do?"
"Nothing."

"Really this is too bad, Archie," his sister said, in deep vexation. "You are throwing away the best prospects a young man ever had, and all for what? For temper!"

'I don't call it temper at all," said he; "I call it self-respect. I have told you already that I would not degrade Yolande Winterbourne so far as to plead for her being received by my family. A pretty idea!

"There would have been no necessity to plead if only you had exercised a little patience and tact and judgment. And surely it is not too late yet. Just think how much pleasanter it would be for you and for all of us in the future if you were rather more on an equal footing with Jim-I mean as regards money. I don't see why you shouldn't have your clothes made at Poole's, as Jim has. Why shouldn't you have chamois-leather pockets in your overcoat as well as he?"

"I can do without chamois-leather pockets," he answered.

"Very well," said she, suddenly changing the mode of her attack; "but what you can not do without is the reputation of having acted as a gentleman. You are bound in honor to keep faith with Yolande Winterbourne."

"I am bound in honor not to allow her to subject herself to in-

sult," he retorted.

"Oh, there will be nothing of the kind!" his sister exclaimed. "How can you be so unreasonable?"

"You don't know the worst of it," said he, gloomily. "I only got to know the other day. Yolande's mother is alive—an opium drinker. Off her head at times; kicks up rows in the streets;

and they are helpless, because they have all been in this conspiracy to keep it back from Yolande—"
"You don't man all the street they have all been in this conspiracy to keep it back from Yolande—" You don't mean that, Archie!" his sister exclaimed, looking very grave.

"I do, though. And, you know, his lordship might in time be got to overlook the Radical papa, but a mamma who might at any moment figure in a police court—I think not even you could get him to stand that."

'But, Archie, this is dreadful!" Mrs. Graham exclaimed again.

"I dare say it is. It is the fact, however." "And that is why he was so anxious to get Yolande away from London," she said, thoughtfully. "Poor man, what a terrible life to lead!"

She was silent for some time; she was reading the story more clearly now-his continual travelling with Yolande, his liking for long voyages, his wish that the girl should live in the Highlands after her marriage. And perhaps, also, his warm and obvious approval of that marriage—she knew that fathers with only daugh-

ters were not always so complaisant.

Two or three strangers came into the reading-room.

"Archie," said she, waking up from a reverie, "let us go out for a stroll. I must think over this." He went and fetched his hat and stick; and the maid having

been directed to go into the hotel and await her mistress's return, the brother and sister went outside and proceeded to walk leisurely through the bright and cheerful little town in the direction of

the harbor.
"What is your own view of the matter?" she said at length, and somewhat cautiously.

"Oh, my position is perfectly clear. I can have nothing to do with any such system of secreey and terrorism. I told Jack Melville that when he came as a sort of ambassador. I said I would on no account whatever subject myself to such unnecessary risks and anxieties. My contention was that, first of all, the whole truth should be told to Yolande; then if that woman keeps quiet, good and well; if not, we can appeal to the law and have her forcibly confined. There is nothing more simple; and I dare say it could be kept out of the papers. But then, you see, my dear Mrs. Polly, there is also the possibility that it might get into the papers; and if you add on this little possibility to what his levelship al

and if you add on this little possibility to what his lordship already thinks about the whole affair, you may guess what use all your beautiful persuasion and tact and conciliation would be."

"I don't see," said Mrs. Graham, slowly, "why papa should know anything about it. It does not concern him. Many families have ne'er-do-well or disreputable members, and simply nothing is said about them, and they are supposed not to exist. Friends of the family ignore them: they are simply not mentioned until in time family ignore them; they are simply not mentioned, until in time they are forgotten altogether; it is as if they did not exist. I don't see why papa should be told anything about it.

"Oh, I am for having everything straightforward," said he. don't wish to have anything thrown in my teeth afterward. But the point isn't worth discussing in the present state of his lordtemper, and it isn't likely to be, so long as that old cat is at Well, now, that is what Mr. Winterbourne might fairly his elbow. say. He might say we had no right to object to his having a halfmaniac wife in his family so long as we had an entirely maniac aunt—who is also a cantankerous old beast—in ours'

"Archie, I must ask you to be more decent in your language!" his sister said, angrily. "Is that the way the young men talk at Balliol now?

"I guess it's the way they talk everywhere when they happen to have the luxury of having an Aunt Colquboun as a relative

"My dear Master, you won't go very far to put matters straight if you continue in that mood."

"Am I anyious to go far to put matters straight?"

'Am I anxious to go far to put matters straight?" "You ought to be-for the sake of Miss Winterbourne," said his sister, stiffly.

"No," he answered; "it is they who ought to be-for the sake of Lynn."

Well, she saw there was not much to be done with him just then; and, indeed, there was something in what he had told her that wanted thinking over. But in the mean time she was greatly relieved to find that he had not (as she had suspected) resumed any kind of relations with Shena Van, and she was anxious above all things to get him away from Inverness.

"When are you going back to Lynn?" she asked.
"I don't know," he answered, carelessly.
"Now do be sensible, Archie, and go down with me in this afternoon's steamer. All this trouble will be removed in good time, and you need not make the operation unnecessarily difficult. I am going down to Fort Augustus by the three-o'clock boat; you

can come with me as far as Foyers."
"Oh, I don't mind," he said. "I have had a little peace and quiet; I can afford to go back to the menagerie. Only there won't be anybody to meet me at Foyers."

"You can get a dog-cart from Mrs. Elder," his sister said. "And if you were very nice you would take me back to your hotel now and give me some lunch, for I am frightfully hungry. Do you know at what hour I had to get up in order to catch the boat at Fort Augustus?"

I don't see why you did it."

"No, perhaps not. But when you are as old as I am you will see with different eyes. You will see what chances you had at this moment, that you seem willing to let slip through your fingers. And why?-Because you have not enough patience to withstand a little opposition. But you knew perfectly well when you asked Yolande Winterbourne to marry you, on board the dahabeeyah, that papa might very probably have objections, and you took the risk; and now when you find there are objections and opposition I don't think it is quite fair for you to throw the whole thing up, and leave the girl deserted and every one disappointed. And it all depends on yourself. You have only to be patient and conciliato-; when they see that you are not to be affected by their opposition they will give in, in time. And as soon as the people go away from Inverstroy I will come over and help you."

He said nothing. So they went back and had lunch at the hotel; and in due time, Mrs. Graham's maid accompanying, they drove along to the canal, and got on board the little steamer. They had a beautiful sail down Loch Ness on this still golden afternoon But perhaps the picturesqueness of the scenery was a trifle familiar to them; in fact, they regarded the noble loch mostly as an excellent highway for the easy transference of casks and hamners from Inverness, and their chief impression of the famous falls of Foyers was as to the height of the hill that their horses had to climb in going and coming between Foyers and Lynn.

As they were slowly steaming in to Foyers pier pretty Mrs. Graham said :

"I wonder if that can be Yolande herself in that dog-cart? Yes, it is; that is her white Rubens hat. Lucky for you, Master; if

she gives you a lift, it will save you hiring." "I don't think," said he, with a faint touch of scorn, "that the mutual excess of courtesy which has been interchanged between Lynn Towers and Allt-nam-ba would warrant me in accepting such a favor. But the cat bows when she and Yolande pass. Oh yes, she does as much as that."

"And she will do a little more in time if only you are reasonable," said his sister, who still hoped that all would be well. Young Leslie had merely a hand-bag with him. When he left the steamer he walked along the pier by himself until he reached the road, and there he found Yolande seated in the dog cart; He

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went up and shook hands with her, and she seemed very pleased to see him.

You are going to Lynn? Shall I drive you

"No. thank you," said he, somewhat stiffly. will not trouble you. I can get a trap at the hotel."

She looked surprised, and then, perhaps, a trifle reserved.

"Oh, very well," said she, with calm politeness. "The hotel carriages have more room than this little one. Good-by."

Then it suddenly occurred to him that he had no quarrel with her. She might be the indirect cause of all this trouble and confusion that had befallen him, but she was certainly not the direct cause. She was in absolute ignorance of it. in fact. And so he lingered for a second, and then he said, looking up,

You have no one coming by the steamer?" "Oh no," she said; but she did not renew the invitation; indeed, there was just a touch of coldness in her manner.

"If I thought I should not overload the dogcart," said he, rather shamefacedly, "I would beg of you to give me a seat. I understand the stag's head has come down by this steamer. I saw it at Macleay's this morning."

"It is that I have come in for-that only," she "There is plenty of room, if you wish."

So without more ado he put his hand-bag into the dog-cart, behind, and there also was deposited the stag's head that Sandy was now bringing along from the steamer. Then when the lad had gone to the horse's head, Yolande got down, for she always walked this steep hill, whether going or coming, and of course no men-folk could re main in the vehicle when she was on foot. So she and the Master now set out together.

"I hope they have been having good sport at Allt-nam-ba," he said.
"Oh yes."

It was clear that his unaccountable refusal of her invitation had surprised her, and her manner was distinctly reserved. Seeing that, he took the more pains to please her.

"Macleav has done the stag's head very well." said he, "and I have no doubt Mr. Shortlands will be proud of it. Pity it isn't a royal; but still it is a good head. It is curious how people's ideas change as they go on preserving stags' heads. At first it is everything they shoot, no matter what, and every head must be stuffed. Then they begin to find that expensive, and they take to boiling the heads, keeping only the skull and the horns. Then they begin to improve their collection by weeding out the second and third rate heads, which they give to their friends. And then, in the end, they are quite disappointed with anything short of a royal. I went in to Macleay's a day or two ago and asked him to push on with that head. I thought Mr. Shortlands would like to see how it looked hung up in the lodge, and

I thought you might like to see it too."
"It was very kind of you," she said.
"Has the great hare drive come off?" he asked —and surely he was trying to be as pleasant as he could be. "Oh, I think you said it was to be tomorrow. I should like to have gone with them; but, to tell you the truth, Yolande, I am a little bit Your father has been too kind to me; that is the fact. Of course if we had the forest in our own hands it would not matter so much, for your father then might have a return invitation to go for a day or two's deer-stalking. But with everything let, you see, I am helpless; and your father's kindness to me has been almost embarrassing. Then there is another thing. My father and aunt are odd people. They live too much in seclusion; they have got out of the way of entertaining friends, because, with the forest and the shooting always let, they could scarcely ask any one to come and live in such a remote place. It is a pity. Look at the other families in Inverness-shire; look at Lord Lovat, look at Lord Seafield, look at The Mackintosh, and these; they go out into the world; they don't box them-selves up in one place. But then we are poor folk; that is one reason, perhaps; and my father has just one mania in his life—to improve the condition of Lynn; and so he has not gone about, perhaps, as others might have done.

Now it sounded well in her ears that this young man should be inclined to make excuses for his father, even when, as she suspected, the domestic relations at the Towers were somewhat strained. and she instantly adopted a more friendly tone

"Ah," said she, "what a misfortune yesterday! The red shepherd came running in to say that there were some deer up the glen of the Allt Crom; and of course every one hurried away—my papa and Mr. Shortlands to two of the passes. eing no beaters. They came upon them-yes, a stag and four hinds-quite calmly standing and nibbling, and away—away they went up the hill, not going near either of the guns. Was it not sad?"

"Not for the deer."

"And my papa not to have a stag's head to take back as well as Mr. Shortlands!" she said.

in great disappointment.

Oh, but if you like he shall have a finer head to take back than any he would be likely to get in half a dozen years of those odd chances. will give him one I shot-with three horns. I have always had a clear understanding about that: anything I shoot is mine-it doesn't belong to the furniture of Lynn Towers. And I will give that head to your father, if you like; it is a very

remarkable one, I can assure you."

"That is kind of you," she said. They were on more friendly terms now; she had forgiven

When they got to the summit of the hill they got into the dog-cart, and descended the other side, and drove away through the wooded and rocky country. She seemed pleased to be on better terms with him, and he, on his part, was par-

ticularly good-natured and friendly. But when they drew near to Gress she grew a little more thoughtful. She could not quite discard those hints she had received. Then her father's anxious trouble-was that merely caused by the disagreement that had broken out between the Master and his relatives? If that were all, matters would mend, surely. She, at all events, was willing to let time work his healing wonders; she was in no hurry, and certainly her pride was not deeply wounded. She rather liked the Master's excuses for those old people who lived so much out of the world. And she was distinctly glad that now there was no suspicion of any coldness between herself and him.

There was no one visible at Gress, and they drove on without stopping. When they arrived at the bridge the Master got down to open the swinging iron gate, telling Sandy to keep his seat,

and it was not worth his while to get up again.
"Now," said Yolande, brightly, "I hope you will change your mind and come along to-morrow morning to Allt-nam-ba and go with the gentlemen, after all. It is to be a great affair."
"I will see if I can manage it," said he, evasive-

ly; and then they bade each other good-by, and she drove on.

But although they had seen no one at Gress, Jack Melville had seen them. He was far up the hill-side, seated on some bracken among the rocks, and his elbows were on his knees, and his head resting on his hands. He had gone away up there to be perfectly alone—to think over all that he was to say to Yolande on the next day. It was a terrible task, and he knew it.

He saw them drive by, and his heart had a great

pity for this girl.
"The evening is coming over the sky now," he was thinking, as he looked around, "and she has left behind her the last of the light-hearted days of her life."

CHAPTER XXXII.

FABULA NARRATUR.

EARLY next morning (for he was anxious to get this painful thing over) he walked slowly and thoughtfully up to Allt-nam-ba. He knew she was at home, for the dog-cart had gone by with only Sandy in it. Perhaps she might be in-doors, working at the microscope he had lent her, or arranging her plants.

She had seen him come up the strath she was at the door awaiting him, her face radiant.

"Ah! but why are you so late?" she cried "They are all away, shepherds and gillies and all, two hours ago.'

"I did not mean to go with them. I have come to have a chat with you, Yolande, if you will let me."

He spoke carelessly, but there was something in his look that she noticed; and when she had preceded him into the little drawing-room, she turned and regarded him.

"What is it? Is it serious?" she said, scanning his face.

Well, he had carefully planned how he would approach the subject, but at this moment all his elaborate designs went clean away from his brain. A far more happy expedient than any he had thought of had that instant occurred to him.

He would tell her this story as of some one else.

"It is serious in a way," said he, "for I am troubled about an unfortunate plight that a friend of mine is in. Why should I bother you about

it? But still you might give me your advice."
"My advice?" she said. "If it would be of any service to you, yes, yes. But how could it be? What experience of the world have I had?"

be? What experience of the world have I had?

"It isn't a question of experience of the world;
it is a question of human nature mostly," said he. "And this friend of mine is a girl just about your own age. You might tell me what you would do in the same circumstances.

"But I might do something very foolish."

"I only want to know what you would naturally feel inclined to do. That is the question. You could easily tell me that; and I could not find it out for myself-no, not if I were to set all my electric machines going.'

"Ah! well, I will listen very patiently, if I am to be the judge," said she. "And I am glad it is not anything worse. I thought, when you came in, it was something very serious."

He did not wish to be too serious; and indeed he managed to tell her the whole story in a fashion so plain, matter-of-fact, and unconcerned that she never for an instant dreamed of its referring to herself. Of course he left out all details and circumstances that might positively have given her a clew, and only described the central situation as between mother and daughter. And Yolande had a great compassion for that poor deand some pity, too, for the ased womar was kept in ignorance of her mother being alive; and she sat, with her hands clasped on her knees, regarding these two imaginary figures, as it were and too much interested in them to remember that her counsel was being asked concerning

"Now, you see, Yolande," he continued, "it appears that one of the results of using those damnable—I beg your pardon—I really beg your pardon—I mean those—those poisonous drugs is that the will entirely goes. The poor wretches have no command over themselves: they live in a dream; they will promise anything-they will make the most solemn vows of abstinencebe quite unable to resist the temptation. And the law practically puts no check on the use of these fiendish things; even when the publichouses are closed, the chemist's shop is open. Now, Yolande, I have a kind of theory or project with regard to that poor woman. I don't know whether the doctors would approve of it, but it is a fancy I have: let us suppose that that poor wretch of a mother does not quite understand that her daughter has grown up to be a woman -most likely she still regards her as a child;

that is a very common thing-at all events, she is not likely to know anything as to what her daughter is like. And suppose that this daughter were to go to her mother and declare herself: do you not think that that would be enough to startle her out of her dream? and do you not think that in the bewilderment of finding their relations reversed—the child, grown to be a woman, assuming a kind of protection and authority and command over the broken-down creature—she might be got to rely on that help, and encouraged and strengthened by constant care and affection to retrieve herself? Don't you think it is possible? To be startled out of that dream by shame and horror; then the wonder of having that beautiful daughter her champion and protectress; then the continual reward of her companionship: don't you think it is possible?"

"Oh yes—oh yes, surely!" said the girl. "Surely you are right!"

"But then, Yolande, I am afraid you don't un-derstand what a terrible business it will be. It will demand the most constant watchfulness, for these drugs are easy to get, and people who use them are very cunning. And it will require a long time-perhaps years-before one could be certain that the woman was saved. Now look at it from the other side. Might not one say, 'That poor woman's life is gone, is done for: why should you destroy this other young life in trying to save a wreck? Why should you destroy one happy human existence in trying to rescue the mere remnant of another human existence that would be worthless and useless even if you succeed? Why should not the girl live her own life

"But that is not what you would say; that is not what you think," she said, confidently. "And do you say what the said that is not what you think," she said, confidently. do you ask what the girl would think ?- for I can tell you that. Oh yes, I can tell you-she would despise any one who offered her such a choice!"

But she would be in ignorance, Yolande; she would know nothing about it."

"She ought not to be in ignorance, then! Why do they not tell her? Why not ask herself what she will do? Ah, and all this time the poor woman left to herself-it was not right-it was not

"But she has not been left to herself, Yolande. Everything has been tried-everything but this. And that is why I have come to ask you what you think a girl in that position would naturally

do. What would she do it she were win.

"There can not be a doubt," she exclaimed. "Oh, there can not be a doubt! You-I know what your feeling is, what your opinion is. And yet you hesitate? Why? Go, and you will see what her answer will be."

"Do you mean to say, Yolande," he said, deliberately, and regarding her at the same time, "that you have no doubt whatever? You say I am to go and ask this young girl to sacrifice her life-or it may be only a part, but that the best part, of her life-on this chance of rescuing a poor broken-down creature-

"Her mother," said Yolande.
"What will she think of me, I wonder?" he

said, absently.

The answer was decisive:

"If she is the girl that you say, oh, I know how she will be grateful to you. She will bless you. She will look on you as the best and dearest of her friends, who had courage when the others were afraid, who had faith in her."

"Yolande," said he, almost solemuly, "you have decided for yourself."

'I?" she said, in amazement. "Your mother is alive."

She uttered a sharp cry-of pain, it seemed. "My mother-my mother-like that!

For a time this agony of shame and horror deprived her of all power of utterance; the blow had fallen heavily. Her most cherished and beautiful ideals lay broken at her feet; in their place was this stern and ghastly picture that he had placed before her mental eyes. He had not softened down any of the details: it was necessary that she should know the truth. And she had been so much interested in the story, as he patiently put it before her, that now she had but little difficulty-alas! she had no difficulty at all -in placing herself in the position of that imaginary daughter, and realizing what she had to

He waited. He had faith in her courage; but he would give her time. This was a sudden thing to happen to a girl of nineteen.

"Well," she said at length, in a low voice, "I will go.

Her hands were tightly clinched together, but she showed no symptom of faltering. Presently she said, in the same steady, constrained way: "I will go at once. Does papa know you were

oming here to-day to tell m "Yes. He could not do it himself, Yolande.

He has suffered fearfully during these long years in order to hide this from you; he thought it would only pain you to know—that you could do

What induced him to change his mind?'

He was embarrassed; he had not expected the question. She glanced at his face.
"Was that the objection at Lynn Towers?" she said, calmly.

"No, Yolande, no; it was not. I dare say Lord Lynn does not quite approve of your father's polities; but that has nothing to do with you."

"Then it was your idea that I should be told?" "Well," said he, uneasily, "possibly your fa-ther imagined that Archie Leslie might not like -might think he had been unfairly treated if he were not told-and then, I was his friend, don't you see, and they mentioned the matter to meand—and being an outsider, I was reluctant to interfere at first-but then, when they spoke of telling you, I said to myself that I knew, or I fancied I knew, what a girl like Yolande Winter-bourne would be sure to do in such circumstances -and so I thought I would venture the sugges-

tion to them, and—and, if it turned out to be so, then I might be of some little help to you.

That was cleverly done; he had not told her it was the Master of Lynn who had insisted on that disclosure.

And now she was gathering her courage to her, though still she maintained a curious sort of constrained reserve, as though she were keeping a

tight hold over her feelings.
"I suppose," she said, slowly, "it is your idea I should go there-alone?"

"If you are not afraid, Yolande—if you are not

afraid," he said, anxiously. 'I am not afraid."

" Don't you see, Yolande," he said, eagerly, "if you go accompanied by a stranger, she may think it is a solicitor—people in that weak mental state are usually suspicious—and if you go with your father she would probably only consider it a repetition of former interviews that came to nothing. No; it is the appearance of her daughter that will startle her into sudden consciousness of what she is. Then don't mind those people Don't be afraid of them. she is with. dare not detain her. You will have a policeman waiting outside; and your maid will go into the house with you, and wait in the passage. You will have to assume authority. Your mother may be a bit dazed, poor woman; you must take her with you; let no one interfere. Now do you think you have nerve for that—all by yourself?"

"Oh yes, I think so," she said, calmly. "But

I must begin at the beginning. I can not leave the lodge without putting some one in charge."
"I will send up Mrs. Bell; she will be delight-

ed."

"Ah, will you?" she said, with a quick glance of gratitude breaking through her forced composure. "If only she would be so kind as to do that! She knows everything that is wanted."

"Don't trouble yourself about that for a moment," he said. "Mrs. Bell will be delighted; there is nothing she would not do for you."

Then I must take away my things with me. Perhaps I shall not see Allt-nam-ba again. My life will be altered now. Where do I go when I

reach London?" "I should say the hotel your father and you were at once or twice in Albemarle Street. But are you sure, Yolande, you would rather not have some one go with you to London, and see you to your quarters in the hotel? Why, I would myself-with pleasure, for my assistant Dalrymple gets on very well in the school now. Or Mr. Shortlands—he is going south soon, is he not? I would not ask your father; it would be too pain-

"No," she said, "I do not want any one. Jane and I will do very well. Besides, I could not wait for Mr. Shortlands. I am going at once."

"At once! Surely you will take time to consider-"I am going to-morrow," she said, "if Mrs.

Bell will be so kind as to come and take my

"Don't be so precipitate, Yolande," he said, with some anxiety. "I have put all this before you for your consideration, and I should feel I was burdened with a terrible responsibility if you were to do anything you might afterward regret. Will you consult Mr. Shortlands?"

She shook her head.

"Will you take a week to think over it?"
"No; why?" she said, simply. "Did I consider when you were telling me the story of this imaginary girl? Had I any doubt? No. I knew what she would decide. I know what I have decided. What use is there in delay? Ah, if there is to be the good come out of it that you have imagined for me, should I not haste? When

one is perishing you do not think twice if you can hold out your hand. Do you think that I regret -that I am sorry to leave a little comfort behind-that I am afraid to take a little trouble? Surely you do not think that of me? Why I am anxious to go now is to see at once what can be done; to know the worst or the best; to try. And now-I shall not be speaking to my papa about it; that would only give pain—will you tell me what I should do in all the small particulars? I am not likely to forget."

That he could do easily, for he had thought enough over the matter. He gave her the most minute instructions, guarding against this or that possibility, and she listened mutely and attentively with scarcely the interruption of a question. Then, at length, he rose to say good by, and she rose too. He did not notice that, as she did so, her lips quivered for the briefest second.

He hesitated. "If you are going to-morrow, Yolande," said he, "I will see you as you pass. I will look out say good by to you; it for you. I should like to say good by to you; it may be for a long time."

"It may be for always," she said, with her eves

cast down; "perhaps I shall never be back here

"And I am sending you away into all this trouble and grief. How can I help knowing that it is I who am doing it? And perhaps, day after day and night after night, I shall be trying to justify myself, when I am thinking over it, and wondering where you are; and perhaps I shall not succeed very well."

"But it is I who justify you—that is enough," ne said, in a low voice. "Did I not decide for she said, in a low voice. "Did I not decide for myself? And I know that in your heart you think I am doing right; and if you are afraid for me-well, that is only kindness-such as that you have always shown to me."

Here she stopped; and he did not see that her hands were clinched firm, as she stood there opposite him, with her eyes cast down.

"And whatever happens, Yolande-you may be in pain and grief, and perhaps all you may endure may only end in bitter disappointmentwell, I hope you will not imagine that I came to you with my proposal unthinkingly. I have



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thought over it night and day. I did not come

to you off-hand."
"Ah, then," said she, quickly, "and you think it is necessary to justify yourself—you, to me, as if I did not know you as well as I know myself! Do you think I do not know you and understand you—because I am only a girl?" Her forced composure was breaking down altogether; she was trembling somewhat; and now there were tears running down her cheeks, despite herself, though she regarded him bravely, as if she would not acknowledge that. "And you asked me what the girl you spoke of would think of the man who came to her and showed her what she should do. Did I not answer? I said she would know then that he was the one who had faith in her: that she would give him her gratitude; that she would know who was her best and truest friend. And now, just as you and I are about to say goodby, perhaps forever, you think it is necessary for you to justify yourself to me—you, my best friend -my more than friend-"

And then—ah, who can tell how such things happen, or which is to bear the blaine?—his arms were round her trembling figure, and she was sobbing violently on his breast. And what was this wild thing she said in the bewilderment of her grief: "Oh, why, why was my life given away before I ever saw you?" "Yolande," said he, with his face very pale,

"Yolande," said he, with his face very paie, "I am going to say something; for this is our last meeting. What can a few words matter—my darling!—if we are never to see each other again? I love you. I shall love you while I have life. Why should I not say it for this once? I blinded myself; I tried to think it friendship—friendship, and the world was just filled with light whenever I saw you! It is our lest meeting; you will let me say this for once last meeting; you will let me say this for oncehow can it harm you ?"

She shrank out of his embrace; she sank down on the couch there, and turned away her head and hid her face in her hands.

"Go! go!" she murmured. "What have I done? For pity's sake go-and forget! For-

He knelt down by the side of the couch; and he was paler than ever now.

"Yolande, it is for you to forget—and forgive. I have been a traitor to my friend; I have been a traitor to you. You shall never see me again. God bless you!—and good-by!"

He kissed her hair, and rose, and got himself out of the house. As he went down that wide strath-his eyes fixed on nothing, like one demented, and his mind whirling this way and that amid clouds of remorse and reproach and immeasurable pity-it seemed to him that he felt on his brow the weight of the brand of Cain.

ITO BE CONTINUED.

HOUSE-CLEANING NOTES.

WE confess that we do not believe in cleaning house at the form ing house at the first sign of the golden We are quite willing to enjoy the luxury of our dusty rooms and pleasant open fire long after our neighbors, clean and uncomfortable, sit shivering around their fireless rooms, trying to draw a satisfying consolation from the fact that their spring cleaning is done and over, and their reputation for being excellent housekeepers and always ahead of their work kept up to the desired notch. It is much better not to have a reputation to keep up. Then one can be com-

House-cleaning should have no fixed date, but be held entirely subject to the weather. Except in the sunny South, no one, as she values her health and comfort and the health and comfort of her family, should think of cleaning before the middle of April, and not then unless the weather is settled, and gives full assurance that spring has come to stay. The first or second week in May is often early enough, for who in our latitude can not remember years when Mayday was ushered in with snow-flakes, short-lived but genuine, and seasons when the chill of winter refused to leave the air until nearly the middle of the flowery month?

It is not a good plan to make a general disaster of the spring cleaning. We believe in going to work mildly, when everything seems propitious, and doing "here a little and there a little" until every place becomes a renovated whole. Still it may sometimes happen that the work can not be done in a leisurely fashion. Extra help can be had only at such a time and for so long, so the work of going over the whole house must be done in a certain time. Even when such is the case there is no need of tearing up the entire house at once, hurricane fashion, for to take one or two rooms at a time makes the work much less trying, and disposes of it quite as rapidly.

From garret to cellar is the order of the march. Various stowaways in the uppermost region of the house must have an airing, and an examination thorough enough to prove that moths have not commenced ruinous ravages must be made in the old chests, trunks, and boxes which hold extra bedding and clothes.

Everything should be removed from each bedroom which has been in constant use during the winter, and from the rooms which have been occupied by visitors much of the time. Guest-rooms which have been closed, or used but a few days, will not need cleaning beyond a good airing, dusting, and wiping off the wood-work and windows, unless changes are to be made in carpets and window-hangings.

In the occupied bedrooms the closets should be cleaned first, and, if possible, the day before the room, or it might even be done several days before. All the clothes should be removed from the closet, and hung out in the air and sun in the clothes yard or on a porch, and left there all day, the boxes, etc., removed from the shelves, and they, with the catch-alls, bags, and shoe-bag,

looked over, and all the odds and ends-which will accumulate because one does not quite like to throw them away-relentlessly disposed of. If the walls are of hard finish they should be washed off with tepid water. If they are papered they can be rubbed off with a dry cloth. If the shelves and floor are washed off with clear limewater they will remain delightfully white and pure all summer. A closet floor should never be carpeted. If the floor is old, oil-cloth of a light color may be put over it; and if the closet is a very large one which is made to answer partly for a dressing-room, a rug may be added. Whether the closet is large or small, the floor should be painted, unless it is old and warped.

Before the things are removed from the bed-room they should be cleaned and dusted. The smaller articles can be put away in the closet, and larger ones removed to another room.

The glass over pictures should be cleaned with dry whiting and a woollen cloth. Carved brackets or shelves should have the dust removed from them with a soft brush, and afterward be well rubbed with a little linseed-oil and a woollen cloth. The mirror should be rubbed off with whiting. The mattresses and bedding should be put out where they can have the benefit of air and sun

The carpet is taken up after all the furniture is removed, and put out on the grass to be cleaned. The floors are then swept, and the walls wiped off with a small bag of wheat bran. The windows should be washed with cold water in which soda has been put. The soda will remove all spots and stains from the glass, and keep it from having a smoky look. Soap should never be used on glass.

Clean brass knobs and rods with rotten-stone and sweet-oil; or, if the brass is badly tarnished, rub it with a cotton rag dipped in a solution of oxalic acid; wash off the acid, and polish with whiting.

The floor should be mopped off with hot water and soap, or with clear lime-water. After it is dry, and before the carpet is put down, wash it around, for a distance of six or eight inches from the walls, with a mixture of equal parts of tur-pentine and camphor, to destroy and keep away the moths. If matting is to take the place of the carpet, the latter should be folded up, and sheets of blotting-paper wet with the mixture of turpentine and camphor laid between the folds. If it is then put in a large store box which has been papered over on the inside, and a newspaper with turpentine and camphor placed over the top, it be secure from moths.

After the carpet or matting is put down there is nothing left to do but bring back and arrange the furniture and various trifles, which, as they are all cleaned and dusted, rubbed up and polished, takes but a little while.

It is a good plan, if the room is one occupied constantly, to bring in bedding from another room, and let the mattresses and pillows have a few days' sunning. A hair mattress should be thoroughly dusted off with a whisk-broom, then gone over again with the whisk-broom dampened. The pillows should be washed off with a brush dipped in hot water; let enough water soak into them to wet the feathers well, then let them dry in the sun, turning once a day, and bringing in or covering up at night, and the feathers will seem like new. A feather-bed can be treated in the same manner. If the tick needs washing, scrub it with warm soap-suds, rinse well with clear wa-ter, and dry in the sun. It is well to be sure that the pillows and bed are perfectly free from moistbefore putting them in use again.

After the upper stories have been finished, the lower floor comes in for its share of attentions. The same plan-one or two rooms at a time, and each article cleaned as it is taken from its placeshould be followed.

If the wood-work is of oiled wood it will need no cleaning except rubbing off with clear cold water, or perhaps with linseed-oil. If it has been grained and varnished, it may be cleaned in the same way, and if the varnish is marred and scratched, it can be restored to its former good looks by applying turpentine and linseed-oil, equal parts of each, well mixed together, and rubbed in with a silk or woollen cloth.

A very good polish for furniture is equal parts of sweet-oil, turpentine, and vinegar mixed together, and applied with a sponge or woollen cloth.

If there is any reason to suspect that moths have made inroads in upholstered furniture, it should be sprinkled with benzine. The benzine is put in a small watering-pot, such as is used for sprinkling house plants, and the upholstered parts of the furniture thoroughly saturated with the fluid. It does not spot the most delicate silk, the unpleasant odor passes off after an hour or two in the air, and it will completely exterminate the moths.

After the moths have been attended to, the wood part of the furniture may be polished with the mixture given above. It is particularly good for polishing mahogany furniture. To take stains out of mahogany tables use spirits of salts and salt of lemons, six parts of the former to one of the latter; mix, and put a few drops on the stains then rub until the stain is removed.

Hangings of all kinds, from a shallow lambrequin to a sweeping portière, should be taken down at the spring cleaning, well dusted, aired, and, if there are any signs of moths, sprinkled with benzine.

If the ceilings are not frescoed, and are to be whitewashed, it should be done while the carpets are up and the curtains down. Smoke stains can be cleaned off of ceilings by washing them with water in which common washing soda has been dissolved. If the ceiling is cracked, or small pieces of plaster have fallen out, it can be made smooth again by filling up the places with plaster of Paris mixed with water.

Although the cellar comes last, it should receive the most careful attention. All the vegeta-

bles remaining in the vegetable cellar should be sorted over, the refuse carted off, and the rest put in baskets. Apple and vegetable bins ought always to be made movable, and should now be taken out, scrubbed with soap and water, and left out in the sun for several days. Hanging shelves and curboards should first be scrubbed with soap and then be washed off with lime-water, and the ceiling and walls whitewashed with a wash made of lime and water to insure a thorough purifying.

A TALE OF AN APRIL DAY.

"I nave something to tell you, sweet Madge," I said, "I have something to tell you, sweet Madge," I said,
As we sat by the fire together,
While the fire-light red kissed the gold on her head,
And outside it was bitter cold weather.
I hoped that the warmth would melt her heart,
But, alas! with a shrug of dismay,
"Oh, not in the cold must your story be told!"
She exclaimed, in her petulant way.
Love told in winter,
When the world is white,
Melts like the snow-flakes,
Vanishes from sight.

When the dancing and music were gay and bright,
And we moved to the same sweet strain.
And my lips were so near to her little pink ear,
I murmured my secret again;
But she stopped me with sudden impatience,
And said she'd not dance any more;
So again did she quelt the tale I would tell,
As she always had done before.

Love told in ball-rooms —
Maidens wise, beware!—
Lasts but for the evening,
Dies in daylight's glare.

When the meculials have at the chicken lead.

When the moonlight lay on the shining land,
And the music of stillness was heard,
And the glistening eyes of the stars in the skies
All bade me to speak the word,
"Oh, not by the light of the pitiless moon
Will I listen to you," she said;
"Moonbeams are like hosts of gliding pale ghosts,
And all things look dreary and dead."
Love told by moonlight
Has no power to move:
Cold and chill is moonlight,
Warm and sweet is love.

When the fruit was hanging purple and ripe,
And each flower was flaming bright,
And the golden sheaves and the gold-green leaves
Were all bathed in the burning light,
Then I said, "My love, oh, listen to me!"
But she answered, and smiled at the sky,
"The birds, dogs, and bees, and even the breeze,
Are dozing, and why may not I?"
Tell not love at noontide,
"This too grave a thing;
Flowers and gnats are basking,
Birds too hot to sing.

Birds too hot to sing.

"Maid Madge, maid Madge, though I love you so well, I'll be put off no longer, I swear;

My patience is great, but you've tried it of late,
And next time I will force you to hear."

Where the clear green waves are happing
Upon the yellow sand,
And the fresh salt wind is blowing
Toward the sunny land;
When the tender clouds are flying
Across the April sky,
And the living breezes singing
Their pleasant melody;
In the early, early morning,
When the glad young day looks sweet,
And the clear air washed with dew-drops,
Then I heard her little feet.
She came and stood beside me;
And in the morning glory
I tooked into her fairer eyes,
And told sweet Madge my story.

FIRING THE ROCKET.

See illustration on page 297.

THIS fine picture shows a group of the Life-saving Corps eagerly endeavoring by signaling with rockets to keep the ship off the dangerous coast which she is so perilously near. As an art picture it is admirable, with the splendid effects of the noble vessel wallowing in the churning trough of the sea, and lighted up by the lurid glare, which at the same time illumines the stalwart figures of the men on shore.

PICCADILLY IN THE SEASON.

See illustration on page 296.

THIS spirited picture graphically depicts the A appearance of the great London thorough-fare in the season, thronged with elegant equipages, coaches, and drags, driven by sprigs of nobility and filled with fashionable ladies, liveried carriages, hansom cabs, and democratic omnibuses, while the sidewalks are equally crowded with a bustling throng. The season lasts through May, June, and July, being at its height in June, and terminating the 12th of August, when Parliament is dissolved, and fashionable London rushes in a body to the country to engage in grouse-shooting and the various kinds of hunting, which represent the summit of happiness to the English mind.

Piccadilly, the broad street which extends from Hyde Park Corner to the west end of Coventry Street-that is, from Belgravia through Mayfair, in close proximity to Buckingham and St. James's Palaces, Pall Mall, and the most fashionable haunts of London—is said by some to derive its peculiar appellation from the ruffs for the neck, called pickadels, which were introduced in the reign of James I., pickadel being a diminutive of picca, a spear-head, which name was given to this article of foppery from the fancied resemblance of its stiffened plaits to the bristling points of these weapons. Others declare, however, that the region was known as Pickadilla at a much earlier date. It is comparatively a modern thoroughfare, having been an open common toward the end of the seventeenth century, while only some seventy years ago it was infested with highwaymen, who stopped hackney-coaches in the street, and forced the unlucky passengers to stand and deliver. At present it is in the heart of the city, and the stranger who wishes to obtain a bird's eve view of London life can do no better than to station himself at the intersection of Hyde Park Corner and Piccadilly, where he will see just such a brilliant picture of West End gayety as is represented in our engraving.

Brocade and Ottoman Silk Mantle.

See illustration on page 292.

THE long square tab fronts of this mantle and the short basque pieces attached to them, which extend to the middle of the back, where they are connected by a large sash bow, are of plain repped ottoman silk, while the cape-like back and sides, which hang over the fronts and the basque at the back, are of brocaded offoman, with the figures of the design embroidered with fine jet beads, The mantle is lined with terra-cotta Surah, and edged with guipure lace and ball pendants. The fronts are trimmed with full jabots of lace and jet drop trimming.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOLITABE.—A plush border and a heavy fringe will complete your portiere handsomely and lengthen it properly. The dado will be in good taste. The portiere should touch the floor, and, indeed, lie upon it

broperty. The many the foot, and, indeed, lie upon it slightly.

Bissic.—Can you not insert an under-arm form to repair your dress? Worth sometimes makes marrow side forms, putting two on each side of the back and one on the front. Or can you not add a soft pull around the sleeve, making it droop against the corsage just where you need it to conceal the worn part? You might have a new fringe tied in your long shawl, after cutting off the present fringe, by ravelling a sufficient space and tying the heading of the fringe in knots. The letters and postal cards that are not answered in this column are often answered in more general terms in the New York Fashions. Cashmere will again be combined with silk.

Perflexer.—Use either tan, cream, or white underssed kid gloves with your white offoman silk dress. Black satin slippers with black silk stockings are in favor, but you can wear white if you choose. Congratulate the bride and bridegroom in a few simple words, wishing them much happiness.

Miss P.—We do not answer questions of this kind by mail. Address your letter to Harper & Brothers, We answer questions as promptly as our space will be published.

Constructions.—You should have your man-of-all-work own a number of check aprons and white jack-

We answer questions as promptly as our space will allow, but can not tell how soon your response will be published.

Coentrywoman, —You should have your man-of-allwork own a number of check aprons and white jackets, which he wears while at his work. These can be washed, and they save his black clothes. He must wear his dress suit always at breakfast, lunch, and dimer when waiting on you. A couple of suits, one nicer than the other, are generally given to a waiter. Many ladies give their waiter also a frock-coat for morning and for the street. He has a closet in the basement where he keeps his clothes.

Inquirer.—Many people send wedding cake in boxes; others do without it. There is no rule as to what the groom shall give the bride, but he usually gives her personal ornaments. The bride's mother can wear a dress without train, but she generally dresses very elegantly for her daughter's wedding. It is more convenient to have one large table, but small ones are permissible, in serving retrestments.

Mes. O. Waite.—Alwa's rise on being introduced.

Iolanthe.—A bride should call on all her acquaintances before she is to be married. In acknowledging a wedding gift from Mr. and Mrs. Smith, mention both their names, as, "Miss Brown thanks Mr. and Mrs. Smith for their very elegant present," etc. The bride takes her father's left arm to walk up the main aide. The nearest relatives congratulate the bride after the clergyman; then the ushers and best man bring up the company. Always invite your friend's fance as much as you would her husband. In returning your wedding visits leave your cards, "Mr. and Mrs. Brown." The usual refreshments served in the spring are ice-cream, strawberries, and claret punch. At a wedding reception the groom stands with the bride always, all through the reception.

Newark, N. J.—The newest and prettiest parlor entertainment is a "Kermiss."

Dorothy.—If your fancé and the clergyman are strangers, your father can speak to the clergyman, but your fance must pay the wedding fee.

Envire.—We have no

or common formula.

FATHERLESS.—You do not return formul calls while you wear first mourning, but after a year it is proper for you to wear light mourning and return your

or you to wear ight mourning and return your calls.

A COUNTRY READLE.—Letters of condolence are answered as soon as the beneaved feels able to write.

A Washington as the beneaved feels able to write.

A Washington etiquette for many years, we beg leave to differ from you on two points. Strangers call first on the President, then on the cubinet, then on the Senate (who make the judges), and then on the judges, and then on such residents as they may wish to know in the capital city.

Manouremre.—There is no etiquette in a sleeping-car. One relires and gets up, dresses and undresses, when one pleases, and with what privacy one may. There is no etiquette save that which one's sense of decemey suggests.

decency suggests.
S. W.—Bonillon is drank out of small cups. We do

8. W.—Bollmon is draink out or sman capes of each not answer questions by mail.

Constant Reader.—The large illustrated pattern catalogues cost 25 cents; the small ones 10 cents. You can obtain them by inclosing the price to Harper &

CONSTANT READER.—The large illustrated pattern catalogues cost 25 cents; the small ones 10 cents. You can obtain them by inclosing the price to Harper & Brothers.

BLACK SILK, M. M., VOTRE AM, MRS. S. H., ELLA, MISS R., YOLANDT, PEGGY, AND OTHERS Will find information about making black silk dresses in New York Fashions of Bazar No. S. Vol. XVI.

BERTHA.—Use white another season for the baby's dresses. Get blocked wool, plain financi, or Cheviot for a fravelling dress. A checked silk, a foulard, or grenadine will be suitable for you. Ruffs are still worn. Boutfant models in Bazar Nos. 10 and 12, Vol. XVI., will suit your slender figure.

E. H. R., Mrs. A. M. H., AND OTHERS.—A Supplement pattern and illustration of the foundation skirt with springs or whalebones in cases across the back was given in Bazar No. 13, Vol. XV. The paper will be sent you by mail on receipt of 10 cents.

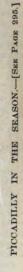
IGNOTANCE.—Wear white slippers with your bridal dress. The groom should wear full dress in the evening, but for afternoon his coat should be a Prince Albert frock, with vest to match, and dark tronsers.

Nora.—Read about wraps in Bazar No. 10, 12, Vol. XVI. Make your satin merveilleux dress by a model on page 100 of Bazar No. 7, Vol. XVI.

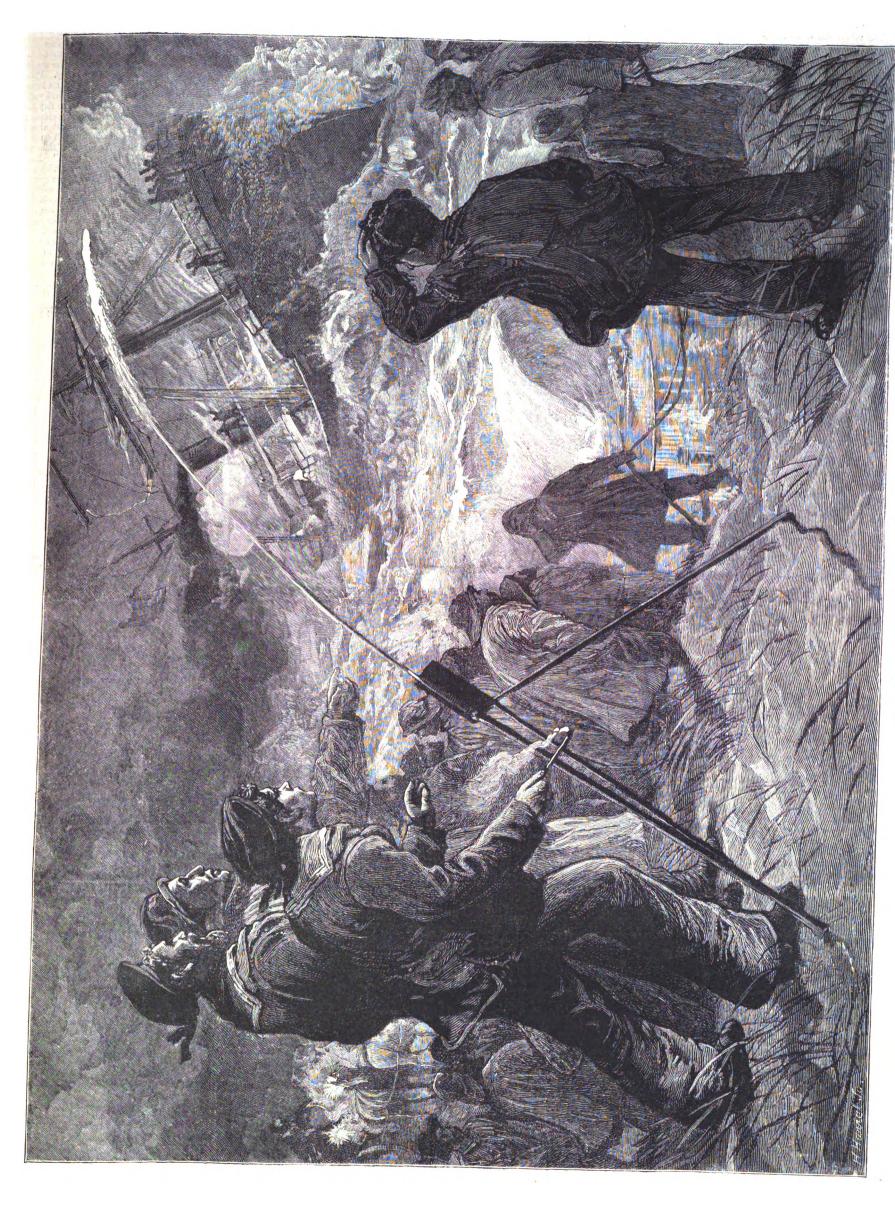
E. M. G., PANSY, REBY, E. N. N., YOUNG MAMMA, BURTHA, JONORANT MOTHER, H. H., AND OTHERS will find illustrations of girls' dresses in Bazar No. 10, Vol. XVI., and suggestions for smaller children's dresses and aprons in Bazar No. 20, Vol. XVI.

A. H. M.—Your lace will answer for trimming black bunting. Get a dark green straw poke bonnet, and trim it with dark green velvet ribbon and yellow flowers. Inexpenses.—The Bazar Book of Decound is reliable. Your dove-colored and ashes-ot-roses cashmere dresses can be worn both in winter and spring. Make them by hints in Bazar No. 10 and 11, Vol. XVI. Read about wraps in Bazar No. 20 and 11, Vol. XVI. Read about wraps in Bazar No. 10, vol. XVI. A. E. M.—Get nius' veiling, satin Surah, or mull for a young lady's white dress. Cashmere with palm-leaf embroidery i









HER NEW SUIT. By MARTHA CAVERNO COOK.

WITH conscious trepidation My lady stands, a claimant To gain our approbation Of her very latest raiment. When asked why other dresses By contrast all grow paler, The secret she confesse "This was fashioned by a tailor."

There is studious attention Bestowed on every facing, Original invention

All minor points embracing; The length and breadth and dwaping Are full of wise discretion, Devoid of fancy shaping Or commonplace impression.

In color weird and mystic, Befitting useful duty The buttons are artistic As gems in point of beauty. The perfect-fitting collar,
The finished cuff and placket, Prove that a thorough scholar Designed the jaunty jacket.

It will serve all times and places, For shopping or excursions, For coaching clubs and races, And summer sea diversions. One may scale a lofty mountain, Or cross the English Channel, And sip at Fashion's fountain In this model suit of flannel.

Some theoretic fancies And flights of elocution Might show that such advances Were traits of evolution. May she take the greatest pleasure As pedestrian or sailor, And recognize a treasure In the scientific tailor!

MAY OMENS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

THE celebration of the 1st of May, and the superstitions connected with it, have almost as great a hold upon the peasantry of England, Scotland, and Ireland of to-day as they exercised generations ago, and although the average American—or rather New-Yorker—devotes it to moving, our foreign populations have introduced and kept up many old customs which they were wont to observe at home, and many a May bough will be found on the 1st of May nailed to the

front door to please the fairies.

It has also become, in spite of the hard things said about it, a month in which to marry. Plutarch gave three reasons for a May marriage not being satisfactory. The first and most important was that May being between April, which is consecrated to Venus, and June, which is sacred to Juno, and both these deities being held propitious to marriage, they were not to be slighted. In Scotland it is believed that all the children born of a May marriage will die young, but that an engagement made in May is sure to be a happy and a lasting one.

May-day is as much a lovers' day as the 14th of February, and May puddings, May dreams, May boughs, and May wishes under the young May moon are as firmly believed in and as much sought

after as St. Valentine's or Halloween signs.
In the Highlands an oat-cake is baked, and the high-priest of the ceremony breaks off certain Some of them he throws into the fire which has been kindled in the yard or on the green, with these words: "This I give, O Boal; preserve my horses; this I give, O Boal; preserve my kine," and so on. Then he throws some into the air saving, "This I give thee, O Fox; spare my lambs; this to thee, O Hooded Crow; this to thee, O Eagle.'

In County Cork and in some of the counties of Connaught and Ulster, Ireland, May bonfires are still lit, and all over Ireland a small fire is lit in the milking yard, and men, women, children, and cattle are made to pass through it as a pre ventive against sickness or the evil-eye, and it is not unfrequent to see a fire kindled at the front door of each little cabin at sunset, May-day, to keep off evil. This custom prevails to some extent among the shanty-dwellers on Manhattan Island.

On no account will an Irishman or a Scotch Highlander allow a bit of fire or water to be taken from his home on New-Year or May-day, but he will do his best to borrow from any one that he wishes to get the better of during the year.

Amongst the girls the greatest rivalry prevails as to who shall draw the first pail of water on May morning, and in any New York home where help is employed it may be noticed that the girls are always up bright and early on this day, for the first up will be first married.

The first person entering a house is always asked to "take a dash," or to help do some trifle, to show good-will and friendship.

Any anxiety on the part of the housewife to discover if there will be an increase or decrease in the family can be satisfied if she will on Mayeve sweep the hearth-stone clean, and then sprin-kle it with fine ashes. If in the morning there should be a foot-print pointing toward the door, then some one will leave home; if the other way, there will be an addition to the family circle; if it is just as she left it, then all will remain so.

In the north, if a young girl wishes to dream of her future husband, she must go late on Mayeve to a black sally-tree and pluck therefrom nine sprigs, the last of which she throws over her right shoulder; the remaining eight must be put into the foot of her right stocking, then she must place it under her pillow, and her faith being strong, she will in a dream see her future hus-

Still another mode of obtaining the same knowledge consists in going after sunset on May-eve to a bank on which yarrow is growing plentifully, and gathering therefrom nine sprigs of the plant; while gathering it she repeats the following:

"Good-morrow, good-morrow, fair yarrow, And thrice good-morrow to thee! Come, tell me before to-morrow Who my true-love shall be."

The yarrow is brought home, put into the right stocking, placed under the pillow, and the mystic dream is sure to come; but should the girl speak after she has pulled the yarrow, the charm is

Among the Yorkshire girls a custom prevails of going to a neighboring well and dropping a noggin or small tin bucket while repeating the name of their lover. It must be left there all night. If in the morning it is still floating it is a lucky sign; but if it has sunk, then she need look nor wait no longer for him. In the Southern States the snail charm is resorted to. The little animal that is here pressed into service is not the box snail, but the common slug, and should be discovered accidentally. When found it must be placed between two plates, on one of which is sprinkled flour—the other is used to cover it—and left all night; next morning the maid seeks to discover the initial of her secret lover's name in the slimy track left by the snail. But Scotch lassies think the surest way to discover the coming lover is to search the pudding. A rice or bread pudding is prepared, into which is dropped a ring, a button, and a thimble, and also a piece of money. The ring, you will be married; the button, you will marry an old bachelor; the thimble, you will remain as you are; and if you get the money, why, great good luck will come

to you.

The May dew, as every one knows, possesses peculiar virtues, but not alone for its cosmetic powers, for the Irish girls employ it—as Lover has touchingly described in his song of the "May Dew"—as a bond of peculiar power among lovers.

LUCILE'S LOVE AFFAIR.

By MARY N. PRESCOTT.

R. HARRISSE, like most men, was fond of a pretty face, and when he caught a glimpse of Lucile's, as the wind blew her veil aside on the homeward trip of the Malta, he wished he was her cousin, or the stout ship's surgeon who dared offer his arm to her for a promenade. There was something almost familiar in the face, too. Where had he met her? at what German or reception? in the salons of the best society, or in the wards of a hospital? Or was it only a trick of imagination? Had he waltzed with her at some sea-side hop, or taken her out at some state dinner or wedding breakfast? Dr. Harrisse was a bold man in his way; the few days on the Malta had hung like lead on his hands, there being but a handful of cabin passengers, and many of those without their sea legs. He was a man quick to think, but somewhat forgetful. eyes met Lucile's; a smile of recognition illuminated her face; he bowed confidently, and advanced toward her. "I am happy to meet you again," he said, unblushingly. "Perhaps you find it as dull on board as I do?"

"If you are at your wits' end for amusement, as I am, I'm sorry for you," she said. "My poor aunt has not been able so far to lift her head from her pillow."

"Who in the deuce do I know with the appendage of an aunt?" Harrisse mentally considered. "However, it doesn't signify, if she is only

amusing, and the aunt is not an ogre."

The ship's surgeon, Dr. Johns, consulted his "I shall be obliged to deliver you to the tender mercies of Dr. Harrisse, Miss Lindsay," he said, as he hurried away.

You see I am lame still," she said, presently. "Is it possible!" he returned, feeling as if he were groping in the dark. Had one of his acquaintances suffered an accident which had escaped his memory? She took it for granted that he was familiar with the circumstances. A misstep here might expose him. "But doubtless it will wear off in time," he hazarded.
"I fear not. You don't realize that the acci-

dent happened six years ago; I used it too soon. I must ride, you know, at that time, or die. It was weak, and I got another fall, and broke it again."

"I am sincerely sorry to hear it," said Dr. Harrisse. Was it possible that he had known this blooming creature six years, and had neglected to cultivate her? However, he would learn by experience, and make the most of the present.
"Is this your first visit abroad?" he asked, a

"Yes; I have been away five years. I call Europe my school-room. I didn't know anything I was a perfect dunce. I have studied the arts and languages. I can speak and sing to you in

With the tongues of men and angels I've no doubt."

"I can paint you a picture that will not be half bad. Haven't I used my opportunities? wish to Heaven I had used mine as well."

"I had thought of going upon the stage."

"I wouldn't. I'm glad you gave it up."
"Surely you are not one of those who are prejudiced against the drama?" "Certainly not. But I have an unconquerable

prejudice against having the women of my acquaintance or family before the foot-lights.

"And yet somebody must sacrifice herself in the cause of art, or the drama would decline." Yes; and so there must be Nautch girls, and

tight-rope performers, and bare-back riders, I suppose, but we don't choose them for our wives and sweethearts, we don't elect to have our sisters and friends among them."

Miss Lucile had withdrawn her hand from the

doctor's arm to arrange her veil, but, that duty done, she did not replace it till he made a demand.

"But you would like your sister to write the great American novel?" she asked.
"You't he literary woman site at work headed

Yes; the literary woman sits at work beside her own hearth-stone, in the shadow of her own

roof-tree, protected from the public gaze."
"But how often she is dragged before the footlights, so to speak. Every penny-a-liner makes her the subject of a paragraph; her household gods are inventoried, her profits estimated, her gous are inventoried, ner profits estimated, her weaknesses chronicled, and her features photographed."

"But personally she is not so much a public character. She has reserves." And after that the subject dropped.

But Lucile and Dr. Harrisse had a thousand

But Lucile and Dr. Harrisse had a thousand other things to discuss. He delighted in a wo-man who dared to disagree with him. They found that they had just missed each other at Interlachen; that he had only been prevented by a chance from joining the party with which she had made the ascent of Mont Blanc; they had mutual friends abroad; but still the great enigma, where he had known her in America, remained unsolved. But he troubled himself very little about it just now; he was drifting with the tide; he was passing through a new phase of existence. He had believed himself invincible, and behold! he had been conquered by "touch of hand, turn of head." was absurd, perhaps, for a man of his years to be so easily enchanted; he rather longed for the end of the voyage in order to discover if it was only the glamour of a pretty face and a sweet manner that infatuated him. He assured himself that it would not last, but he seriously hoped it would. Such moonlight nights were never known before as those which he spent with Lucile; such starlight never shone upon palace gardens or mountain streams. Was it the same old world, or had he been translated? She sang to him in all the strange foreign tongues she knew; sometimes his tenor voice joined hers till it seemed as if they were merely two spirits soaring. He began to confess now that he had never been so happy in all his life; he began to wish the voyage would last forever. He had forgotten to ask where he had met her, who she was, how descended, how placed.

It seemed to Dr. Harrisse, about this time, that Dr. Johns was always joining them, that he had a weakness himself for Miss Lindsay; and Harrisse smiled, thinking how futile it was.

You remember Captain Hamerton ?" asked Dr. Johns on one of these occasions, when the talk had somehow drifted upon love and mar-

riage.
"Oh, certainly," said Harrisse, wishing Captain the Red Sea, Hamerton and Dr. Johns were in the Red Sea, figuratively speaking. "I remember him—an ancient mariner, always endowing something or somebody, eh?"

Well, you know, he fell in love with a circusrider! Fact. And he sixty, if a day; a real love

"I think I must go below," said Lucile; "the sun is withering." Naturally enough, Lucile was tired of the surgeon's reminiscences; naturally she had no interest in the vulgar loves of circus-riders and old beaux.

"You will miss the sunset," he said, aside, detaining her. "Dr. Johns will be gone presently. Let us see the evening star come out, together, on this last night at sea.

"And I suppose he married her and lived happily forever after," said Harrisse, having carried his point, and turning to Dr. Johns.

No; she wouldn't marry him; but when he died he left her a fortune, and she left the pro-

'And the Hamertons were Mayflower stock." Dr. Johns left presently, and the sunset flamed in the west, and darkness dropped down over the wide lonely sea, and one star softly trembled into view; and far off a sail, like a white wing, shone against the dark horizon, wan and ghostly.

"The sea has its pearls,
The heaven has its stars,
But my heart, my heart has its love,"

he sang, beneath his breath. "Do you know, can you guess, Lucile--can you guess who my love

"I was never good at enigmas," a little distant-"Dr. Harrisse, do you remember when you first met me ?'

"It seems to me that I have known you al-" he evaded.

'I thought you remembered when I first saw i here. I'm sfraid you did not." you here.

'Could I ever forget you, Lucile?"
'It seems so," she said, smiling faintly; "but

I have a confession to make. 'So have L'

"You will believe that I have deceived you?" "If this is deception, let me be deceived forthem again When they parted next morning, he said, "I shall see you, if I may, at the first available moment in the week; if anything prevents, I shall

write. Sitting down to dine the following day with his bosom-friend, "Tom," he asked, "you know everything and everybody: can you tell me where I have met a Miss Lucile Lindsay?"

"She was the person Captain Hamerton wanted to marry. You remember old Hamerton? Forty years her senior. Romantic story. He tempted her with jewels, as Faust tempted Murguerite; with kindness and luxury; but although she was only a poor little circus-rider, she wouldn't marry him. When he died he left her half his estates. I heard she went abroad. She broke a bone, falling from her horse, at one time, in the circus. I suppose you must have set it. eh? Been on the ragged edge of a flirtation on the voyage? Fancy a Harrisse marrying a circusrider! How Beacon Street would how!!

Dr. Harrisse was perhaps thankful that his patients demanded his attention, and gave him

no time to think or visit at once, and that a case of special and serious importance importuned him, and made it utterly impossible, as he said to himself, to do other than postpone Miss Lind-After all, had he compromised himself? Did not many a bachelor whisper tender no. things on a sea-voyage without intentions? Was it not expected of him to charm away seasickness and ennui? Should he not go to see her, naturally, like any other friend—like Dr. Johns—when opportunity offered, and let affairs adjust themselves? After a month's reflection he adopted this course. It seemed to him that Lucile was a trifle paler than before, but she made up for this defect by a greater vivacity. Presently he found that when he called for an hour he was apt to remain two. After his first visit they never referred to the voyage. One day he met Dr. Johns coming away from her presence; he had an air of suppressed excitement about him. It was a year since they had parted on the Malta. "The fellow is almost handsome," thought Harrisse, "and he is in love with Lucile." Miss Lindsay was engaged with a headache, and begged Dr. Harrisse would excuse her. The words sounded strangely to him; he felt dazed and miserable, and angry with Dr. Johns, as if his visit had something to do with it. All at once the fact that Lucile had begun life as a circus-rider seemed trivial and of no importance compared with the greater fact that he loved her. Let those laugh who win. What did it signify to him, though Beacon Street and all creation disapproved?

He drove home, and went to his library. It seemed as if there was no time to lose. He nev. er remembered having been in such a hurry before in his life. Why had he postponed happiness so long? It was late in the following day when he received Lucile's reply.

"Your kind words," she wrote, "have carried me back to those halcyon days on the Malta, when I believed myself as desperately in love as you believe yourself to be to-day. I confessed all this to Dr. Johns when he proposed to me yester-day morning, and he was willing to absolve me—"

Dr. Harrisse tossed the letter into the grate, and went out to his patients.

It was perhaps half a dozen years later when, looking over some old papers, he happened upon the charred remnant of Lucile's letter, which his servant had rescued from the fire and folded He opened it curiously, and lingered over it, fascinated.

'I confessed all this to Dr. Johns when he proposed to me vesterday morning, and he was willing to absolve me," he read; "but if you love me—poor Dr. Johns! I should like to punish you; I should like to quote to you, 'There must be Nautch girls and circus-riders, perhaps, but we do not choose our wives and sweethearts from among them,' and refuse your gift-but I love you.

At this date, however, Lucile had long been Mrs. Dr. Johns.

IONE STEWART.*

BY E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KRMBALL," "THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UN LORD?" "MY LOVE," WTO. "UNDER WHICH

CHAPTER XIV. DOMESTICATED.

"WE shall have to introduce you to some of our friends," said Captain Stewart one day when St. Claire was at the Villa Clarissa, as he so often

was now.

"If you intend to pass the winter here you must go into society," said Mrs. Stewart, in her gently sorrowful way. "You will find some pleasant people both among ourselves and the Palermitans.

"Yes," said the Captain; "that every one would say. The Palermitans are wonderfully hospitable to strangers who are fitly introduced. "I thought the Italians did not understand hospitality," said St. Claire. "In our way, perhaps, no; in their way, yes.

They do not ask you to dinner, but they give you a seat in their carriage and take you to eat ices. You can not go in upon them at twelve o'clock in the day, but you are free of their salous every evening when they are at home; and you may go as early as the habits of the place allow, and stay as late, not wearing out your welcome by repetition. We give food, they companionship. Our method is a survival of the time when starvation was a man's ever-present foe, theirs of a state of society when personal peril was the greatest fact of life—when, therefore, the defense of association was the greatest need, and admission to that association the supreme mark

of confidence." "I see," said St. Claire, who thought the explanation more ingenious than true.

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"One thing will be sure to strike you-the dreadful number of titles here," said Mrs. Stewart, in an aggrieved voice.

She rejoiced in the fact, but she liked to complain of it. She was too thoroughly English not to reverence rank, but she was also too thoroughly English not to resent the apportionment which gave that rank to the Palermitans and left them-selves without "handles," though with undoubted

"That makes no difference," said Captain Stewart. "Among themselves they are punctilious enough on the matter of relative rank, but they do not care two straws about it with us. An Englishman is always an Englishman to them, whether he be a lord or only a plain mis-

* Begun in Harper's Bazar No. 2, Vol. XVI.



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ter; and they like us as a race, which is so much in our favor as individuals."
"I am sure I wonder that they do!" said Ione,

abruptly. No one answered her; and though St. Claire looked at her, as if in response, he did not speak. He thought he should probably get her into trouble if he drew her out.

"I shall be very glad to know any of your friends," he then said, having nothing else to say; but in his own mind he thought he should find none so congenial to him as were these hospitable Stewarts, with their pretty place and their charming daughters.

"I will put you up to a few of the most special," then said the Captain, and forthwith began a list of princes and princesses, barons and baronesses, counts and countesses, till his guest wondered if the city held an untitled man or woman in its ranks at all. It was a long page of the Palermitan Almanach de Gotha to learn, but St. Claire had a good head and a retentive memory, and social dignities came easily in his way. To be sure he made a few mistakes and misfits, as was but natural. He gave the grandfather as a son, and called the daughter-in-law the mother, and hopelessly jumbled up, as if in a bag, the various members of that large family, each of whom had a different name and title from the others. But he made out something definite at last, and established a kind of central point round which all the rest would cluster in time.

He made out clearly and distinctly the individuality of that travelled and well-read countess who had been everywhere, and who knew all the picturesque by-places as well as the general centres of interest in Europe. And her daughter—that ideal kind of princess whom all women loved and all men adored, whose mind was as rich as her personality was gracious—he got her, too, well established, so that he should know them both when he should be taken to call. That grand old princess, the "doyenne" of the local aristocracy, with her stainless repute and honorable name; her daughter so interesting and gentle, and so curiously English in character; and her daughter again, so curiously English in physique—these images, too, he fixed as those of people he was bound to respect and admire when he met them. The grandfather of this last, this fair-faced Palermitan lily, one of the many noble exiles of '48, was another personality not likely to slip. When he, St. Claire, came to know him, the Stewarts said, he would find him the most delightful companion in the world, and the best raconteur. His stories of English life and experience were inimitable. And those two brothers, who also had been of the emigration - the elder, as Captain Stewart said, "the best-bred man in the island," to which Mrs. Stewart added as her testimony, "with all the graces of his own race and all the virtues of ours, and with none of the faults of either"; the younger, in his time one of the most gallant soldiers of all in the national army—they were cleared from the mass, and made as sharp and distinct as two cameos. So were the noble-hearted, handsome wife and the graceful daughter with gift of genius, belonging to the one; bright and hospitable signora with the studious son, of the other. That charming group of friends and relations, so good and true and simple and sincere; the patriarch of the English colony with his magnificent garden, his gentle wife and her sweet kindliness; the scholarly clergyman, and his wife whose life had been a romance; the men of letters here, the men of science there; the pleasant baron, the kindly duke, the learned abbate, the famous professor-it was an interesting page of personal gossip, the "carte du pays" well drawn out; and it amused St. Claire, who, s has been said, was fond of genealogy and local Debretts.

"Now be sure you distinguish one from the other, and do not confound A with B nor C with D," said Captain Stewart. "Above all, take pains to learn your pronunciation correctly. A letter makes all the difference; as between that fascinating princess and my dear good friend Luigi, for example. Doubled when it should be single, or deprived of its consort when it should be doubled, will land you in more holes than one.

"I will do my best," said St. Claire.
"How can it interest you to know anything of the people here, you who come from England?" said Ione, scornfully.

"Why not?" Armine answered. "Do you not think it interesting to study differences?"

Not for an Englishman to study a Continental!" said Ione, superbly.

"How can you be so prejudiced, Nony?" said Clarissa. "Why are not foreigners as good as we are? Poor dears! I am sure they are."

"I don't think so," said Ione; and on Mrs. Stewart returning, plaintively, "My poor dear enna, what can you possibly know of the matter?" and Captain Stewart adding, bluntly, "Shut up, Io, and do not let us have any more of your confounded nonsense!" that thread of talk dropped and was not taken up again.

And yet Ione had only said what she had heard a dozen times before from the two who represented her parents. Had Clarissa scoffed at the people among whom they had elected to make their home, they would have smiled at her enthusiastic patriotism, and would have said she was not so far wrong in her estimate; but what Clarissa might do with honor was counted to Ione for shame, even though the father and mother did their best to be just, and were just, according to their ability.

The Stewarts not only made themselves St. Claire's introducers to the society of the place, but they also took pains to show him everything of interest, and specially to localize the native legends and historic events. They took him to the exact spot where the Sicilian Vespers began, and tried in vain to teach him how to pronounce

that famous shibboleth of "ciceri." They traced the line on the hill where Garibaldi and his devoted band came down in their strength like a living stream dyed red with the glorious dawn, bringing the freedom of Sicily as their offering to Palermo. They translated for his benefit old ballads like that of the "Baronessa di Carini," and told him those wonderful stories of courage and audacity which have already made of the brigand chief Leone a being almost as legendary as Fra Diavolo. They showed him over the new institutions, and severely criticised all the details of management, as the English always do, whether at home or abroad. They took him to the churches, some of which were under repair, and fell foul of every bit of modern work, however well done, which was to restore the lost substance of the old and fill up the gaps made by time. But then they would not have been English here too had they not idealized the remote past of Italy and vilified the immediate present. Had they not read their Ruskin? and was it not in their province, as members of the nation which set up the Duke and his horse over a gateway, and substituted the griffin for Temple Bar, to lec-ture all others on taste and the conservation of things ancient and historic? and above all, were not the picturesque ignorance and darkness, disease and misery, of old times worth all the unæsthetic light and liberty and health and strength of these modern degenerate days? To hear the English in Italy one would say that the prosperi-ty, the education, and liberty of a whole people are not worth a fine façade or an imposing procession, and that something pretty to look at is worth far more than free government or wholesome living. And the Stewarts, though enlightened people in their own way, were not proof against the prevailing folly of their race.

And finally, to complete their good offices, they introduced him to society, so that he was made free of all the houses which were open to them-

Then it was that he found for himself how frank and hospitable are these dear Italian islanders, with the proud and capable Saracenic strain running through their blood; their myths of old Greece floating like perfume and echoing like music through the air; their pathetic history and their stirring feuds; their saintly legends which jostle and displace the divine old myths or rath. er into which those myths have transformed themselves; their commenorative customs which lift the whole life out of the commonplace into the ideal-those dear Italian islanders, to know whom is to love—as he proved for his own part, and with reason.

The countess showed him her house and the count took him over his garden; the princess had him to her receptions, and made him a favorite guest when out for her villeggiatura; the two dear brothers invited him to dinner, and the girl entranced him with her singing: every one was kind to him, every one made much of him, the women because he was so interesting and handsome and delicate and young, and the men because it pleased the women, and he looked as if he had no harm in him. So that for a brokenhearted lover, as he was, St. Claire enjoyed himself discreetly and carried his secret sorrows

Truly, without disloyalty to his lost love, his wounds were doing well. A spiritual surgeon would have said, diagnosing with judgment, that they were granulating apace and looking remarkably healthy. It must be so. To live with a dead joy never absent from one's consciousness is very soon to die with it. For the mind follows the law of the body, and wounds which will not heal bring all things to destruction.

So the time passed. The soft-spoken, gentle-

mannered, handsome young fellow was so accustomed to be petted and caressed—so used to be treated as a personage of importance—that all the kindness lavished on him by his new friends came to him as by prescriptive right, and he took it with that simplicity of acceptance which of itself is a charm in the beautiful young. He made no disclaimers and no opposition; showed no surprise, and only expressed his gratitude by smiling amiably when he was flattered, and looking content when he was singled out for supreme attention and marked kindness. When bright eyes shone the brighter as he entered the room. and sweet voices had an extra touch of silver as they spoke to him, he took it all as one who knew the whole rosary by heart, and who re-ceived only his due. And this quiet unconscious-ness of any special grace in the favors accorded him made part of his success with the women. The men perhaps said a few hard things among themselves, as was but natural; but the women found it "lovely." It was the unconscious selfassertion of a superior person whose credentials are undeniable. It was the prince travelling incognito, who does not think it strange when some one more acute

sy and says, "Your Royal Highness."

He took it all so much as his by right that surely it was so! Well-dressed, well-mannered, with his air of accustomedness to luxury and homage and the finer things of life, he had the look of a man richer than his expenditure, and superior to the conditions which it has pleased him for the moment to adopt. To see him here in Palermo no one would have supposed that for his sole wealth he had only what remained of those three hundred pounds which had been brought him by the ravens, and the reversionary interest, when his health should be re-established, of a small country practice which gave him bread and left no margin for butter. He had the air of thousands a year, and Palermo set him down

at the value of his looks.

This was not his fault. The most rigid moralist could scarcely have held him bound to appear poor for truth's sake, or to publish a statement of his finances in Lo Statuto. It had been his misfortune before now to look one thing and be

another, and this was only a repetition of the old litany of misunderstanding which more than once had been intoned to his disaster.

Where all liked him, the Stewarts liked him most of all. Even the wirv and determined Captain, his very antithesis in some things, found points of agreement in others, which made the running smooth. To be sure, he would not have chosen this soft-voiced and gentle-mannered young physician as his partner in a difficult business where he had risked his fortune to save it only by bold combinations and resolute action. He would not have put him at the head of an exploring expedition where courage and endurance were the alphabet of success, nor would be have sent him where astuteness and diplomatic fence were the great things needed. But he liked him as a guest, he trusted him with the girls, and he believed him to be a man to whom any father might safely give his daughter, sure that, when he married, his wife's happiness would be welded into the very substance of her wedding ring.

As they saw more and more of him, both father and mother felt, what they did not acknow ledge even to each other, that, as Clarissa's choice, this charming young fellow should meet with no opposition, and Gull should supply the wedding cake. They had decided, as we know, that Clarissa should not marry a Sicilian, and the English colony was poor in available husbands. Though the farthest possible removed from wishing her to marry at all, they were too loving and just to desire her to remain single for their sakes. And here was the man who, in body, mind, and estate, seemed made for the occasion.

They knew nothing of his broken fortunes

and unhappy love. They saw him only as Edward Formby's friend, therefore to be trusted and believed in as what he seemed to be; and he seemed to be little less than a prince in dis guise. In his sweet impartial way he was equally devoted to both girls, but parental love gave the balance that extra weight which made Clarissa turn the scale. How should she not? Who in his senses would prefer Ione, that uncomfortable anomaly with her red-gold hair and indescribable green eyes-that odd mixture of passion and indolence, of dreams and unrest—to a sweet-tem-pered sensible little pigeon like Clarissa, whose orst moods, compared to the ordinary outbursts of that other, were like April showers set against tropical tempests? And such a good wife as she would make !--so domestic, so clever in management, so notable and exact—did that count for nothing? Ione, who had been just as well trained, given the same advantages, and brought up on the same lines, could do nothing useful. and was discontented, undisciplined, and jealous In fact, Ione was not to be thought of when Clarissa was to the fore; and St. Claire was far too nice a fellow to be thrown away.

Yes, the thing fitted. Now that his health had become so much more robust, and there was evidently nothing much amiss—given the question of settlements satisfactorily arranged—there would be no objection raised when the moment

Though the Captain did not harbor this thing as a planned future—only perceived it as a possi-ble contingency—Mrs. Stewart, woman-like, cher-ished it as a charming picture, over which, however, she would break her heart should it cease to be a picture and become a living fact; and St. Claire got the good of the situation. Meanwhile the picture grew daily more vivid to the mother, as the handsome young fellow crept closer and closer into her affections, and she felt, as Oakhurst before her had felt, that he was "so good' and "so pure.

On his side, that healthy granulation of his wounds went steadily on, and the solid silver chain of friendship supplied the broken golden links of love, he all the time taking everything with that simplicity of acceptance which made petting and devotion his rightful due by the letters patent of nature and fitness. Not that he was a coxcomb. He was simply a man in whom the feminine element predominated over the masculine; whose very virtues were feminine, and whose manhood was free from manly vices; who was sweet and gentle and affectionate and pure, suspecting no evil, and meaning as little as he suspected. His character failed in force, but was rich in beauty; and for the strength of will which was wanting he substituted delicacy of conscience, which perhaps came to the same thing in the end.

But with all this pleasant toving with this newly minted silver chain of friendship, his heart turned ever and ever back to the broken golden links, and he knew, with unwavering conviction, that Monica Barrington was the only woman he had ever loved or ever could love, as the true meaning of love goes. All before her had been phantasms, all after her would be ghosts, and neither in phantasms nor in ghosts is there solid the heart or soul of man,

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAGNER AT BAIREUTH.

MOSE who visited Wagner in his retreat at ■ Baircuth told strange stories, which lost nothing in the telling, of his peculiar habits. Like Balzac, he found costume an aid to composition. and was said sometimes to receive guests in the mediæval garb he used to don when writing Siegfried or the Meistersinger. He liked to vary the furniture of his apartments and cram them with curiosities. But it is easy to parallel these vagaries of Wagner's—perhaps a "last infirmity" of lively imaginations—with the queer devices to which his compeers in music and literature have had recourse to stimulate their fancy. Gluck composed best out-of-doors in a meadow, with his piano and a bottle of champagne; Sacchini, with his pet cats around him: Paisiello, in bed: Sarti. in a dark room; Meyerbeer, during a thunder-

storm; Auber, on horseback at full gallop; whilst Adolphe Adam buried himself under au eiderdown quilt. With Balzac the need to hang his walls with silk and lace became the tyranny of his life; he preferred, said his friends, to go without coffee and soup than porcelain and silver plate, and thus often wanted for needful things in the midst of luxury. Wagner left no fortune. Like Balzac, whilst he lived and romanced he was beset by the craving to see in the realities about him some touch of the fantastic world in

which such an imaginative artist is wont to live. The petty weaknesses of great men are always relished by the vulgar, eager perhaps to seize on some link between these heroes and themselves. If the composer of Lohengrin, the Walkure, and the Meistersinger had a fancy to array himself in green velvet, and to vary the color of his dressing-gown according to the character of the work on hand, what more harmless outlet could he have found for that dash of madness which seems to be one attribute of great wits? It is otherwise with certain acts of his life, which appear to denote a strange savagery of disposition and absence of compunction. It is possible to be too good a hater. His attacks on the Jews, on composers whose music did not happen to please him, the burlesque he wrote on the siege of Paris shortly after the event-these can not possibly be excused as freaks of youth due to youthful effervescence. They were the deliberate outcome of his mature age and judgment, and would suffice to show that, great man and great musician though he was, he had grave imperfections—a colossal arrogance and corresponding curtailment of human sympathies—that have not been without baneful influence on his career and on his writings.

Design for Table Cover.

THE centre of this table cover, designed by Mrs. T. W. Dewing, author of Beauty in Dress and Beauty in the Household, is of bronze or copper colored silk or satin, ornamented with inter-laced rings of gold. These rings (although they may be made of gold braid) are handsomer worked closely and finely with fine gold thread over a cord. In this drawing the centre is supposed to be four feet four inches square, the border one foot two inches wide; the wreath within the border infringes on the space of the centre.

The border is composed of disks embroidered with floral designs chiefly in appliqué. The disks measure ten inches in diameter, and are set in a wave-like scroll pattern of gold braid. The entire depth of the border is about thirteen inches. The wreath of cyclamens that surmounts it is in light pink silk appliquéd, the stalks and stamens of the flowers formed of gold braid that is part of the scroll pattern. The effect is of a sort of foam of light on golden waves.

To make this border take a stout piece of canvas or crash a little wider than the border, attach it firmly to the centre of copper-colored satin or silk; having made the disks, first baste them on in their respective places as indicated in design, and then with a pen or pencil mark on the crash the main lines of direction of the gold cord, only outlining the masses. Then sew on the gold braid with great care, following the de-

gn very exactly.

The cyclamens, which are somewhat varied in form, are cut flatly from pink silk or Chinese silk crêpe, using three or four shades of pink; then appliquéd on the edges with silk matching exactly. Those that show the centre should have the centre formed of a ring of cord closely overhanded with silk. In placing the flowers follow closely the design.

The disks are twelve in number, four in deign; but each of the twelve may differ in color

if the embroiderer desires it.

Details Figs. 2 and 3 represent the corner disks. Fig. 2, design A, is of morning-glories and honeysuckle. The ground may be of a very pale yellow-green velvet, the three leaves of the morningglories of a pale olive satin; the centre on that showing the under side, having that under side of a gray-green silk or satin. Let the leaves be appliqued with a smooth cord-like edge in silk a few shades darker than the leaf; let the ribs of the leaf be worked in the same. On some of the edges let the leaf be detached from the ground; especially where the under side turns over on the upper let it be quite in relief. Let the stalks of the morning-glories be worked in grass green silk over cords, and the calvxes in the same silk. If a single cord be brought as stem from each bud and flower, and all the cords run together as they join the main stem, this makes a rich effect of growth and a handsome variation in the size of the stem, which grows in this way larger toward the lower end. Let the morning glories and buds be made of white and mauve-colored Chinese crope or thin silk. Let the buds be To get the crumpled look of the bud, tie the silk in a hard knot, and leave it so for several days: when untied it will present very pretty creases, which may be judiciously used to produce a very charming effect. The buds should be appliqued with silk to match, and a darker mauve silk used at the apex of the bud. To give the effect of the open morning-glory, cut out the form of the top of the flower, as in detail E, Fig. 6, which represents the morning-glory at the top of disk, design A, in the semi-transparent Chinese silk crêpe, then from darker velvet or silk cut design F; place this underneath the centre of the piece cut like design E; then from the same Chinese silk crêpe, or one of still lighter tone, cut design G, and inserting its wider end beneath the lower edge of design E, you have the form of the flower with its shadow in the centre. This you must assist with radiating lines of silk thread, as shown in the drawing. Applique the edges with silk in a smooth round stitch. In the lower morning glory that shows in profile, use the

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same principle, cutting out the shadow in dark silk or velvet, and placing it beneath the semitransparent surface. The stalks of the honey-suckle may be of a golden green silk worked over a fine cord, the leaves of a graygreen silk, and the petals of the flower either appliquéd in pale pink silk or worked in embroidery floss; the stamens of a darker pink.

If the embroid-

If the embroiderer desires to vary this disk in color for the opposite corner, let the ground be of a light grayishpurple, the morning-glories of two deeper shades of purple, the honeysuckle of a pale orange, and the stalks and leaves

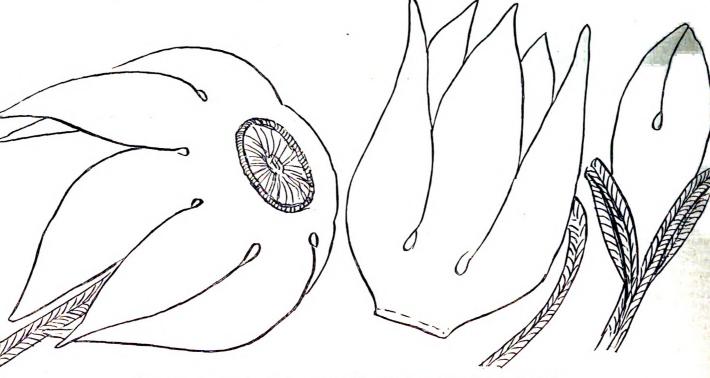


Fig. 7.—Full-sized Detail of Cyclamens and Bud.—Two Inches and a Half in Diameter.

of honeysuckle and morning-glories of colder greens than in the first disk.

Detail Fig. 3, disk design B, is for the other two corners. The ground is of greenish-yellow velvet. The leaves of the flower are of a golden green cashmere, appliquéd in gold-colored silk; by stuffing the lower half near the centre with wool, so as to raise it and make that side of the flower roll, while the leaves on the other side lie flat, a peculiarly rich effect is gained. The stamens are worked in two or three deeper shades of gold silk, the centre may be formed of wool,

real few cords running the from cord to come include the rather at the same with silk. It is the raised side underer cord with the same

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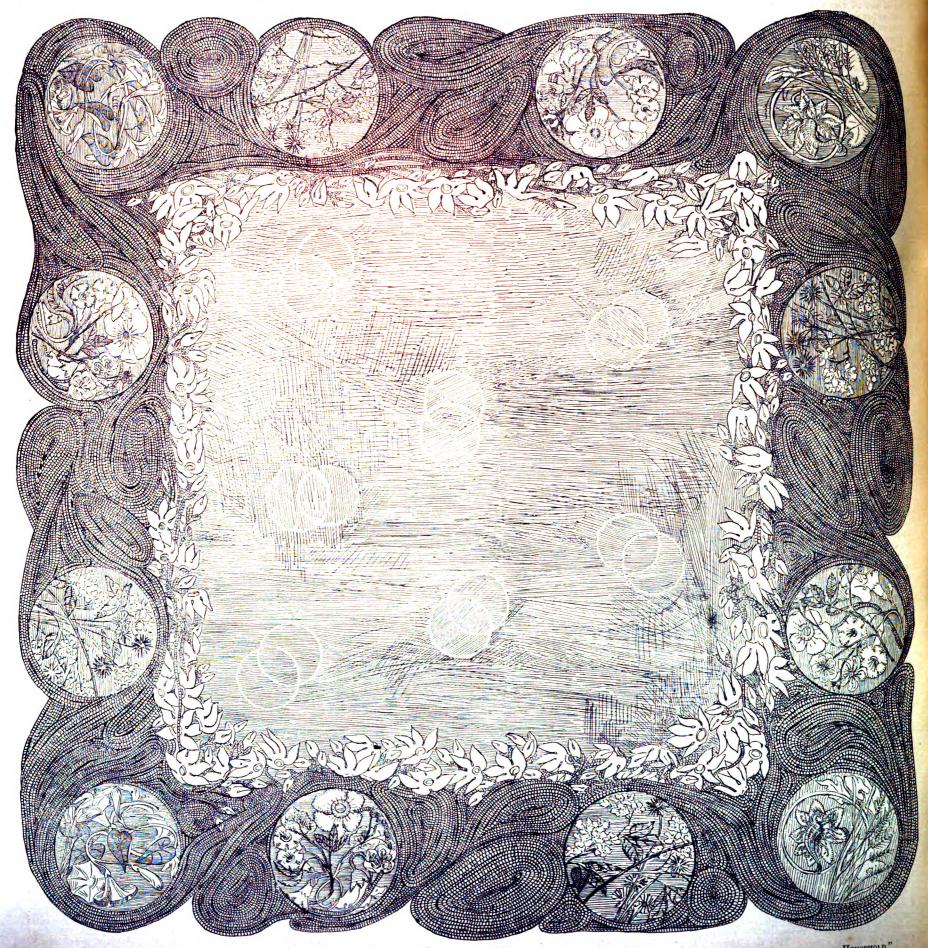


Fig. 1.—FULL DESIGN OF TABLE COVER.—[See Fig. 7; and Figs. 2-6, Page 301.]—By Mrs. T. W. Dewing, Author of "Beauty in Dress," and "Beauty in the Household,"



Fig. 2.—Detail of Disk Design A, for Table Cover, Fig. 1, Page 300. Full Size, Ten Inches in Diameter.



Fig. 3.—Detail of Disk Design B, for Table Cover, Fig. 1, Page 300.

Full Size, Ten Inches in Diameter.

with a few cords running lengthwise, which serve as ribs on which to work from cord to cord the covering of pale gold silk, and which, joined together at the end of the wool, make a pointed end, worked over with silk. This centre piece is inserted very tightly beneath the raised side of the flower. The stem of the flower is worked over cord with two shades of light golden green silk, and the tendrils the same over very fine cord. The leaves are appliquéd of golden green satin, the wheat heads worked in gold-colored silk. This disk may be varied by making the ground of a golden brown velvet, the flower of pale terra-cotta shades, the wheat of maize-color, and the leaves of a pale brownish olive.

Detail Fig. 4, design C, and detail Fig. 5, design D, are the two disks that are repeated on the four sides. Design C is on a ground of terre outer colored valvet.

Betail Fig. 4, design C, and detail Fig. 5, design D, are the two disks that are repeated on the four sides. Design C is on a ground of terra-cotta-colored velvet. The anemone at the top is of cream and écru colored silk and satin, covered with transparent French crèpe of a pale y.clow. The petals are cut separately, and appliquéd with écru-colored silk. The edges are often detached from the ground, which gives a very handsome effect. The centre is made of two flat disks of gold-colored satin, the smaller one set upon the centre of the larger, and deeper in tone; they are appliquéd by long stitches, like radiating stamens, of pale flame-colored fine sewing silk. The stem of the flower is in olive silk, worked over a thick cord. The lower anemone seen in profile is of cream-colored Chinese crêpe or silk, turned and creased, and set on so as to be partially in relief. The calyx is of light metallic green silk, overlaid with light purple crêpe, which produces a bluisch ffect. The stems of the two flowers run together into a thicker stem.

The rose on the left of the upper anemone is of very pale rosecolored silk covered with the light yellow crépe, and worked on the edges with deeper rose silk, the lower leaves rolling over in high relief with detached edges. The central leaves of the rose are of deeper rose-color of a thinner silk, and creased as we have described by tying in knots. A few stamens are worked in the centre of deepcolored gold silk. The stem of this rose may be worked in light grass green, the leaves of yellow-green satin, those in the centre of a deeper shade, and all worked on the edges with a deep green.

The branch of roses on the right has the outer petals of a gray-

The branch of roses on the right has the outer petals of a grayish-mauve silk, and the inner petals of a brownish-pink, creased, and half in relief; the centres and stamens worked in deep gold-

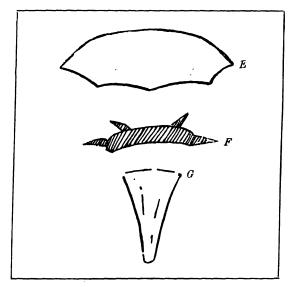


Fig. 6.—Full-sized Detail of Morning-Glories for Disk A, Fig. 2.

colored silk. The seed-vessels or "rose hips" are made of flat disks of dark red-orange velvet, the calyxes worked in light yellowish-fawn-colored floss, the stems in a slightly greener tone, worked over cord, and attached to the ground only where they join the "rose hips," being quite loose and detached where they pass over the roses, and join in one common stem, which again joins the larger stem to which the stems of the two roses join. The working of the stems with their thorns and knots and varying size is very important to the beauty of the disk. The carnations on the left side have the top of the flower made of old-gold satin or ribbed silk, the central stamens of bright gold-color, and the edges worked in the same; the body of the flower is in striped creancolored silk, the calyx worked in gray-green silk, and the stems over cords in the same color.

Design D is of gray-green velvet; the blackberry blossoms of white Chinese silk crépe, with the edges worked very finely with a round edge in white silk, the petals being half detached in many cases; the little centres worked round and solid in light green, the stamens in pale brown, with dark purplish-brown dots at the end; the stems in light green over a cord; the leaves of purple velvet, covered with green crépe, sometimes in one, sometimes in two, and so on to the number of six layers of green crépe; the edges of the leaves and the ribs worked in pale green floss; the thorny dry stem that runs across the lower half of the disk is to be worked in brown silk over cords in parts, divided in the centre. The asters at the upper right-hand corner are worked with solid gold-colored centres, from which radiate long stitches

in heavy purple silk.

To finish the table cover turn in the crash at the irregular edge, or cut it off, so that the gold braid projects beyond it; but if it can be done very neatly, the turning in is stronger. Then line the whole surface of the back with Canton flaunch to give it solidity, and then, with a pale gold-colored silk, turning in and blind-stitching all round the edge.



Fig. 4.—Detail of Disk Design C, for Table Cover, Fig. 1, Page 300.
Full Size, Ten Inches in Diameter.



Fig. 5.—Detail of Disk Design D, for Table Cover, Fig. 1, Page 300. Full Size, Ten Inches in Diameter.

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A BABY'S LIFE SAVED.

A LETTER FROM A PROMINENT SOUTHERN PHYSI-CIAN CONCERNING HIS OWN CHILD, WHICH ALL MOTHERS SHOULD READ.

WE have been shown a most remarkable letter from a prominent Southern physician of twenty-nine years practice, which is of vital interest to all mothers. It narrates the facts about a case in the physician's own family, where the sufferings of his own baby were relieved by Mellin's Food after all the other remedies suggested by his experience had failed to give relief. It is certainly a wonderful statement, and the physician's conclusions about the preparation and ingredients of this food are perhaps the best possible tribute to the integrity and enterprise of the firm of T. MkT-OLLF & Co., whose high standing is so universally recognized in this community. The full letter is as

DR. R. L. BARRET'S LETTER.

LOUISA COURT HOUSE, VA., March 20, 1888. T. METCALF & Co., Boston:

Louisa Court House, Va., March 20, 1888.

T. Metoale & Co., Boston:

Gentlemen.—There was a tedions delay in obtaining the Mellin's Food for Infants which you promptly requested Purcell & Ladd, of Richmond, Va., to forward me, because their stock was exhausted; but in time I received the article from T. Roberts Baker. In the meantime the infant, six weeks old, had become worse and worse, its attacks of colic more frequent and violent, until the attendants were wearied out, and its mother was in despair after near six weeks watching. Its mother not giving sufficient milk, and doubtless of poor quality, to make up the deficiency cow's milk, prepared in the assal way, was supplied. Nothing agreed with it. The cructations of wind from the stomach and flatus from the bowels surpassed anything I ever knew. The diet was altered or modified often. Pepsin, the anti-acids, anti-spasmodies, whiskey, and frequent resort to the warm bath gave only temporary relief, and prevented spasm. Still the screams and cries were heard, and the feet and hands were almost always cold and clammy. I gave the Mellin's Food as directed for a child under three months of age, and at once there was a marvelious change. In two days all the bad symptoms had passed away, and now, after five days, there are smiles, asleep and awake, instead of writhings, contortions, frowns, and cries. Peace reigns, and instead of the pinched old woman's face there is that of a little angel. I am using it in my practice and at the almshouse, and if desired will report honestly in a short time. The typical case of mal-nutrition, with all its sufferings, was in the person of my own child, and the relief was rapid and wonderful.

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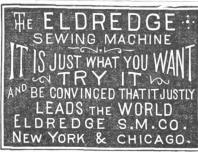
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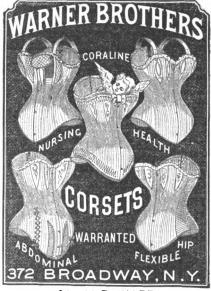
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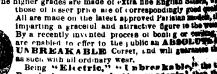
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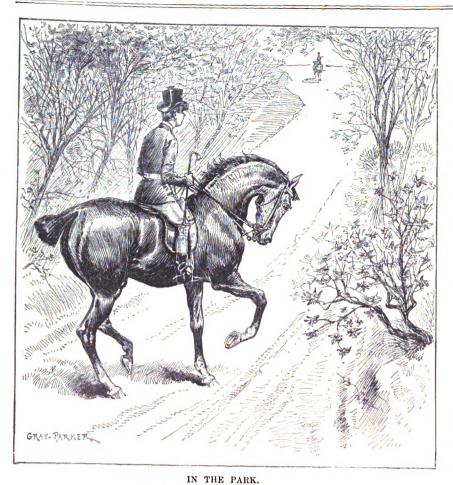
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LADY ACCOMPANIED BY HER GROOM.

[Fashion so ordains it.

FACETIÆ.

As incident occurred at the lying in state of the remains of John Howard Payne which well illustrates the intelligent character of the crowd that thronged the City Hall and passed through the Governor's Room. There was nothing anywhere to indicate who was under the pall over which was thrown the American flag. A detective stood on guard at either end. "Sir," said a woman to one of these guardians, after peering curiously around—"Sir, can't I see the remains?"

mains?"
"Madam," exclaimed the amazed policeman, "the man's been buried these thirty years!"
We may imagine what a painful shock this was to her feelings, who went home a madder but no wiser woman.

Mrs. Rabbit was talking about the loss of life at the late flat house fire, "I think," said she, "every one ought to keep a rope in his sleeping-room, with which to make his escape in case the flames cut off the stairway."

"And in what way would you, for instance," asked Pensill, "supposing you were hemmed in your bedroom by fire, make use of the rope?"

"What a silly question!" replied Mrs. Rabbit, with a mild gizgle. "Why, I'd tie one end to the bedstead and the other around my waist, and jump out of the window, of course."

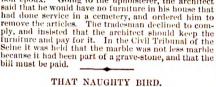
An architect in Paris gave an order to an upholsterer for a suit of bedroom furniture, to cost \$500. The furniture gave excellent satisfaction till the architect's wife happened to see on the back of a blab of marble on the toilette table the words "Regrets éternels." The top of the chest of drawers was litted, and on the under side, cut into the stone, was found, "Bon père,

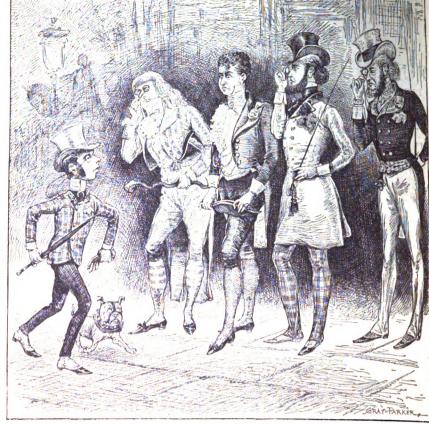
bon époux." Going to the upholsterer, the architect said that he would have no furniture in his house that had done service in a cemetery, and ordered him to remove the articles. The tradesman declined to comply, and insisted that the architect should keep the furniture and pay for it. In the Civil Tribunal of the Seine it was held that the marble was not less marble because it had been part of a grave-stone, and that the bill must be paid.

I'm on a search for that naughty bird,
Who, if any one whispers a single word
He is very anxious shouldn't be heard
By a third inquisitive mortal,
Will travel around, both far and near,
Repeating in everybody's ear
The wonderful secret he chanced to hear—
Oh dear!—when beside the portal.

He's at home in city, village, or town;
But whether his coat is black, or brown,
Or red, or green, or of whitest down,
Has never been clearly stated;
But I'm sure that he carries a dusky wing,
And I know he can croak as well as sing,
For good or evil the news he'll bring,
And at scandal is quite elated.

Through Europe, Africa, Asia too,
Through Spain and Portugal and Peru,
At home with the Gentile and the Jew
From Moscow over to Joppa,
He tells the news; if he tells it wrong
He doesn't care the price of a song,
But rude and reckless hurries along
Like any other eavesdropper.





THE DUDE ON DRESS PARADE.

APPARITIONS OF BEAU BRUMMEL, COUNT D'ORSAY, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, ET ALIAS (in chorus). "GOOD GRACIOUS! IS THIS THE MANNER IN WHICH THE NOBLE ORDER OF MUSCADINS, MACARONIS, BLOODS, LIONS, DANDIES, SWELLS, IS REPRESENTED IN THIS YEAR 1883?"

The walls have ears—so I heard when young—But it's very certain they have no tongue, And out of them are no secrets wrung Of feasts or of foolish capers; And were it not for this naughty bird We might be able to speak a word, Without expecting whate'er occurred Would all be out in the papers.

When we imagine ourselves to be When we imagine ourselves to be
In unimpregnable privacy,
That bird is sure to chuckle with glee:
Ah, who of us all can doubt it?
We draw the curtains, the windows close,
And out of malice we may suppose
He listens awhile, then off he goes
To tell the world all about it.

With dog and gun I have started out
To seek that bird, and without a doubt
I shall find him soon; for I know about
The places that seem to suit him;
And though Mr. Bergh with an extra force
Should make an effort to check my course,
I rather think, if I came across
That bird—I should have to shoot him!

A very interesting and amusing essay might be written upon the various modes of collecting alms that are adopted in churches of different denominations in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Not long since a story was told of the favorite actor Mr. J. L. Toole visiting the late Dr. Guthrie's church, and his being startled at the apparition of the "lang spoon," or ladle,

that was pushed suddenly before his eyes; and on his asking what this was, and being told that it was for taking up the "collection," Toole said, "Here, how much is it? Don't you pay, my boy; I pay for the lot." This ancedote has been much quoted, and great doubt has been cast upon its authenticity; but it is literally true. literally true.

"I must say," said Miss Sweetbrier to Mr. Daisy, "I don't think your brother generous at all. In fact, I think he is downright stingy."
'Oh, now, Miss Sweetbrier," replied Daisy, with the utmost earnestness, "you are mistaken. You are indeed. Dick is anything but stingy. I assure you—I do indeed—that he never spends less than thirty or forty dollars a week on himself."

HER GOLDEN HAIR.

HER GOLDEN HAIR.

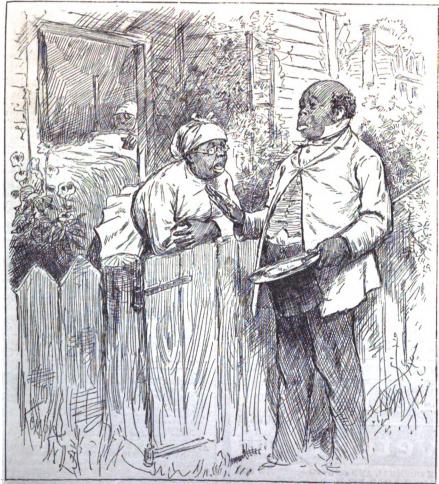
He fell in love with her at once—
My dearest friend was she—
And vowed he'd never even dreamed
Such beauty there could be.

"Her smile was like a gem," he said,

"Like limpid dew her eyes."
But most of all her rippling hair
Filled him with glad surprise.

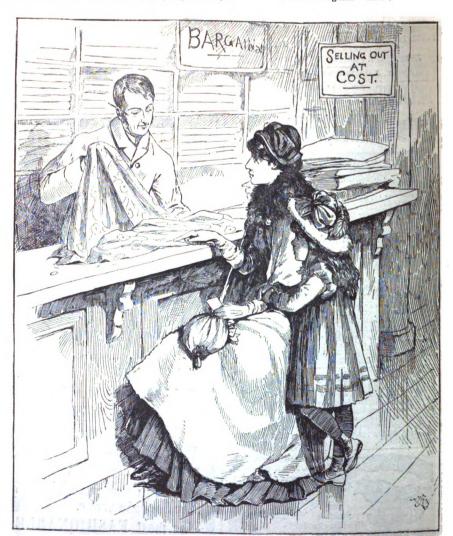
He was a poet, and in verse
About it he did rave,

"Its golden chains have bound me fast,"
He sang, "a willing slave."
Oh, had he known, as I well knew,
It was a boughten "wave"!



RE-ASSURING WORDS.

DOCTOR (wedded to no school). "I THINK I WOULDN'T AGGERVATE MYSELF, MIZ JEF'SON; I DON'T THINK MR. JEF'SON CRITTERKUL; EF DAR'S NO CONGESTION UV DE EPPYDERMIS, AN' REACTION TAKES PLACE IN DE SPINAL COLLUM, HE WILL CONVALESCENT HIMSELF SO'S TO BE ABOUT PUTTY SOON."



MRS. HUNTER (to dry-goods clerk). "IF YOU WILL CUT ME A SMALL SAMPLE OF THIS I WILL FIND OUT FROM MY DRESSMAKER HOW MANY YARDS I NEED, AND CAN SEND FOR THE GOODS BY THE MAID"

ENFANT TERRIBLE HUNTER. "WHY, MAMMA, THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU SAID IN ALL THE OTHER STORES!"

Vol. XVI.—No. 20. Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1883.

TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



Fig. 1.—Dress for Girl from 4 to 8 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3437: Price, 20 Cents.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Kilt Suit for Boy from 4 to 8 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3438: Price, 20 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 18-24.

Fig. 3.—Braided Cashmere Dress, Front.—[For Back, see Page 309.] Cut Pattern, No. 3439: Polonaise, 25 Cents; Skirt, 20 Cents. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—Dress for Boy from 2 to 4 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3440: Price, 15 Cents.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—Plain and Plaid Wool Dress.—Cut Pattern, No. 3441; Basque, Over-Skirt, and Skirt, 20 Cents each.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—Dress for Gibl from 7 to 15 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3442: Price, 25 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-9.

Figs. 1-6.-LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS.

A SIMPLE FLOWER GARDEN.

T may be only the size of a city yard, or possibly a straight bed against the fence; but however humble in proportions, it can be made, with care and judgment, a very Eden of blooming beauty. The great secret of success in a tiny garden is not to attempt variety, but to avoid crowding twenty species of plants where there is not room for more than six, and to keep all of each kind in the success of in their own particular place, instead of scattering the individual plants broadcast over the whole plot. Thus a bed composed entirely of pansies, sweet-peas, geraniums, verbenas, roses, or pinks is for proposed than a general mixing up of is far more effective in a small space than a general mixing up of these varieties; and as they are prolific in blossoms, the garden that can count upon them as inmates is always sure of a succession of bloom.

The first requisite in any garden is to see that the soil is in proper condition to nourish the plants; it should be both light and rich, and if not endowed with these characteristics by nature, it should be helped to them by art, as represented by thorough digging and manuring. All lumps should be pulverized, and all stones ejected; and if the beds are raised a little above the walks, better drainage is secured than when on a level. Wood ashes and iron (old filings) are among the most valuable fertilizers for blossoming plants, and will brighten both flowers and foliage.

Circular and oval-shaped beds seem more suitable for small gardens than complicated devices like ribbons, etc., and they are very easily marked out. For the first, a stick planted in the ground should have a string attached, and a second stick at the other end of the string; the length of this string is regulated by the desired size of the bed, for by drawing the stick at the end of it as far around the central one as it will go, a perfect circle is formed. A long line drawn from end to end, and a shorter one across the centre, make a good foundation for the oval, which can then be traced out by degrees. Low-growing annuals make pretty edgings for these beds, and even grass is pleasing when kept properly trimmed; but a plain board edging, painted brown, is more dur-

able, and saves a deal of trouble.

Geraniums and verbenas are perhaps the most satisfactory of bloomers for a limited space; but it must be remembered that both have a somewhat morbid appetite for sand and sunshine, and especially for the latter. The brilliant blaze of a bed of scarlet geraniums will brighten the dullest surroundings; but the rose searlet should be selected in preference to the yellow, which will be found too startling in a small garden.

Scarlet flowers do not harmonize with the pink of roses and other desirable plants, and careful attention to the combination of colors is almost as important in a diminutive plot of ground as in a bouquet. A little care will make growing flowers as agreeable

to the eye as the most tastefully arranged vase or basket.

Every one loves roses, and a single rose and bud surrounded by the foliage with which nature has provided it, in a trumpet-shaped glass or dainty vase, is a bouquet of itself. But the leaves must be as perfect as the flower—not worm-eaten, nor incrusted with that wretched little green bug that shows such poor returns for being "fed on roses." A hot-water bath will kill these destroyers, but if it is over two seconds in duration, it will also kill the plant.

The ever-blooming roses are the only desirable kind for a small garden, and a dozen or two of these will furnish a liberal amount of beauty and sweetness from June till November. A bed made of beauty and sweetness from June till November. A bed made up of the rosy pink Duchess of Brabant, Melville, Empress of

Russia, and Regalis, the pure white Marie Guillot, Bella, and Washington, and the crimson Victor Verdier, Jacqueminot, and Agrippine, are not only charming, but hardy as well, and will abundantly repay cave and culture.

The delicately beautiful and fragrant tea-roses are also prodigal of blossoms; and among them the Gloire de Dijon is not only a perfect rose, but an ambitious climber. It has a great many attractions; and what is very rare, the half-opened bud and full-blown rose are equally perfect. There is always a succession of bloom, and the flower does not soon wither; the foliage is a beautiful glossy green; it is a climber and rapid grower. One bush has in the last ten years covered the side of a house, and is now one mass of bud, blossom, and perfect leaf spray. If possible, a southwestern exposure should be given it. Safrano, Bon Silene, and the magnolia-scented Devoniensis also belong to this charming family.

Roses are disappointing unless their conditions are thoroughly understood; but these conditions are nearly always possible of attainment. The first is what the gardeners call "a stiff loamy soil" highly enriched; and the second, a proper degree of moisture. The last quality may be insured by means of an old fruit can, pierced with one or two pin-holes, and sunk in the ground near the roots of each plant. When the can is filled the water will trickle into the ground very slowly through these small holes. A quart can of water will last for several days; it should then be refilled.

A garden of well-chosen roses, if only a few yards in diameter, yields the best possible returns for intelligent cultivation; and the most successful way of planting such a garden is to order young plants, that have never bloomed, of a florist, as they can be sent hundreds of miles by mail and arrive in good condition.

The heliotrope is another fragrant and most satisfactory plant for a small bed, as it is a persistent bloomer, and increases rapidly in size. It is invaluable too for cutting, and is in every way desirable.

Annuals, except a few like the sweet-pea, candytuft, mignonette, etc., are less profitable in a restricted space than bedding plants, as there are too many weeks of bareness before any returns are made in the shape of blossoms. When used, it is better to start them in-doors, that they may get through with the struggles and drawbacks of early infancy before it is time to plant them in the open border.

But these plants all require sunshine, and as the smallest gardens are to be found within city limits where sunshine does not prevail, it is well to remember that some shy blossoms delight in shade, and must absolutely be screened from the ardent rays of the sun. Beautiful velvet-eyed pansies bloom their very brightest in shady spots where the ground is rich and moist; and lifes-of-the-valley, forget-me-nots, daisies, lobelias, violets, periwinkles, and a host of other lovely things will thrive in a sunless yard, and turn its gloom into beauty.

An ivy background against the fence, covering end and sides alike, is an admirable beginning for a city garden, whether shaded or sunny, and some low shrubs at the farther end would have a particularly good effect. But these should not be allowed in any other part of a small garden, as by making a break in the outline they cause the space to appear less than it really is. When the flower beds consist entirely of narrow borders against the fence they should be planted with two or three rows of well-contrasted flowers up to the ivy background. An edge of pansies, with white, pink, and red roses against the dark wall screen, is only one of many beautiful combinations; and various shades of geraniums or orbenas, edged with the buff-colored thunbergia, would make a brilliant garden.

Even where flowers will not bloom, green leaves will flourish, and foliage is always preferable to bare walls. Vines have a peculiar grace of their own, and ivy, Virginia creeper, and trailing myrtle will prosper under very discouraging circumstances. Nowhere, in short, does the will so surely bring the way as in the flower garden projected under difficulties.

THE MIRROR.

T seems strange to reflect that an article of such obvious and every-day utility as the mirror could have remained for any length of time uninvented after the advent of men and women upon the globe; their appearance, one would think, should have been coeval. In the time of Pompey the Italian belles and Brummels arrayed themselves before a mirror of silver; and the Roman servants did not show "a sweet disorder in their dress," for want of one of these elegant triflos in the days of the first emperors. The prehistoric woman's life must have been a mistake without it. How could the Cave-dweller have dwelt in contentment, or the Mound - builder, who, perchance, builded better than he knew? In its absence one's friends played the part of mirror, no doubt, and assured the anxious about the set of their clothes, if they wore any; and perhaps in those times people were all amiable and humble, and willing to take the opinion of their neighbors about their comeliness and style. Imagine us to-day leaving the question of our beauty to our friends, and not being able to form any opinion whatever upon the subject, except as a reflection of theirs! The man of the Bronze Age is thought to have worn very long and carefully arranged hair, as indicated by the bronze pins found with the crescents used for pillows; by what preternatural skill did he arrange this mass of hair without the kindly interference of the mirror? What a blighted existence must that of the Bronze woman have been if there were no mirrors extant to corroborate the flatteries of her lover or her intimate friend! No wonder she developed into the Iron woman, with no looking glass to alleviate the stern conditions of her lot! Travellers tell us that the women of Barbary are so fond of this article that they will not give it up, although after their day's toil they are obliged to fetch water a mile or two with a pitcher or goat-skin, but carry it upon their breasts, which surely indicates that the antique woman's heart must have yearned for a more tangible reflection of herself than brooks or polished stones could afford.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

Saturday, May 19, 1883.

WITH A PATTERN-SHEET SUPPLEMENT.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's "Christmas Hynnn"—the drawing to be suitable for publication in Harder's Magazine, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age—Messrs. Harder & Brothers offer an award of THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.

The drawings must be received by Messrs.

Harper & Brothers not later than Angust 1, 1883, addressed "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; and MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., Superintendent of the Art Department, HARDER & BROTHERS, will act as judges of the competition. It is intended to engrave the successful drawing

At is intended to engrave the successful arraying as one page for Harper's Magazine of December, 1883; and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page Harper's Weekly, \$300; one page Harper's Bazar, \$200; one page Harper's Young People, \$100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, Messes. Harrer & Brothers reserve the right to extend the limit of time and reopen the competition.

Two Christmas Hymns by Alfred Domett have been published. That published in 1887 is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to

> HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE GRASS OF THE FIELD.

WHEN the winter is at its uttermost point of deadness, with the ground like marble wherever it is bare, with a frozen mail of ice and snow where it is covered that it seems beyond the power of any sun to reduce; when the trees are tossing their iron boughs; when leaves are gone, and nests forsaken, and no buds swell; when the color of the wide world is the grayness of death; when every dancing brook is in chains; when the wind smites through you with the chill and ineffable dread of a wind blown from the tombs; when all things suggest only the decay of nature—it is but half ossible to believe in their resurrection, to think that fields will ever again be folded with velvety carpets of green turf, that dewy leaves will hang upon the bough, that life will mount and blossom, and all these dead things rejoice once more in sunlight and sweetness.

and sweetness.

But when the first green grass, timid, possibly, but certainly determined, shows its faint color in a dim ribbon along the side of the highway, just one shade off the russet and into the green, how the pulse leaps and the blood itself warms in the veins, and comfort and content and the possibilities of returning summer at last curl about the heart! The world is alive again, awake. This is the first slight tremble of the eyelash in the sleeper; to-morrow the birds will be here, and then blossoms, bees, songs, and sunshine.

There is something in the first coming of the grass, that first answering to the touch of the sun, that swift, glad, quiet response, like "Here I am!" that always calls to mind a thought, if not of the underlying providence itself, at any rate of its messenger and servant. For, after all, what is there like the grass? It is almost universal; it is almost imperishable. Clear away the winter snow, and hints of its greenness are underneath, and only the fires of intense tropical drought can destroy its roots. A certain ten-

der feeling about grass seems to belong to the people the world over. "And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass," is one of the first things we were told in the long accepted history of the creation. The lushness of it, the amiability of it-to give it a personal attribute—the hurrying multitude of its spires, is known of old by the poets. "The wicked spring as the grass, and all the workers of iniquity do flourish," cries the greatest of them, failing to find anything else that shall so express for him the vigor and numerousness of the wicked; and when he wishes to prophesy the myriads of the offspring of JACOB, he cries, "And they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses," those willows by the brook being the beautiful oleander, by-theway. They knew its beauty, too, those ancient singers, when it came out clothing the brown hills of Palestine with emeralds; and as almost all lovely things do suggest evanescence to the poetic mind, so it suggested to them the swiftly vanishing seasons of man's life. "As the flower of the grass he shall pass away. For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth." It is the one perpetually recurring image of this sad "As the grass withereth," says thought. "As the grass withereth," says ISAIAH. "As for man, his days are as grass," says King David. "My heart is smitten and withered like grass. I am withered like grass," says the Psalmist again, accustomed to the sight of the havoc wrought by fierce summer droughts. "For all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away. But the word of the Lord endureth forever," says PETER. in remembrance of Isaiah, and with a fine artistic contrast. Its suggestion, too, of a providential care of all nature, to the minds of those that have gone before us, is shown in those old words in St. MATTHEW which we all know. "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" And the cheer and comfort of it were understood where the writer of Revelation noted that when the locusts come out of the smoke of the bottomless pit "it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth": and he knows of nothing worse to say at the opening of the seventh seal than

that "all green grass was burned up."

What an ancient thing this little humble, happy, green-growing grass is these ancient words recall to us, the oldest and the youngest thing on earth. And it is such a common thing too. It seems kindred in some way to every one of us. The rich can but tread on it, the poor can do no less; often our first carpet, always our last coverlet. No wonder it gives us confidence in protecting power, and in the recuperating force of the earth, and all its seasons, seeing how many seasons it has come to the front with its ever-springing procession, and how it belongs to us all alike, as the sun does and

It is doubtless for this very reason, its promising power, the comfort the first glimpse of it brings to the heart weary of winter and all the cold similitudes of death, that better than the blooms of May, the roses of June, the gorgeous growth of middle summer, do we love the brave but tender grass that hears the first whisper of the sunlight, feels the first pulse of its warmth, and answers with all its devotion like a willing slave ready to do the bidding of its master.

GAMES AND SONGS FOR AMERICAN CHILDREN.

OTHERS who are beset by the constant in-MOTHERS who are oese, or one quiry, "What shall we play?" from restless children eager for amusement, will find a rich fund from which to draw in Mr. W. W. NEWELL'S interesting book, Games and Songs for American Children, just published by Harper & Brothers. And the children themselves will find it no less useful, both to refresh their memory and to teach them new sports, practiced in other parts of the country as well as in other days. Mr. Newell has with painstaking care made a collection of this kind of hitherto neglected literature, which comprises all the games in popular use since the nation began, finding, he says, that "in this minor but curious branch of folk-lore the vein in the United States is both richer and purer than that so far worked in Great Britain." In this unique manual we find, among others, Love Games, Playing at Work, Flower Oracles, The Pleasures of Motion, Guessing Games, Games of Chase, Games for Little Children, Ball, Marbles, and similar sports, Counting Rhymes, and all the familiar rounds of childhood, set to music, with the formulas of play that have been handed down from generation to generation of children

The book also possesses interest for readers of a different class, who like to study the correlation of manners and customs in different countries. For the benefit of these the author furnishes a valuable appendix, in which these correspondences are briefly but lucidly noted, thus giving the book a permanent value to philologists

and those interested in the study of folk-lore. The collection is the result of years of careful observation, and will prove an important addition to the library of every household.

FASHIONABLE SPRING AMUSEMENTS.

To the public a well-arranged private theatrical performance has two charms—a personal and a professional one. There is nothing so interesting to the neophyte as a peep behind the scenes, the well-known fascination of a "part," however humble, which makes one a component in the bewitching rôle of the drama, that glittering mosaic so attractive to the gazer and to the player.

But the illusion soon vanishes before the necessity of rehearsal and the frequent change of parts, for a stage-manager must hear his company rehearse very often before he quite makes up his mind which is the best rôle for each. The voungest man often has the voice, the gait, the figure, fitted for an old part, and a few touches of the paint-brush, simulating wrinkles, and a gray wig, make sixteen sixty much easier than sixty can be made to look like sixteen. No one knows until he or she tries what part nature has fitted him or her to play. As the atmosphere of the stage is a false perspective, subject to its own laws, it is fit and proper that these laws and these alone should govern. The young lady who studies for the stage soon learns this hard lesson; the amateur has to learn it also.

The great moral virtues required for private theatricals are, first, amiability; secondly, constancy. The vices of the amateur stage are bad temper, a disobliging disposition, and a want of steadfastness to existing engagements.

Young ladies take part in a play like the *Princess*, for instance, and hold the part a week; then, from caprice or disappointed vanity, or some even less worthy motive, they give it up, and send word that they "will not play." The committee, meantime, have gone on making arrangements, counting on the presence of these young actresses, and have arranged the other parts to fit them. The prodigious inconvenience, the wrong done by such inconstancy, bears no comparison to the value of the part, and no young lady should on any account take a part in a play, however small, unless she means to keep it. Let her imagine the piece of mosaic to which we have referred, and she will appreciate the necessity of a perfect whole, even in the smallest fragment.

The recent performance of Tennyson's Princess in New York by a company of amateurs has opened a new field to the student of elegant literature, and to the player in private theatricals. How many of Browning's and Tennyson's poems could be made into plays! This of the Princes is especially dramatic. It has been dramatized by Professor Shields, and is among the purest and most exquisite of poetic dramas. The company who played it in New York were forced for lack of time to cut out much of the play, but, as it stands in print, what a treat it would be for the students of some country academy or rural circle!

It needs twenty young ladies for the female students, as many males, the Prince and Princess, Ladies Blanche and Psyche, Melissa and her mother, a porteress, etc. The dresses should be one-half in violet satin or woollen academic gowns, the other half in yellow. The little Oxford cap should be made to match the dress. Strict uniformity in dress is absolutely necessary, as the drill needs that to insure perfection in the picture. The Princess should be in white, and rather regal, the Lady Psyche in yellow, the other two may choose what colors they please. The men are dressed exactly like the women, of course, as they are intended to deceive the Princess. The actors in New York wore a hood to their gowns, so as to conceal their mustaches.

Music should accompany the different acts. Tennyson's songs, which are most beautifully set to music, are the best things. Of course the girls come in singing that immemorial college hymn, the "Lauriger Horatius," and if any young lady takes her part in this pageant she should be sure to keep to it, as her defection after she has taken her place would ruin the drill. A soldier should as soon run away from the field of battle as an actor from the scene of his promised action. In professional circles the defection of a person in the ranks is punished with loss of salarmental loss of places.

ry and loss of place.

Private theatricals are, under proper management, very improving exercises to the voice, the walk, the gesture, and to the pose of the figure. No young lady can have a better schooling. At Vassar College the amateur plays form a very important part of the college training. The learning of a part strengthens the memory. The necessity of remembering a cue is very urgent.

The costumes should all be prepared together, after a model prepared by some artistic person. The designing of the costumes for the Greek play was a great part of that scholarly revival.

The part of the managing committee for a great public entertainment is most trying. A perfect command of one's temper, the most thorough amiability, the utmost prudence and tact, are required on the part of the unprofessional stagemanager. She has the most terrible trials. Just as her piece is well learned and all ready, her tickets all sold, her chief actress may fail her, and she seldom has an alternate. If her chief actress is true, her actors may play her false, and if no one else fails, her second lady often gets angry. Every one wants the first part. To those who have the gift to play upon this harp of a thousand strings, and make it give forth melody, must be awarded the highest praise. Such a stagemanager is a greater general than Wellington. She must soothe the irritated self-consciousness of



one, and the vanity of another. She must be firm and yet gentle. She has no hold upon her troupe save through their own sense of what is Alas! how few people in the world are thoroughly awake to the duty they owe to othare thoroughly awake to the unity they owe to others! The amateur should try to find a play which plays itself, and therefore makes little demand upon the talents of the actor. Spectacular pieces, those with much incident, a great deal of stage business, to use a professional term: these are most necessary for the amateur.

Not alone has The Princess interested the young persons who are in search of an amusing way of getting rid of their time, but also a quite original entertainment called a Kirmess, or Kirmes, has been performed at Delmonico's.

This is a very common amusement in Europe, but it is in the open air. It is, in fact, a Dutch fair, with booths, and dances, and bucolic music, and side shows, and all sorts of games. How ladies were to do it at Delmonico's was a question. They did do it, however, and very well. The large hall was surrounded with booths, where toys and books and confectionery were sold, and the young ladies were in fancy dress. Old and new Dutch costumes, from the lovely dress described in Alexandre Dumas's novel of The Black Tulip, of the Frisian Bride, to Katrina Van Tassel in Washington Irving's story of The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, all were represented. The old Dutch jewelry, still in the families of the Suydams and Van Benthuysens, and Lansings and Van Aukens, the many ramifications of the Stuyvesant and Lydig families, came out of trunks and again encircled youthful brows.

Of course the tulip was freely used in decora-

"A Dutch taste for tulips" has passed into a proverb. The stately dances, the minuets, and the ore sturdy and gay peasant dances around the May-pole enlivened the scene. The young people had been practicing the Dutch national dances for some time. As the evening wore on, the scene became very gay. A man with a monkey and hand-organ enlivened one part of the room, and the most determined hurdy-gurdy ground away in another. A group of country people danced to the sound of a violin played under an imaginary tree. A strolling ballad-monger shouted her wares. Grave and gay, prince and pea-sant, enlivened the scene. It was like one of

It would almost seem as if the extravaganzas of long ago-the lighter and brighter entertainments of the stage, exciting the imaginative faculties rather than the intellectual-were coming back to us. The stories of Hans Christian Andersen have been rendered into pretty plays in a parlor this winter for children of fourteen and a little younger. The ridiculous, old-fashioned sentimental piays once learned by the amateur actor are now out of favor, and if we have a good deal of the rough-and-tumble breakdown burlesques of the young college men, we certainly have a great deal of fun with them. The conventional rhymed jingle of these burlesques can convey a deal of wit, as we learn from the charming productions of Gilbert and Sullivan. The Palace of Truth, amongst Gilbert's plays, is admirably adapted for amateurs. To be sure, he filched it from Madame De Genlis, who wrote it for her young pupils, but he has added his own One can with a little ingenuity elaborate a very pretty drama out of a fairy tale, and incorporate into it some local idea. might well write a play on the base and corrupt practices of amateur actors, showing how they take a part and then back out. That would draw.

e can not help thinking that elegant, pure performances like The Princess will react upon the real stage and drive from it the impure French drama, the vulgar opéra bouffe, and the grim satires upon men and manners with which it is now laden. Is it stretching our privilege as listeners too wide to ask that we may occasionally go to the theatre to see something manly, honest, and true instead of to listen to confessions of villainy, and to see the lower side of our common nature? Why should we not trip to Fairy-land with "elves, tricksies, and hobgobplay with children amongst the flowers, hear about love and truth and kindness, rather than be treated to long disquisitions on political and social evils, or to grim satires upon social follies? The topics of the day are of course fair game to the satirist, but we should occasionally like a glimpse of Utopia. We all need a reaction from our russet cares, and an audience is always extremely indulgent to the funny man: a laugh is a coveted repose from the severe anxieties of life.

Therefore the Kirmess, an apparent impossibility, an open-air fair within-doors, was a success. It amused every one, and gave the young ladies a busy fortnight in getting up the dresses. Perhaps they read more about their ancestors than they had ever done before. Perhaps the old legends may blossom into a thousand new romances, as Petrus and Katrina go down the outside and up the mid-dle, cross hands, and ladies' chain. Yes, a la-dies' chain which shall fast bind, fast find, for the longer dance of life.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MEN'S CLOTHING.

RIGLISH styles are still followed in men's clothing, but are not closely copied or carried to the extreme except by immature young men, or older men of questionable taste. Business and travelling suits for spring and summer use are made of Cheviots and English mixtures in small checks, and occasionally small stripes are used. The coat may be the four-buttoned cut-away or the four-buttoned sack. In each case the fronts are single-breasted, and the coat is shorter than that of last season. There are also fitted coats and loose sacks made to be buttoned by only one button, or to leave open entirely. The whole suit is made from a single piece of cloth. The vest is single-breasted, and cut very high. The trousers are close-fitting, but not extremely tight.

DAY DRESS AND VISITING SUITS.

The day dress suit to be worn by the groom, ushers, and guests at day weddings, for day receptions, day visits, driving, and for church, has Prince Albert frock - coat of diagonal cloth, which is either dark blue or black. This double-breasted coat has silk facings, and is shorter than that formerly worn. The vest, of the same cloth, is cut high with a collar. The close-fitting trousers have narrow stripes of dark color. With this suit at day weddings this spring the preference has been for very light or else white otto-man or brocaded satin scarfs, closely knotted, with standing collars that meet in front, but dark sapphire blue and mottled satin searfs are also worn both by groom and ushers when the bride and her maids wear full dress. Pale lavender or pearl-colored kid gloves stitched with black are worn by the gentlemen attendants at day weddings, or else gloves are omitted.

FULL-DRESS EVENING SUITS.

Full dress for evening remains unchanged, except that the swallow-tail coat is shorter than it has lately been made. This coat is usually of black broadcloth, though very young men who like innovations are having the entire dress suit of twilled black cloth. Breast facings are on dress-coats, and the collars are finished with braid and gimp. The vest, of the material of the coat, is cut to open low, and fastened by three buttons. The trousers worn with broadcloth dress-coats are of more elastic cloth or doeskin of the same jet black hue, and are trimmed with braid down the outside seams. These suits are not to be worn in the daytime, but are put on every evening by men of fashion when paying visits, and are de riqueur at formal dinner parties and evening entertainments.

OVERCOATS.

Spring and summer overcoats are short single breasted sacks of diagonal cloths like those used for Prince Albert frock-coats; occasionally Venetian cloths are used. They are made with silk facings, and the most fashionable colors are dark slate, brown, and olive.

SHIRTS, COLLARS, AND CUFFS.

The novelty in shirts is the use of repped piqué for the bosoms of shirts to be worn with the low-cut vest of full-dress suits. This piqué front is in plain shield shape, without pleating, and is fastened now by two studs, smaller than the single large stud so long in vogue. Linen shirt fronts also remain plain, having three thicknesses of linen both for day and evening use those worn in the daytime are entirely concealed by the high vest and knotted scarf. Percale shirts for summer and for travelling have stripes across the bosom, small checks, or Japanese figures of dark colors on white ground. Standing collars are very generally worn; they are quite high, and are made to meet in front, or else nearly touching; those two inches high are considered the sensible and moderate style, but extremists have them made three inches high. Turneddown collars are not changed in shape, and are still worn by conservative men. Cuffs are either round or square cornered, with edges meeting when fastened by linked sleeve-buttons.

SCARFS, PINS, ETC.

The preference is for lighter scarfs for day use, and for those of small size tied in a close puffed knot instead of being in broad smooth folds as they have long been used. White or light-tinted brocaded satin in small figures, ottoman silks, and gros grain are the materials used, and there are many cross stripes of a color with white made of satin. These scarfs are now worn with any day suit, even with morning and street suits, though the dark richly colored satins are by no means abandoned. The novelty for full dress is the repped piqué tie to match the piqué shirt bosom but the white cambric tie narrowly folded with square ends remains the favorite for dress; there are also "tape ties" of lawn stiffly starched and tied in a set bow for those who can not tie a bow properly; black satin ties are little used except by elderly men. Two small pearl-headed pins fasten the loops of light ties, or else a single larger pin that is also quite small is thrust through the knot. Round heads of silver, a small trefoil, a tiny spider, a cat's-eye, a leaf of emerald. or a supphire bar are some of the designs for these small pins. A searf-holder like a small clamp is used to catch the lower end of the searf and hold it in place.

HOSIERY, HANDKERCHIEFS, AND GOWNS,

Black silk socks are worn on dress occasions, and with low Oxford ties or house slippers; those entirely plain are liked best, or else with very slight embroidery or clocks at the sides. Lislethread socks are worn in very dark and quiet colors of blue, brown, or cardinal, either quite plain or with narrow stripes. New handker-chiefs have very narrow hems, only a third of an inch wide, and those for day use have spots or small colored figures on this hem. New bath robes of écru or white Turkish towelling have borders of embroidery done in dark cashmere colors. English long coats for driving and travelling are straight sack shape, and are made of striped gray mohair, or plain écru, or dust-colored mohair. Cheviot dressing-gowns imported from London are double-breasted, and long enough to reach the ankles. They are in mottled colors, or undefined plaids in which green, red, yellow, and blue are mixed; instead of a cord around the waist, they have a flatly folded sash only two

inches wide made of the cloth doubled, and neatly finished on the ends with a fringe of cords in which all the colors of the fabric are repeated.

Street shoes for spring are calf-skin buttoned gaiters with low square heels, and toes moderately rounded or shaped according to the taste of the wearer, though the best shoemakers protest against narrow shoes with pointed toes. For the summer low Oxford ties laced across the instep will be made of calf-skin; the soles of these are not so heavy or so wide as those formerly worn. Dress shoes are buttoned gaiters made of patentleather. The tendency is again toward wearing gloves at weddings and receptions, though at some of the fashionable spring weddings they have been omitted by the groom and ushers, as well as the guests; when used they are of pearl tints with black stitching. For the street, at church, for driving or visiting, the red tan shades are chosen, fastened by two buttons, and with or without stitching, though the preference is for the three broad lines of stitching in self-color of darker shade seen on English gloves.

Black silk dress hats for spring have a low bell crown about five and five-eighths inches high, and a wide brim with the Stanley curl measuring from one and seven-eighths to two and an eighth inches in width. Young men wear silk hats more than they formerly did, because these low crowns do not give an "elderly" look. Drab cassimere hats for summer dress will be shaped like the black silk ones just described. Felt Derby hats for business and general wear have the wide Stanley curled brim, and a stiff round crown four and a half to five and a half inches high. They are shown in black and brown for the spring, and in pearl-color for summer. For travelling is the Sans Souci, an English pocket hat of soft felt, not bound or lined, with a band of Russia leather inside, and capable of being folded in a very small space; this is of green, brown, blue, drab, or black felt to match the travelling suit English tweed hats with gored crown and quilted brim are also used for neglige and travelling. The straw hat for midsummer will retain the sailor shape with low crown and broad stiff brim. Mackinaw straw will be used again. There are also very fine Milan straws with higher square crowns and the English curled brim.

LADIES' RIDING-HABITS.

Ladies' riding-habits retain the English style with the narrow scant skirt that is so safe for horsewomen, the closely fitted trousers, and the neat postilion waist. Broadcloth is chosen for the basque and skirt, but a more elastic cloth, similar to Jersey cloth, is preferred for the trousers. The colors are black, dark blue, dark green, brown, and olive. The simple little pos-tilion basque is lined with silk, interlined, and well padded to give a full bust. It is single-breasted, with high standing collar, and the crocheted bullet buttons that fasten it and fasten the tight sleeves are its only trimmings. It has two short darts, and its front edges curve outward on the bust; it is only two or three inches below the waist line in front, and is still shorter on the hips, until it curves down to the short square basque, which has now no pleats, but is lined and interlined to stiffen it, is left open up the middle seam, and lapped an inch across from left to right at the waist line; there is a short side form on each side, and these are slightly lapped toward the open middle seam; two buttons define the waist line; a cord edge of braid is the finish which is preferred to stitchings or galloon. The habit shirt is two and a quarter yards wide at the lowest edge, and is sloped perfectly plain at the top to dispense with gathers; for this reason elastic cloths are used that may be shaped to the figure smoothly, and thus avoid all clumsy fullness in The tailor's rule for the length of the habit skirt is to let the front just reach the floor when the wearer stands, and add to this ten inches for the greater lengths. This skirt is peculiarly gored to fit smoothly when the rider is seated in the saddle; it is opened on the left side, and there is a pocket in the placket seam; the top is faced instead of having a belt, and there is a row of hooks around it to fasten it to loops inside the short postilion basque. The edge stitched hem two inches wide, and instead of being weighted to keep it down when the horse is in motion, there is now a tape strap or loop on each side, and when a foot is passed through each of these loops the skirt is well held in place. The trousers may be short Knickerbockers if the wearer likes high boots, but are most usually long; the ribbed cloth of which they are made is like stockinet on the wrong side, and is smoother on the right, but without lustre; they are made to button in front, a cord is in the waistband to adjust them properly, and they are strapped under the feet. Such habits cost from \$90 to \$100. A high military collar of plain linen, or with a vine of fine embroidery near the edge, is worn with the habit, fastened by a very simple brooch. Sometimes for summer habits there is a notched collar, open at the throat, like those on gentlemen's morning coats, and with these is a narrow scarf, also like those worn by gentlemen. The sleeves are too tight for cuffs, and the gloves of dog-skin, of undressed kid, or chamois, are loosewristed to go outside of the sleeves, or else they are closely buttoned to pass inside the sleeves they are either slate or tan color. Jockey caps of the cloth of the habit are made by hatters, but the dressy hat for equestriennes in the Central Park is the black silk hat with bell crown and Stanley curled brim, trimmed with a narrow band and narrower binding on the brim.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. JAMES W. BELL; S. BUDD; GLAZE & McCREEDY; D. D. Youmans; and J. LITTER.

PERSONAL.

THE sight of ex-Mayor HUTCHINSON, of Utica,

The sight of ex-Ma, or Hutchinson, of Utica, caused Eugenie to faint in the street, it is said, owing to his resemblance to the third Napoleon.
—Miss M. Betham-Edwards, who, by theway, is a consin of Miss Amelia B. Edwards, has a charming serial now running through Harper's Weekly, by the name of Disarmed. She is an erudite litterateur as well as brilliant novelist, a contributor to Panch, the Graphic, and Pall Mall Gazette.
—The Democratic nominee for Governor of Governa Major Henry D. McDanger served in

—The Democratic nominee for Governor of Georgia, Major Henry D. McDaniel, served in the Confederate army, is a successful lawyer, although a statterer, and is but forty-six.
—In the old Schuyler mansion at Albany, where Alexander Hamilton made love to his wife, where Millard Fillmore was married, and where Bergoyne was a guest after his surrender, General Charles Tracy, the other day, entertained Governor Clevelandat dinner.
—The average American dressmaker, Grace Greenwood says, is more clever than her sister of France. of France.

The Bull estate in Newport, Rhode Island, owned by Major Henry Bull, and now occupied by ex-Mayor Swinburne, has descended from father to son for about two and a half centuries, and there is no deed or record of a deed of it, Major Bull's ancestor, one of the eighteen original settlers who went there in 1636, having bought the property of the Indians.

There are thirteen heirs between the throne

of Bayaria and the Prince Louis Ferdinand who has just married the Infanta Paz of Spain. Her dowry was four hundred thousand dollars down, a hundred thousand in jewels, an annuity of a hundred thousand, and a wonderful trousseau. The Infanta is attractive, with blue eyes, golden hair, and fine teeth, lively, particularly well educated, and paints and plays with more than common talent. The trousseau employed four hundred seamstresses. It includes both four hundred seamstresses. It includes both and bedroom linen. The bridegroom's income is forty thousand dollars only. —Miss CLEONICE GENNADIUS, whose pictures

Art Exhibition in Rome, has been named for membership of the Academy of Fine Arts in Athens—an unprecedented honor for a woman, and pleasant to have occur in the cradle of the fine arts.

—The Czarina has had her coronation mantle fitted on her by the famous embroiderer M. Martini. It is of supple gold tissue, with the heraldic eagle of the Romanoffs appliqué in black silk; on the heart of the bird the arms of Moscow, the sacred city; on the wings those of the kingdoms over which the Czar reigns and of the Duchy of Finland.

—Professor H. H. Straight, of the State Normal School at Oswego, New York, will conduct a department of physical science and industrial education this year, which is to be a new feature of the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute. There will be also a workshop and laboratory open for the use of students.

—The Pope has youchsafed permission to -The Czarina has had her coronation mantle

open for the use of students.

—The Pope has vouchsafed permission to Archbishop Spallding for the erection of a Catholic University in the United States, which will probably be at Milwaukee, and for which two million dollars have already been subscribed.

—A church is being built at Jacksouville, Florida, by Mrs. Stowg.

—Prince Acutstin De Iturbide, who has lately arrived in the United States, is the grandson and only living descendant of the Mexican Emperor called the "Liberator." His mother is an American, living in New York. He is a pleasant youth of twenty, and a republican at heart.

youth of twenty, and a republican at heart.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES says that although he has written many verses, his real posens are the trees he has planted. "What are these maples, beeches, and birches," he asks, "but odes, idyls, and madrigals? What are those solumn rives fire and sprease but hely these solemn pines, firs, and spruces but holy

Glue-making seems to bring in money that sticks. Mr. Stephess, the Mayor-elect of Cincinnati, who made his fortune in a glue factory, was once a cabin-boy on an Ohio steamboat.

-Two pictures have lately found admittance to the French Academy painted by a grandson of WILLIAM L. MARCY, who bears his grandfather's name, and is but seventeen years old, the youngest exhibitor the Salon has ever known. —A few Saturdays since Mr. Beecher attend-

—A few Saturdays since Mr. Beecher attenged the opera for the first time in his life.

—Mr. Evarts's latest witticism is to the effect that in Washington, during a late Administration, water flowed like champagne.

—Mr. Alexander Williams retired a few weeks since from the firm carrying on business at The Old Corner Bookstore of Roston. He

at The Old Corner Bookstore, of Boston.

at The Old Corner Bookstore, of Boston. He has been for fifty years identified with the book business of that city.

—Free Douglass is to marry an accomplished and handsome woman many years his junior and almost white, it is runnored. When, some forty years ago, he first visited the Northern town where lived the lately deceased Mr. Jeremani Curtis, Mr. Curtis invited him to his own town the lived wigsed builty not his own house, and just missed being mobbed in conse-

quence.
—Miss Alice Longfellow, the poet's daughter, is the Vice Regent for Massachusetts of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, and has just issued an appeal for funds to set the Massachu-

issued an appeal for funds to set the Massachusetts room there in order.

—For promoting the establishment of the International College for Women, to be opened in Florence, Italy, a committee is formed in Cleveland, Ohio, consisting of Mrs. George H. Ely, Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, Mrs. T. T. Seeler, Mrs. F. C. Ketth, and Mrs. J. E. Cart.
—Several pages of manuscript written and signed by John Howard Payne—consisting of a letter on the subject of founding a magazine, addressed to John H. Winthrop, Esq., president of the Massachusetts Library Association, and dated January 11, 1839—are in the possession of Mr. Ernst T. Lee, of Calais, Maine.
—The first speech in court of Postmaster-Gen-

of Mr. Errst T. Lee, of Calais, Maine.

—The first speech in court of Postmaster-General Gresham was made when he was hardly more than a boy, and he was thought to speak with remarkable eloquence and logical force.

—At the ontbreak of the Crimean war an American, Dr. Edward Berritan Terripssed, who shad batch in New York at the part of fifty.

who died lately in New York at the age of fifty-four, joined the Russian army, and distinguished himself at Sevastopol, and was made a member of the orders of St. Anne, St. George, and St. Andrew, respectively, by the Czar. He was also the inventor of several surgical instruments now





Fig. 1,—Velvet and Macramé Lace Collar.—[See Fig. 2.]



Fig. 2.—Macramé Lace for Collar, Fig. 1.

Hanging Cabinet for Dressing-Room.

This small hanging cabinet is designed to hold perfumery, cosmetics, and other toilette articles. It is made of carved, ebonized wood, and is protected by a plate-glass door furnished with a brass lock. Inside are shelves divided into compartments, which are lined with colored silk, and finished at the edge with strips of stamped and gilded leather. An embroidered panel or hanging is usually placed over the inner surface of the glass. Small shelves are attached at the top and bottom, and brackets for bottles in the angle on the sides. Two brass rings at the top serve for hanging it up.



HANGING CABINET FOR DRESSING-ROOM.



VELVET COLLAR WITH CRAVAT OF FOULARD AND LACE. For description see Supplement.

Bead Mosaic Collar.—Figs. 1 and 2.

Tanu 2.

This collar, the whole of which is shown by Fig. 1 and a full-sized section by Fig. 2, is made of small cut jet beads and gold beads. The top and the sloped front edges are studded with large cut jet beads, and the lower edge is finished with a thick silk cord which terminates with bead tassels. Begin the work, which is executed in short rows forward and back across the collar, at the lower corner of the left end; use an ordinary sewing needle and strong black buttonhole twist, and string on 6 black beads, then put the needle from right to left through the 1st of the beads, and string on 2 black beads for the edge; work



Fig. 1.—Young Lady's Graduating Dress. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Young Lady's Afternoon Dress. For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—Plain and Plaid Veiling Dress.—Front.
[For Back, see Page 309.]
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Travelling Cloak.

For description see
Supplement.



Fig. 1.—BEAD MOSAIC COLLAR.—[See Fig. 2.]

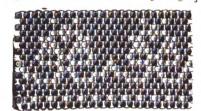


Fig. 2.—BEAD-WORK FOR COLLAR, FIG. 1.

back (from left to right), passing the last bead, put the needle through the next, string on a black bead, and put the needle through the 6th of the first 6 beads, string on one gold bead, and put the needle through the 5th of the first 6. Working forward, string on one black bead, and put the needle through the gold bead, a black bead, then put the needle through the next projecting bead, another black bead, and put the needle through the next projecting bead, another black bead, and put the needle through the next projecting bead, string on 2 black beads for the edge, then, working back, pass the last and put the needle through the next, and sew on 3 black beads, alternately stringing on one bead and putting the needle



Embroidered Wall-Pocker.

For pattern and design see Supplement,
No. XI., Figs. 53 and 54.



VELVET COLLAR WITH JABOT OF FLOWERS. For description see Supplement.

through the next projecting bead. The needle is put through in this manner after each single bead that is strung, and this being understood, will not require further mention. Working forward, sew on 4 black beads, and then string on 2 for the edge, working back, pass the last, and put the needle through the following one, then sew on three black beads and 1 gold bead; working forward, 5 black beads and 2 for the edge, back, pass the last, and put the needle through the next, sew on 5 black



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Fig. 1.—ÉCRU VEILING DRESS.
BACK.—[See Fig. 6.]
For description see
Supplement.

Fig. 2.—CASHMERE AND VELVET MORNING GOWN.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3449: PRICE. 25 CENTS.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 26-38.]

Fig. 3.—FOULARD AND LACE TEA GOWN.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3450: PRICE, 30 CENTS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—Dress for Girl from 2 to 6 Years old.—Cut Pattern, No. 3451: Price, 15 Cents.

For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—PLAID FLANNEL WRAPPER. CUT PATTERN, No. 3452: PRICE, 25 CENTS.—[For pattern see description in Supplement.]

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end of the collar. Next, working back, 2 black, 3 gold, 2 black, 1 gold; forward, 2 black, 1 gold, 2 black, 1 gold, 2 black, back, 2 black, 3 gold, 3 black; forward, 2 black, 1 gold, 2 black, 3 gold back, 3 black, 3 gold, 1 black, 1 gold; forward, 3 black, 2 gold, 1 black, 1 gold, 1 black, back, 1 black, 2 gold, 5 black. The work has now reached the middle of the first gold figure, and can easily be continued according to the foregoing directions, and with the help of the full-sized detail, Fig. 2, to the required length; the model is fifteen figures long. To form the right sloped end, instead of stringing on a bead at the upper edge when working back, pass the needle through the last bead, and work the rows to correspond with those at the left end. The large jet beads and the cord are sewed on when the bead-work

THE SOCIETY SECRET. By KATHARINE R. MoDOWELL,

NOT one of the Entre-Nous but whose eyes grew wide with astonishment as the president addressed its members, nor did any seem to find words when Henrietta Castle had ceased, and she had taken a chair in their midst. Probably seven girls never looked more blankly into one another's faces.

"I can not believe it," half gasped Janet Thorpe

"Believe your eyes, then," returned Henrietta, passing her a slip of paper on which were some closely written sentences. "Why don't you look

"Why, I can not, Etta-I mean Mr. President," stammered the bewildered girl.

"We will waive formulities," decreed Henrietta, "during the discussion of what I have read. What do you think of it, girls?"

No one answered.

Edith Hammond caught the paper that slipped off Janet's dress, where Henrietta had tossed it, and went half mechanically over the words that had just been read aloud, before she passed it on

to the Dana girls.
"Well?" demanded the president. Then, as this drew no response, she added, a trifle impatiently, "Why do you all read it again? You recognize the writing, of course?" turning to Fay Strong, who that moment held the note in her

"Yes," faltered she-" Mr. Thurlow's."

"And the rest of you?"
"Mr. Thurlow's."

"Even if it had not been found in his pocket," went on Henrietta, quickly, "we could any of us have recognized it."

"His pocket!" an exclamation from Isabel Prime, who had entered but a moment before, to find the society in a chorus of "Contemptible!" "Hypocrite!" with occasional repetitions of, "It can not be true!" from Janet Thorpe.
"Mr. Thurlow's overcoat pocket," declared

Henrietta, appearing to hear only Isabel. found it myself at the parsonage, not an hour ago."

"You had no right to read it," said Janet.
"I think I had," returned Henrietta, firmly.
"Mrs. Thurlow herself asked me to superintend Mrs. Morris's cleaning, and to see that nothing was left in the pockets of the things that were to be brushed and put away."

"But not to read private notes," Janet spoke

again.
"It is a question," resumed Henrietta, calmly, "whether I am to be condemned for that. There was no envelope; the note was torn and crumpled. I was about to throw it away, when I thought it might be of importance. I glanced at the first words, then read what followed. Having read it, what was I to do? What would you have done in my place?" She spoke quickly, as she looked from one face to another.

"You should have put it back," began Janet.
"Never!" cried Henrietta. "Put it back, to "Never!" cried Henrietta. be found, perhaps, by the very one of all others who should not see it! Mrs. Thurlow may have no suspicion that the affair has been mentioned to any one. Oh, girls, can not you put yourselves in my place?" she asked, half imploringly. could not make Mrs. Thurlow more unhappy

The appeal had its effect. The girls looked

sympathetic.

"I beg pardon, Henrietta," said Janet. "I acknowledge you did right in not replacing it, but would it not have been still better to have destroyed it? Is it right for you to undermine our faith in the man we have all believed to be leading one of the truest lives we have ever known?"

"I think it is," returned Henrietta, unflinchingly. "Do we want to put faith in anything false?"

"But," argued Janet, "if that belief has an influence on our lives for good? Now I for one must believe in Mr. Thurlow, or I can not listen to his preaching another week. Why, girls, he can not have written this," changing her anxious tone to one of confidence. "There is some mis-You do not know the man.

"Perhaps not," returned Henrietta, cynically; "but we all seem to know his writing."

but we all seem to know his writing.

"But it might be an imitation," urged Janet,

"I or me see it again. It might, you eagerly. know, have been put there to make trouble.

She bent her eyes upon the paper handed her, on which were the words:

"I understand you contemplate marriage. I would give my right hand to be where you are to-day, that I might decide differently from what My wife's fortune was a ruse, and I find myself united to one I have never loved and never can. Just how much she is to be blamed I do not know. The old story-married in haste. As you may have suspected, I am not always the tender man I appear. Revenge is too sweet for that. But I deceive the world, which is, I find,

about as near as most people come to what they

profess." The rest was torn away.
"It is not signed," cried Janet, excitedly. "No one, of whatever villainy capable, would dare put the name Hugh Thurlow after those words."

"Hugh Thurlow himself appears to have been capable of putting it on the other side," said Henrietta, as she turned the paper that Janet's eye might fall upon the name written two or three times in pencil, near which they both noticed "Psalms, exxxiii. 1," in the same hand.

"I'll see what it is," proposed Isabel.
"No; do not," said Janet, hurriedly. "I know.

It was last Sunday's text.'

"That sermon you told us about on dwelling together in unity?" ventured Grace Dana, in an awed tone. "And while you were thinking how beautiful it was, he was ridiculing his own

There was an awkward silence, broken by Edith's saying:

"The thing seems to resolve itself into a ques

tion of 'What are we going to do about it? "An agreement first on the writing," said Henrietta. "Conceding the inside to be an imi-

tation, how about the signature and text? "Let me take it over to the parsonage," burst

out Janet, in her straightforward way. The girls looked horror-stricken.

"The parsonage! What, confront him!"

It was Henrietta who said, sharply, "I do not wish my name associated with this in any way.'

"But," pleaded Janet, "if it were to make everything clear, Henrietta? I need not mention your name. I can merely say that the note came into my possession, and-

"On no account," interrupted Henrietta.

"Then you will all bear in mind that I do not believe a word of this, and will not," said Janet, as she tossed the paper on the table, "until I have positive proof."

"But what is to be done, Etta?" said Flora Dana, conscious that her mild question was in decided contrast to Janet's proud declaration, yet not daring to announce herself on either side.

"All that we need do about it," responded Henrietta, "is to promise solemnly that we'll not breathe a word of it outside the Entre-Nous, and that our special aim will be to do all we can for Mrs. Thurlow. Perhaps our attention may help her forget his—his—I scarcely know what

"The note never was sent, Henrietta," Fay Strong was saying.

"But the words are written, nevertheless, and doubtless were copied on account of that blot,'

"I've always heard," ventured Flora again, "that people with light hair and almond-shaped eves marry unhappily.

The girls laughed in a not very complimentary

"Well, Mrs. Thurlow has that kind of eyes. said Flora, on the defensive, as she noticed the

girls tittering, "and she's a perfect beauty."
"Nobody denies it," granted Rhoda; "but I dare say she's quite as unhappy as though she

'I'm disposed to question that," interposed ith. "There must be a good deal of consola-Edith. tion in being as pretty as she is. However, as Mrs. Thurlow is not here to give her views, we might call upon Janet, as the best fitted to argue from that stand-point."

"Will none of our pretty speeches elicit a word?" asked Rhoda, as she joined Janet at the "Or are you deep in thinking how idols

are fallen?" "I am wishing I had not come to the meeting," said Janet, turning round; "provoked with myself for having delayed my Boston visit a day to meet a society that gives a verdict on circumstantial evidence when proof lies not a rod away;' and she looked again across the road to the par-

"It is evident," said Henrietta, "that you do not approve of what I have done; but are we not agreed to submit all questions that perplex us to the Entre-Nous!"

"Questions that will profit us in the discussion, I should say," returned Janet. "Our object has never been to meet for mere gossip."

Henrietta held the note in her hand. Should she allow Janet to take it back to the parsonage and so demonstrate that she would be equally glad to have the matter cleared up were it a pos sible thing?

"I would," she reasoned, "did I not know that in any case the Thurlows would single me out as the one at fault, and I should always appear to them in the light of one that would pry into things if left in charge but an hour; gossipy, deceitful. No, the subject is best left as it stands. Janet can not expect her suggestions always to be followed, and this one is simply preposterous, when the rest of us are agreed that Mr. Thurlow wrote the note."

"We're all unsettled by this affair," said Isabel, after another disagreeable silence. "I move we adjourn.

"It all seems like a bad dream," said Janet,

wearily. "I wish I could wake from it."
"A game of tennis will have the right effect. Let's come out," proposed Fay, "and leave the regular Entre-Nous business till next meeting. Oh, by-the-way, Henrietta, we must give Mrs. Thurlow an invitation to join us, mustn't we? And I'll ask her to go riding this evening. You approve, don't you Janet, of our doing all we for her?" noticing the contrast of Janet's manner to the interest of the others, who were commending her suggestions, as well as making

"Indeed I do," replied Janet, warmly. "I only regret that we're doing it on the ground we are I have always thought that Chesterton never paid half attention enough to its minister's family. Mr. Cropleigh was actually neglected. Perhaps," she added, laughingly, "the whole affair is in illustra-tion of an ill wind,"

Mrs Thurlow soon had reason to change her opinion of New-Englanders, and to agree that one needed only to become acquainted to find them more than cordial. She could but have felt flattered at the attention of the young girls, little knowing it was due to a motion being unanimously carried at one of the club meetings to the effect that she should spend at least half of every day out of sight and hearing of the monster. If the morning did not find the Castles' phaeton or the Danas' village cart at the door, the afternoon did, unless it had been arranged that a riding party stop for her instead. There were pretty notes to "dearest Mrs. Thurlow," begging her to join the Entre-Nous rowing club, or the Entre-Nous tennis tournament; in fact, anything and everything that the Entre-Nous en-

Chesterton came to the conclusion that the Thurlows were to be classed among the most agreeable people in the world, and Deacon Cushing's mind was at rest regarding whether the new minister was going to draw. There had never been better church attendance, especially of the young. "Our sons and our daughters will become corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace," was the deacon's favorite summing up of all Mr. Thurlow's fine discourses.

Though the little village had from the first admired the fair girlish wife, and recognized in the new minister an unusually brilliant man, it was some time before it testified to its appreciation in any practical way. Perhaps it was Squire Strong's saddle-horse at the gate, or the load of pine that Deacon Hubbard took to the parsonage, that led finally to the minister's folks being kept supplied with the first-fruits of all the farms. The rumor, too, passed unquestioned that after the cattle show in the early fall the silk quilt, with a thousand square pieces and five hundred round ones, that had been made and quilted by old Mrs. Clarke at the age of ninety-three, was to go right to the parsonage.

It was Janet who said, at the first club meeting

she attended on her return,

"Why, girls, you've certainly effected a reform," and she laughed appreciatively. "I acknowledge that when I went away everybody liked the Thurlows, but there was never the attention paid them that there is now. I can not but think of poor Mr. Cropleigh and his family in contrast. I was at the parsonage yesterday when two or three real dainty 'messes,' as Aunt Runah would say, came, including, if you can believe it, a mould of jelly from Mrs. Skinner. Mrs. Thurlow said they had scarcely any expenses She believed they did pay for their kerosene, but she said it under her breath for fear some one might hear of it and send them a barrel. As long as you began being so attentive, I suppose you've had to keep it up?" she ran on, half questioningly. "But how did that note affair come ? I think some of you might have written
What explanation was there? I was over out? there to tea last night, and nearly asked them." "Asked them!" the Entre-Nous in chorus.

"Why, everything is just where it was when

you left, as regards explanation," said Rhoda. "But we've every reason to believe that our attention to Mrs. Thurlow started the present furor," put in Isabel.

"But you don't believe," cried Janet, incredulously, "what — what you seemed inclined to when I went away!"

We have no reason to disbelieve it," said Henrietta, curtly.

"Then you ought to have been with me last evening, and seen them together. To my mind theirs is the perfect union."

"We are not deceived by what Mr. Thurlow

affects," said one of the club, loftily.
"But Mrs. Thurlow?" urged the amazed Janet.

"She's perfectly devoted to him."

"Affectation too. They do not want to be made the subjects of talk, and have agreed to deceive the world. Did not the note say as much?" "Why, girls, you're all so absurd!" said Janet, with a laugh that to Henrietta especially was

very tantalizing. "There's some grand misun-derstanding, and I should think some one of you would be clever enough to ferret it out. Once more, give me the note. I would not hesitate to show it to either of them."

"Not to Mrs. Thurlow!" screamed Flora, whose love for the sensational made her welcome this as just the climax of the Entre-Nous secret. "If you dare, Janet," she continued, going toward the table, and taking a paper from the bundle lying there. But as she came forward, Henrietta intercepted her, and put the note in her own pocket.

"I have said before, and I repeat it, I do not wish my name mixed up with this. No one is asked to believe the note if she can do otherwise. To me it is conclusive proof."

"And to me," "And me," echoed the Entre-Nous, little knowing what that very afternoon was to reveal.

"Our drives will soon be at an end," said Mrs. Thurlow, after she had called a laughing goodby to one who had. Henrietta mentally noted as sisted her to a seat in the phaeton with great affectation of tenderness. Mr. Thurlow had de-livered himself as well of some speeches to Henrietta regarding the young ladies being quite as devoted to Anita as he would wish to have been himself had he not had too much work on hand all summer to admit of it.

"At an end?" said Henrietta, questioningly, as she touched up the horse.

Yes. We think of going away.'

"Going away! Oh, Mrs. Thurlow, why?"
"Hugh has been called to take his father's

place. Father Thurlow's health is giving way, and some of his congregation are going to send him abroad. They do not think he will ever be strong enough to take charge again of so large a congregation, and they want Hugh to succeed | Nous.

His grandfather was their pastor years him. It is Hugh's old home, and everything seems to call him there."

But you, Mrs. Thurlow-do you want to go?" "Of course I do, if Hugh does, though I realize I've had some of the happiest days of my life There was a slight tremor in the voice. here." "I can never forget nor thank you girls half enough for all that you have done for me—for us, I may say."

"For you, Mrs. Thurlow," said Henrietta, point-

edly.
"What is for one is for the other, you know," said Mrs. Thurlow, with her musical little laugh. "Not in this case."

"What do you say?" questioned Mrs. Thurlow, anxiously, so surprised and pained at Henrietta's tone that the tears started to her eyes.

Henrietta fancied she saw in them a look of pleading. She laid her hand gently on Mrs. Thurlow's, and there were tears as well in her

"Oh, Mrs. Thurlow-Anita-I know it all, and have, almost since you came. I have been hoping you would make a confidante of me; not but that I admire you all the more for having kept the trouble to yourself: but promise me, if we ever can-our society, I mean-do anything for you, you will let us."
"Why, I do not understand you, Miss Etta,"

said Mrs. Thurlow, gazing in wonder at the excited girl, who to her seemed talking very strange-

ly. "What do you mean:
"You deceive the world, which is about as near
"hat they profess." re-What do you mean?" as most people come to what they profess," re-

plied Henrietta, in almost a whisper. "I insist upon your explaining yourself," said Mrs. Thurlow, pushing away Henrietta's hand. "I have no need of sympathy. What do you mean? To insinuate that I am unhappy with Hugh?" she suddenly questioned in incredulous

Henrietta nodded assent.

For a moment Mrs. Thurlow did not speak.

"Henrietta, be frank," she at length said.

"Oh, I can not, Mrs. Thurlow. It might make you more unhappy still. Do not ask me," begged Henrietta, taking herself to task for having

broached the subject.
"I do not ask—I insist. If you think you have proof of what you assert, I wish to know it." The almond eyes that the society raved over had a determined look in them for which one at least of the club was wholly unprepared.

"I do not want to destroy your faith," stammered Henrietta.

You could not, did you wish. I demand an explanation, and at once."

Henrietta handed her a bit of paper.

Mrs. Thurlow read it; and many times over, Henrietta thought, to account for the time that passed before she heard the words

"You have misjudged one of the best men in the world, and I will tell you how."

She seemed very calm as she went on: "Last winter some friends of ours in Auburn had the little play of A Life's Mistake. You may know of it. Hugh's brother Clark took the part of Mr. Markham, the confidant of the principal character, Colonel Watson, who marries a girl for her money, to find her penniless, Clark wore a coat of Hugh's, and, as I remember now, Hugh copied this note for him, as at the last moment Clark discovered he had neglected to provide one. It evidently was left in the coat. Hugh, I see, has used it for memoranda, and I suppose carelessly dropped it somewhere. Who else, may I ask, has seen this?

There was no answer. Henrietta had dropped

the reins, and buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, Mrs. Thurlow," she moaned, "can you ever forgive me? It was all my fault," she went on, brokenly. "I found it in the coat-Mrs. Morris, you remember, was cleaning—the day you drove to Windsor and asked me to superintend. I thought it a kindness all the while. No one was ever to know." The sentences were confused and incomplete. "Oh, I can never torgive myself, Mrs. Thurlow! To think how I have

wronged you both!" "That any one could believe Hugh guilty of those words!" Mrs. Thurlow was saying, as much to herself as Henrictta. "Could you not see to herself as Henrietta, "Could you not see him," she presently asked, "always the same kind

"We thought we had proof against him in the note," said Henrietta, trying to control her voice, and that he was deceiving people by his man-

ner."
"We! Can it be that he is generally believed to have written this?" demanded Anita Thurlow, aghast. "Others have thought him untrue to me, to the world, to his work, to everything!"

"Only our club," cried Henrietta, almost glad-, "and it is one of our inviolable secrets." ly, "and it is one of our inviolable secrets.
"The club! You told them? Oh, Henrietta!"

"I did not know what to do then," confessed Henrietta. "Now I know I should have destroyed it" stroved it.

"And have doubted Mr. Thurlow yourself?" said Anita, softly. "Had you but gone to him, Henrietta!"

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"Let me go in now, Mrs. Thurlow, not only to beg forgiveness for having thought him capable of thinking those words, but for having treated him at times with absolute rudeness. Afterward I'll tell the girls."

There was a special meeting of the Entre-Nous that evening to talk it all over and to hear of Henrietta's interview with Mr. Thurlow, Janet breaking in from time to time with:

Didn't I tell you he was as near perfection as a man could be? There! wouldn't one have known he would have talked just like thatcounsel and forgiveness in equal parts? Oh, the Thurlows must not go away!"

"Never—if Chesterton can do anything to pre-vent!" was the unanimous verdict of the Entre-



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"But if they should, we'll have to be just as attentive to the next minister's wife," suggested Isabel.

"Of course," chimed in Fay; "as if it were all "Of course," chimed in Fay; "as if it were all from principle. That's the only way to account for all we've done for Mrs. Thurlow."
"Don't you remember, girls," smiled Janet, "that I said perhaps it was all an ill wind?"
"That makes me think of our theatricals at Moderne's last wear." not in Edith. "In initial."

Madame's last year," put in Edith. "In imitation of them I ought to step forward and say, 'It certainly has blown good to the hearts of the people in Chesterton, and I propose that we agree to do all we can hereafter for whomever may be settled at the parsonage."

They all laughed. They all laugned.

"It's real kind of you, girls, to try and make something good out of it," said Henrietta, gratefully.

"I've told you how thoroughly ashamed I am of not having taken Janet's advice. The selfishness of considering my name when Mr. have learned a lesson that will last me my life." Thurlow's influence among us was at stake!

ENGLISH MOURNING CUSTOMS.

In response to a frequently expressed desire on the part of our correspondents to be informed concerning the latest mourning customs in England, we give the law on the subject as laid down by the London Queen, which says:

"The inclination to shorten the periods of mourning continues. We may observe that the shorter mourning periods are, the deeper for the snorter mourning periods are, the deeper for the time is the mourning; so that half-mourning, which was at one time a great feature in mourning for aunts, cousins, etc., is now almost abandoned, and only used in longer periods of mourning. The inquiries we constantly receive show that great uncertainty as to what we may term the proprieties of mourning prevails, some fancying it necessary to wear crape for distant relatives, others not realizing that it is indispensable in really deep mourning. Some, too, seem unable to understand that crape, which is the recognized symbol of the deepest mourning, can not be worn in conjunction with any material which is not also adapted to deep mourning. Thus crape is inadmissible with velvet, satin, lace, bright or glace silks, embroidery, fringe, excepting the special 'crape fringe,' or, indeed, with anything but mourning silk, paramatta, merino, cashmere, woollen barege or grenadine, or barathea. We must be understood to speak only of the strictly orthodox and necessary periods of mourning and their different degrees. There are many who can not afford to dress with perfect correctness, whether in mourning or out of it, and it is to those who lack the requisite knowledge rather than the means that our remarks apply. To some the periods named may appear insufficient. This must, of course, be a matter for individual feeling, and every one is naturally at liberty to lengthen them at pleasure. But it is an undoubted fact that it is the custom of the day to render all mournings, excepting those of widows or of parents and children, much shorter than they formerly were, and many consider this an advantage, as decreasing the weariness and consequent distaste which the old long periods created. It is only for us to indicate clearly the conventional periods required by custom, and the

degree of mourning appropriate to each.
"A widow's mourning is, of course, the deepest, and continued for the longest period. For the first twelve months the dress and mantle must be of paramatta, the skirt covered with crape, put on in one piece to within an inch of the waist: sleeves tight to the arm, bodice entirely covered with crape, deep tight-fitting lawn cuffs, and deep lawn collar. The mantle or jack-et is of the same material as the dress, and very heavily trimmed with crape. The widow's cap must be worn for a year; there are various shapes, any of which may be chosen. It is no longer usual to wear it beyond the year, as was formerly frequently done. The bonnet is entirely of crape; it has a widow's cap tacked inside, and is worn with a crape veil with a deep hem When the crape on the dress requires renewing, it must be put on precisely as at first till the first nine months have expired, when, if preferred, it may be put on in two deep tucks, with about an inch space between them. Crape cloth is well adapted for a walking or rough dress; it wears well, and is scarcely to be distinguished from crape at a distance. After the first year 'widows' silk' may be substituted for paramatta, but it must be heavily trimmed with crape. This is worn for three months, when the crape may be very sensibly lightened, and for the next three jet and crape fringe may be used. At the end of the six months (eighteen months in all) crape may be left off, and plain black worn for six months. Formerly it was usual to wear halfmourning for six months or a year longer, but this is now seldom done, and two years complete the period of mourning. For the first year, while a widow wears her weeds, she can, of course, accept no invitations; and it is the worst possible taste for her to be seen in places of public resort. After the first year she can, if so disposed, gradually resume her place in society. It is usual for the pocket-handkerchiefs used to have broad black edges, and no jewelry of any kind, with the exception of jet, can be worn.

"The mourning of a parent for a child or a child for a parent is the next degree of mourning, and lasts for twelve months. For the first three paramatta, merino, coburg, woollen grenadine, or some similar material, heavily trimmed with erape, usually in two deep tucks, is worn; for the next three, silk-mourning silk, of course -with less crape, the latter arranged more ornamentally in plaits, folds, or bouillonnés, is admis-The crape bonnet may have jet upon it, and the veil may be of net, with a deep crape hem. Linen collars and cuffs can not be worn

with crape; crêpe lisse frills are de viqueur Sa. ble or any colored fur must be left off; seal-skin is admissible, but it never looks well in really deep mourning. After six months crape is left off, and plain black, with jet ornaments and black gloves, worn for two months; for the next two, black dresses, with gold or silver, pearl or diamond ornaments, and gray gloves sewn with black; after this half-mourning, such as black dresses with white lace and flowers, and white dresses trimmed with black. Society must be totally relinquished for two months, and it is in better taste to avoid balls so long as crape is worn. It should be borne in mind that only jet ornaments are permissible with crape; neither gold, silver, nor precious stones can be worn, nor can lace be worn with crape. For grandparents the mourning, which was formerly nine months, is now only six-two in silk and moderate crape, two in black, and two in half-mourning. For brothers and sisters the mourning used to be six months, but now four is more usual; some even curtail it to three. When four is the period, it is more common to wear crape for two months and plain black for two than to change to halfmourning. For an uncle or aunt the period was formerly three months, and slight crape was worn; now six weeks is the usual time, and crape is not required. Now that the mourning is shorter, black is generally worn the whole time-for the first month with jet, afterward with gold, silver, or diamonds.

"For a great aunt or uncle, five weeks-three weeks in black, two in half-mourning; for a first cousin, a month—generally the whole time in black. It is very unusual now to wear mourning at all for a second consin; but if it is done, three weeks are sufficient. Relations by marriage are mourned for exactly in the same degree as real ones. Thus a wife wears exactly the same mourning for her husband's relations as she would for her own, and mourns for her sister's husband in the identical amount of crape which she would wear for her sister herself. There are, however, exceptions to this rule. For instance, a lady would mourn for her uncle by marriage for six weeks if his wife (her aunt) were alive; but if she were dead, the mourning for the uncle might be curtailed to a month.

"These remarks, we think, exhaust all the de grees of relationship; but there are a few remarks to be made on 'complimentary mourning.' For instance, when a man marries a second time, his second wife must wear slight mourning for three months on the death of the first wife's parents, and for two on the death of her brothers or sis-ters, if any intimacy has been kept up. This is not de riqueur like real mourning for absolute relatives, but is good taste, and usual in good society. So also it is usual for a mother whose married son or daughter loses a parent-in-law to wear black—of course without crape—for one month, and half-mourning for another. Besides the actual dress, there are some points of ctiquette connected with mourning.

Black-edged paper and envelopes must be used.

The width known as 'extra broad' is the deepest that should ever be used, the 'double broad' being too much. Even for widows the simple 'broad' is in better taste than either; 'middle' is the width in mourning for parent or child, 'narrow' for brothers or sisters, 'Italian' for all other relatives. Cards are only edged with black when crape is worn, so black-edged visiting-cards are not requisite for an uncle or aunt. Cards returning thanks for the kind inquiries of those who have either called or sent to inquire should not be sent out till the mourners feel equal to receiving visitors. It is the accepted token of their being once more visible. Letters of condolence should be written on paper with a slight black edge, and offense should never be taken if they are left unanswered. Many people consider it correct to wear black when paying a first visit to a house of mourning; and though this is not absolutely necessary, it is certainly in better taste to avoid brilliant colors on such an occasion."

THE CAMPHOR-TREE.

THE tree which produces the best camphor is indigenous to Sumatra. The camphor-tree propagates itself in the mountains of Sumatra. without trouble or labor to the natives, as it grows without any cultivation in the forests contiguous to the sea-coast, on the north side of the island. It is not found native to the south of the line, nor yet further than the third degree of latitude European explorers have not as yet been able to find out the veritable name of the tree, that is, in any of the native languages; but there is no apparent reason to doubt that its propagation is completely confined to the two islands of Sumatra and Borneo. The camphor-tree in girth and height equals the biggest timber tree, often arriving at the enormous size of over fifteen feet in circumference. The trunk is arboreous, and its bark is of a brownish tint. Its leaves grow on short petioles, the larger ones being alternate, the smaller opposite; they average from three to four inches in length and an inch broad. Their form is elliptic, ending in an extraordinarily long and slender point. The fibres are straight, and run parallel to each other.

Places where the camphor-tree grows in abundance are generally considered unhealthy, the reason probably being the nature of the soil, and the peculiar conditions necessary for the prosperons state of that tree.

The name given by the natives to camphor is Kapūr Bārus. The word Kapūr is derived from the Sanskrit Karpūra, and also from the Arabic and Persian Kafur, from which is obtained our name of camphor—a corruption from the language of the country where the commodity is indigenous. Barus is the name of a place which forms the principal market of this particular article of commerce in Sumatra, and is therefore added to the

original name by traders to distinguish it from the similar product which is grown in Japan. It was formerly matter of supposition that the people of China and Japan concocted a fictitious substance which bore great resemblance to the native camphor, and then impregnated this substance with a little of its virtue by the mix-ture of a small quantum of the genuine drug. The real truth of the case has been fully ascertained, and it is known that the Japan camphor is the genuine product of a tree growing in abundance in that country, though differing in quality and character from the similar tree, a native of Sumatra and Borneo, and well known to botanical authorities as the Laurus camphora. The camphor of Sumatra is so much superior to that of Japan that the Chinese easily distinguish between the two, and reserve the former for their own use at an exorbitant price, and export the latter as a thing they do not think much of. The Sumatra camphor never by any chance reaches this country, because it is so much esteemed by the Chinese and other natives in the East that its price, compared to that of the Japanese article, is in the ratio of twenty to one, which may be attributed rather to the superstitious virtues imputed to it than to any intrinsic difference in its real value.

Camphor is procurable from the tree by two modes; the first by inflicting wounds in the bark, from whence it exudes; the second by the help of fire. The drug procured by the first method is considered much superior in quality. The most noticeable difference in the qualities of the three kinds of camphor consists in their volatility. Japan camphor, procured by a process of boiling the wood, will volatilize completely away when exposed to the action of the air; but that procured naturally in Japan does in some measure lose its weight under the same circumstances, while it is asserted that the kind from Sumatra hardly diminishes at all in quantity by being kept.

Camphor produces an oil which is a valuable medicine, and is much used by the natives of Sumatra for rheumatics, sprains, and swellings.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tex as Gibl.—For your bridal travelling dress read New York Fashions of Bazar No. 11, Vol. XVI. For the church dress have oftoman silk or else satin of the new corn-flower blue. Make it up with blocked satin and ottoman for a pleated skirt, and the plain for basque and drapery.

Lewellys.—Your brown silk will look well made up with checked brown and white silk, or with larger blocks of satin and silk. Passementerie of one color, but not of several colors in one design, will be worn.

Bert.—Cream white must veiling or else satin Surah would make an inexpensive dress for a bride. A pointed basque, demi-train, and draped front with natural white rose-buds, tulle veil, and white undressed kid gloves complete this toilette. For visiting dress get one of the new stem green gros grains. Gray or brown cashmere for the travelling dress, with a new cloth Raglan for the wrap, either of plaid or solid color. Black velvet would be best for the basque, and need only be silk on the face, with linen back. The handsome golden red hair should not be darkened by oil.

Anxtors Senoon-Gibl.—Your gany sample should be made into an entire dress for your mother, but is too old for you. A polonaise with black velvet ribbon on it, are best for your mother. Bazar No. S. Vol. XVI., will tell her of black silk suits. Get white sprigged muslin for yourself, and make it by hints in Bazar No. 13, Vol. XVI.

Iowa Gibl.—Ind trimmed with passementeric and lace.

Mrs. J. M. S. and Mrs. W. M. B.—We do not send samples or purchase dress goods for our readers.

Kathanne.—Bark staw hats remain in fashion. Read about them in Bazar Nos. 9 and 12, Vol. XVI.

Mang.—Use velvet with ponge in the way described for summer silk dresses in Bazar No. 13, Vol. XVI.

The sprigged muslin will be protty.

Subschier.—For making "wash and white dresses" read New York Fashions of Bazar Nos. 6 and 13, Vol. XVI.

Old Staschmer.—Your ideas about the hard-wood floor and wainscotting are good. The checked Chiuese matting is used tor dadoes, and

cotton dress, with a square neckerchief of gay Turkey red, a gypsy straw hat, red stockings, and red slippers.

Kathabine Jane.—Wear either black or colored ribbon in your throat bow with a black dress. Ribb us one or two inches wide are used with uneven ends for the new bows. Trimmed skirts quite narrow and bouldarily draped are more worn than straight full ones. bonfantly draped are more worn than stringic ranones.

M. E. C. And Rrader.—Antique lace with scrim, also the real lace curtains, are now most used. They drape hay-windows prettily by being hung inside the arch, with shades and other draped curtains next the window-sush in each division.

Rena.—Make your dress entirely of satin, trimmed with lace and passementerie. Use cut paper pattern No. 3380, illustrated in Bazar No. 7, Vol. XVI. Put velvet, cashmere, fonlard, or grenadine with your terracotta silk skirt. Send your curtains to a competent laundress, who will dry them by stretching and pinning the lace on the carpet in a vacant room.

One Schedunger.—Read about changeable and checked silks in New York Fashions of Bazar No. 13, Vol. XVI.

XVI.
E. S.—Have a cinnamon brown velvet basque fastened by small crocheted round buttons.
R. C.—Get silk gauze or white mull. It is now stylish to wear the hair drawn back straight from the forehead if the forehead is low. Tan-colored gloves are worn with most evening dresses and with any street dress. Short skirts and demi-trains are worn by young ladies in the evening.
PATIKNOK.—A widow should not wear white, but pearl, mauve, or lavender, as a wedding dress; darker amethyst oftoman silk with velvet would be more useful. The groom should wear a frock-coat in the day-time, with vest to match, and dark gray tronsers. Get black and white checked wool for a travelling dress.

dress,
Ain.—Get some new satin Rhadames and freshen
your dress. Rend Bazar No. S, Vol. XVI., for hints,
Have a silk capote the color of your reshmere. Get a
pretty strawberry-colored checked wool for a house

pretty strawberry-colored checked wool for a house dress.

JENNIE MAY.—Gather your Surah ruffles, and edge with either Spanish or French lace, according to your fance or convenience, as both are used.

M. J. J.—Use piere velvet and ribbon velvet for freshening your cashimere areas. Misses still wear full gathered skirts.

LAVINIA.—Jerseys will still be worn by little girls and misses. Make the skirt entirely of pleats, either in kilt fashion or box-pleated clusters.

Westerns Grin.—A corn-flower blue, or a dark shade of strawberry red cashimere, or a block pattern of wool, would suit for your spring dress.

Rose.—Your dress is the fashionable cotton satteen, and will make a pretty polonaise over plain pink satteen.

Helena.—Get tan-colored or brown serge and make it in tailor fashion for your travelling dress. A stem green silk dress will suit you, made by hints in Bazar No. 13, Vol. XVI., and trimmed with darker velvet. Get a dark blue wool princesse coat for your boy to travel in, and do not use velvet for his nicest suit for spring. Light gray or even cloth with darker braiding will be pretty over his white dresses. Wide-brimmed soft tell hat.

Velvet and Macramé Lace Collar.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See Work Fachines of Indiany Society (1994). So the control of the



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A GAME AT CRIBBAGE.

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IONE STEWART.*

By E. LYNN LINTON,

AUTHOR OF "PATRICIA KENHALL," "THE ONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UNDER WHICH ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS," "UN LORD?" "MY LOVE," ETC.

CHAPTER XV. WHICH? OR EITHER?

None of his later friends took the place of the first with St. Claire. He was stanch to his flag, and allowed no one to exercise the same kind of fascination over him as did the Stewarts, with those two pretty girls as the chief workers of the spell. The glamour of the place was round Clarissa equally with Ione, and in his present poetic mood he idealized even that most commonplace little person, and made a bit of ordinary "satinstone" do duty for a pearl of price.

It was all the fault of Nature-that grand enchantress who transmutes common earths into noble gems; all the fault of that great sun-god, who hides beneath a veil of glory whatever is less than lovely, and touches into divine magnificence things which, left to themselves, are mean and sordid and of no repute.

Moreover, being heart-broken for Monica, and pledged to eternal widowerhood and constancy, the young doctor had no scruple in surrendering himself to the fascinations of these two innocent Viviennes, believing Ione morally lovely against his better judgment, and Clarissa poetically de-

lightful against his truer perception. Could it be said that he flirted? If he did, then it was with both girls at once, with one as much as, and no more than, with the other. Had he been accused, he would have repudiated the accusation in all eagerness and sincerity, and would have said he mean't nothing, and they knew that he meant nothing. But then we repudiate many things which the watching world asserts of And which, pray you, is true - our own heart, with its trick of self-deception and power of blunting the fine edge of conscience, or the evidence gathered by those who think they see to the foundations when they do not penetrate below the surface? Between self-deception and purblindness poor Truth has a bad time of itas now, in the way in which things were going and judged of at the Villa Clarissa.

For instance, was it flirting when, one afternoon, as the young people were whiling away the time by spelling words with ivory letters, St. Claire, taking up the letters C. A. S., put them before Clarissa, saying, "Your initials same as mine, only transposed: Clarissa Alice Stewart; Armine St. Claire," looking at her as spoke with eyes which seemed to be as full of love as his words were full of secret meaning? Perhaps Clarissa thought so; and perhaps Ione thought so too; for the one blushed and looked down, and the other grew pale and looked away, as she held up her head with the severe disdain of one who will not waste her time in folly-or worse.

"You can not make any good of yours, if I can of mine," laughed Clarissa, glancing at her mother, who was comfortably dozing on the sofa. "They say that the initials of our name should spell something sensible to bring good luck Now A. S. C. don't spell anything, do they? But I can make mine into a word—'Cas.' I wonder what's 'Cas'!" she laughed again.

"All that is beautiful-all that is delightful!" said St. Claire, with gallant fervor. wishes were as powerful as they are sincere!"
"Well, if they were?" asked Clarissa, with

sweet unconsciousness of backgrounds and double meanings.

"You should be one of the golden glories of the world!" said St. Claire, repeating the former phase of gallant fervor.

"Oh, I should make a very bad kind of 'golden glory'!" said Clarissa, her eyes sparkling, her whole plump, sleek little person sleeker and plumper than ever with this pleasant influx of gratified vanity. "I am only a humble little mouse. If I could be transformed, I should like to be made into a bird or a flower, and to leave all the grand things to others."

We will find some good fairy to make you into a pretty little singing-bird, and put you in a cage full of flowers," said St. Claire.
"And then Nony would kill me," said Clarissa,

with rather a falsetto accent in her voice.
"No, she would take care of you and feed you with sugar," said St. Claire. "What shall we make you, Miss Ione?" he asked, turning to the younger girl with just the same sweetness of manner as he had had when speaking to Clarissa. Will you be a golden glory, or a bird in a cage full of flowers? I fancy the former would suit you better than the latter. What do you say?'

Ione's rigid face did not relax by a line. She had no relish for the aftermath of attentionsfor the mere gleanings of the field; and to flirt with her as a second to Clarissa was worse than

neglect.
"I do not know what you are talking about,"

she said, with supreme disdain.
"Whether you will be a bird, like that poor little Mimi you killed, or a golden glory set upon a throne," said Clarissa. "I am going to be another Mimi — but you are not to kill me, you know. Dr. St. Claire has promised that you will not. He says you will give me sugar instead. Will you give me quantities of sugar, Nony?"

"Do not include me in such absurdity," said Ione, proudly. "You know how much I dislike

nonsense."

"I forgot that you are sacred when you play queen—and you are playing queen now," said Clarissa, with unabated good humor. "We all

* Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 2, Vol. XVI.

have to attend to Nony's wishes when she plays queen," she added, blithely, to St. Claire. "Have

we not, Nony?"
"If teasing is attending to one's wishes—yes,"

"Naughty No! now you are cross," laughed Clarissa, pinching her cheek. "What a naughty little No it is!"

"Don't, Clarissa," cried Ione, pushing away her sister's hand. "You are too aggravating to

"My dear Ione, your temper grows worse every day of your life," said Mrs. Stewart, who had roused herself from her doze at the first sound of Ione's irritated voice, "You allow yourself to be made angry by the merest trifle, you can not bear a joke, nor enter into any kind of innocent fun. I really do not know what to do with you," she added, in her helplessly plaintive but not acrimonious way.

"It is not fun, mamma; it is ill-natured teas-

ing," said Ione.
"That is because you are ill-tempered, my poor amiable as Clarissa, you If you were as amiable as Clarissa, would take things as she means them," said Mrs.

"I am sure I did not wish to tease you, Nony, said Clarissa, with genuine amiability—perhaps a little heightened for the good effect to be produced. "Do not scold her, mother. It was my fault. I ought to have been more careful," she added, nicely; and St. Claire thought to himself: "What a heavenly temper that dear little girl has! and what a pity this beautiful creature should be so nervous!" smiling on both with im-

partial benignity.
"I am sorry if I was cross, but you know you meant to tease me, Clarissa," said Ione, with an effort

And with this she got up and left the room, and no one saw her again for that night. She had a headache and had gone to bed, she said, when Clarissa knocked at her barred door to tell her to come into the drawing-room to wish Dr. St. Claire good-night, as he was going away. But Vincenzo, who found himself in the garden beneath her window long after midnight, saw her sitting out on the loggia in the moonlight, with a look on her face that went to his heart like a wound, which he thought to himself how could he avenge?

This was one example of St. Claire's method of making love-but to which? or it might be simply an instance of his ordinary manner, according to the way in which it was taken. In any case it must be confessed that it was a manner to the highest extent misleading and provoc-

Another time he was singing one of his pretty little French songs—that whereof the burden was "M'amie que j'aime tant!" While he sang he looked at Ione, only because she chanced to be in the line of vision, and he must look at something. But as he had last sung that song to Monica, his voice was full of tremulous passion, and his eyes were dark and tender with unshed tears And when a handsome young fellow looks full into the face of a beautiful girl, with such eloquence of feeling as St. Claire betrayed at this moment, and says in tones which vibrate with the very pathos of devotion, "M'amie que j'aime tant!" what can people think but that this too is a method of making love?

Yet in truth nothing was farther from Armine's thoughts than willful love-making. It was only his treacherous eyes and his state of gentle melancholy and chronic heart-break which made him look like it. But Ione's cheeks turned pale, and her eyes were dark as night as she cast them down beneath her heavy lids; and her heart, whis-pering to her hope, "Was it meant?" was an-swered back by both pride and fear.

St. Claire had a fine cat's-eye ring. most unique for color and lustre, and he was proud of it. It was one of the few things which he had preserved from the wreck of his fortune, and he always felt that in some sense his good luck was bound up with this gem. One day Mrs. -who, by-the-way, was invariably present while St. Claire made his odd double-handed love —asked to see this ring. He took it from his finger and gave it to her. From her it passed to Clarissa, who, girl-like, put it on her own finger. But it was too large for any of the pretty little pink fingers which made the delight of the Palermitan glove-makers, and her own despair at their constant misfits. It was next handed to Ione, who looked at it without trying it on.

"See if it fits you," said St. Claire, as if it had been the glass slipper and he the Prince on the search for Cinderella.

Her hand, though finely shaped, was many sizes larger than Clarissa's, and St. Claire's was small for a man. The ring which he wore on his little finger fitted her third to perfection—her third—the fatal finger of a woman's hand!

"It goes perfectly," said St. Claire, with a smile. "I did not think our hands paired so well."

"If they do, yours must be too small for a man or Ione's too large for a woman," said Mrs. Stewart, with her usual manner of gentle displeasure. To which Ione, holding up her beautiful hands in the pose in which they made the best lines and had the most becoming physiognomy, said, with hypocritical humility, "Mine are too large for a woman, mamma: did you ever see such awful monsters 9"

"No, they are beautiful," said St. Claire, with fervor. "And so," turning to Clarissa, "are yours, Miss Stewart—of a different style from your sister's, but equally beautiful. "You have catholic tastes, Dr. St. Claire," said

Mrs. Stewart, just a shade of petulance mingled with her general melancholy. "I cultivate catholicity of taste. I have a great

dislike to one-sidedness and narrowness," answered Dr. St. Claire, in his sweet way.

"One may be too catholic," returned Clarissa's mother. "I will say to you what our clergyman

once said to a dreadful skeptic who was here: Better be anchored to something, no matter what, than floating about at the mercy of every wind that blows."

"Yes, in matters of opinion; but in the faculty of finding the beautiful, is it not better to be able to find that everywhere than only in a few isolated spots?" asked St. Claire.

If you confine yourself to what you call 'finding the beautiful' to pictures, or places, or churches, perhaps you are right," answered Mrs. Stewart. But this kind of temperament goes into so much else, and sometimes leads to great danger—to latitudinarianism, for example, and indecision of character all through."

"It may, but not necessarily," said St. Claire. "It is so much better to know your own mind and hold by your opinions," said Mrs. Stewart.

And St. Claire could not for the life of him imagine what she meant, or of what she was vaguely accusing him. He had never seen her so nearly ill-tempered as she was to-day, and he looked at her with professional criticism to catch the hues and lines which should give him the key, and tell him what ailed her body, and consequently warped her mind. But he could make out nothing different from other days; so he took refuge in that wide haven of unknown influences, the atmosphere, and said, "She is under the weather. Perhans it is scirocco.'

Soon after this they went into the garden, as they always did when St. Claire was at the villa; for he was not weary yet of this strange and delightful sensation of being in the heart of summer in February and March; and the Stewarts too were fond of flowers and fresh air.

As they strolled along the pathway, bordered with roses of all kinds and shades, St. Claire picked a beautiful "blush" bud, round, smooth, compact, delicately tinted like herself, which he to Clarissa, saying, with a charming smile, Like to like, as the old valentines say: or sweets to the sweet-that is better."

Whereat Mrs. Stewart, in her turn gently smiling though with the intention of mild reproof. said, "You must not spoil my child by flattering her too much, Dr. St. Claire."
"I do not think she could be spoiled," return-

ed St. Claire, in his sweet way.

good."
"Yes," said Mrs. Stewart, "that is just it—she is too good to be spoiled. But we do not mean the same thing. We use the phrase differently. I mean that she is so nice now it would be a pity to spoil her by flattery; and your meaning is not

the same."
"Is telling people you admire them, is giving them credit for their good qualities, flattery asked St. Claire, amiably argumentative. "I do not think so. There are so many willing to tell us all sorts of disagreeables and horrors, I think it only fair to declare what we admire, and praise candidly what is deserving of praise.

"It is an amiable feeling, but a rather dangerous practice," said Mrs. Stewart, a little dryly; but when St. Claire replied, "You are always so just and generous in your sentiments, Mrs. Stewart, I am conscious I ought to attend to your advice," she did not see that this was flattery, nor that the handsome young fellow re-instated himself in her good graces by the very repetition of the fault which had in some sense disturbed his holding.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOLANDE.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "SHANDON BELLS," "MacLEOD OF DARE,"
"WHITE WINGS," "SUNBISE," ETO.

CHAPTER XXXIII. PREPARATIONS.

And as for her: she was stunned almost into unconsciousness by this shock of self-abasement and distress. She lay on the sofa, her face covered with her hands; she could not face the light. What was she, then ?-she who hitherto had been so fearless and so proud. A flirt, a jilt, a lighto'-love-that was how she saw herself; and then there was a kind of despair over the misery she had wrought, and a yearning to have him back to implore his pity and his forgiveness; and then sudden resolves to free herself in another direction, at any cost of penitence and humiliation. She began to compose hurried brief messages, though the throbbing brain and the shame-stricken soul could scarce decide between the fitness of them. These were some of them:

"Dear Papa,—I have gone away. Tell Archie not to think any more about me. YOLANDE."

And then again:

"DEAR ARCHIE,-I send you back the engagement ring: I am not worthy to be your wife. I am sorry if I have caused you any disappointment, but you have less to regret than I have."

And then again-to one not named at all:

"To-day I go away. Never think of me again, or of what has happened. Forgive me; that is

And then she began to think-if this wild torture of suggestions could be called thinking—of the undertaking that lay before her, and the thought of it was something of a relief. There would be an occupation, urgent, continuous, demanding all her attention; in time, and in a measure, she might school herself to forget. Per-

* Begun in HARPER'S BAZAR No. 3, Vol. XVL

haps, if this duty turned out to be a very sad and painful one, it might be taken by those whom she had wronged as a sort of penance? She was prepared to suffer. She thought she deserved to suffer. Had she not proved a traitor to the man whom she had promised to marry? Had she not brought misery to this best and dearest of all her friends, to this fine and noble nature that she had learned to know, and that by her idleness and carelessness—the carelessness of a vain co-quette and light-o'-love, heedless of consequences? What would he think of her? She could only vaguely recall the reproaches he had heaped upon himself; but she knew that he was in distress, and that she was the cause of it. And perhaps if there were trials in store for her, if there was suffering in store for her, perhaps he would never know that she rather welcomed that, and was content to receive her punishment? Perhaps he would never know how grieved she was? over and done, and past recall. And she knew that henceforth her life would be quite different to her. How long she lay there in that misery of re-

morse and despair she probably never knew, but at last she forced herself to rise. She was not thinking of her appearance; she did not know that her face was haggard and pale; that an expression never before there was there now; that her eyes were no longer the eyes of a child. She was going away-this was all she was compelling herself to think about—and there were preparations to be made. And so in a slow and mechanical fashion she began to put a few things together, even in this drawing-room, although every other minute her heart seemed to stand still as she came upon some little trifle that was associated with him-something he had done for her, something that he had brought her, showing his continued solicitude and thoughtfulness and affection. Why had she not seen? Why did she not understand? And then she began to think of the evenings he had spent at the house, and of the walks they had had together down the wide valley: and she began to know why it was that these evenings had seemed so rich in happy human sympathies, and why the valley had appeared so wondrous and beautiful, and why her life at Allt-nam-ba had so strange and unnamable a charm thrown over it. And he—he had been blind too. She knew that he could not have imagined it possible that he was betraying his friend; otherwise he would have fled from the place. She was standing quite still now, her eyes distraught, and she was trying to recall the very tones in which he had said, "I love you." That was the misery of it, and the cause of her shame, and the just reason for her remorse and self-abasement; and yet—and yet somewhere or other deep down in her heart there was a curious touch of pride that she had heard those words. If circumstances had been different—to be approved, to have won the affection, to be loved by one like that! And then a passion of self-contempt seized her, and she said to herself: "You, to think yourself worthy of such a love! You, who can allow yourself to think of such things with that ring on your finger!"

This also was strange, that, amid all the pre-parations for departure that she was now mechanically making, she should be possessed by a singular anxiety that Mrs. Bell, when she came to Allt-nam-ba, should find the household arrangements in the most perfect order. Had she some vague hope or fancy, then, that some day or other, when she should be far enough away from Allt-nam-ba and Gress and Lynn, and not likely to see any one of them again, her name might be mentioned casually by this good woman, and mentioned perhaps with some slight word of approval? When she drew out for Mrs. Bell's guidance a list of her arrangements with the Inverness tradesmen, she was dissatisfied with the mere handwriting of it (for indeed her fingers trembled somewhat), and she destroyed it and wrote out another, and that she destroyed, and wrote out another-until the handwriting was fairly clear and correct,

Her maid Jane was a fool of a woman, but even she could see that her young mistress was faint-looking, and even ill-looking, and again and again she besought her to desist from these preparations, and to go and have some lunch, which awaited her in the dining-room.

"You know, miss," said she, "you can't go before your papa comes home; and then it would be far too late to catch the steamer. You can't go before the morning; and I am sure, miss, you will be quite ill and unable to travel if you don't

eat something." Well, Yolande went into the dining room, and sat down at the table; but she could not eat or drink anything; and in a minute or two she was back again in her bedroom superintending the packing of her trunks. However, she was in time compelled to desist. The mental agitation of the morning, combined with this want of food, produced the natural result; she gradually acquired a violent headache—a headache so violent that further superintendence of packing or anything else was entirely out of the question. Now it was the literal fact that she had never had a headache in her life-except once, at the Château, when a large volume she was reaching for in the library fell and struck her-and she did not know what to do; but she fancied that by tying a wet towel round her head she might lessen the throbbing of the temples; and this she did, lying down the while. Jane stole out of the room, fancying her young mistress might now get some sleep. The girl was not thinking of sleep.

Mr. Winterbourne and John Shortlands were

on their way back from the hill.

"I scarcely know what has happened to-day," "All the time I Mr. Winterbourne was saying. "All the time I have been thinking of our going back. And I know what I shall find when I go back—the wreck of the happiness that I have so carefully nursed all through these years. It is like hedging Untr.

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round a garden, and growing flowers there, and all at once, some morning, you find the place trampled down and a wilderness. I hope I am not unjust, Shortlands, but I think he might have spared her."
"Who 9"

her. It was not much. Don't you think—out of consideration—" "Young Leslie. I think he might have spared

"Nonsense, man. What young Leslie has done seems to me, on reflection, perfectly just, and right, and reasonable," said John Shortlands, telling a lie in the calmest manner possible. "The young people ought not to be hampered in starting life. A little trouble now—what is that? And it will be better for you too, Winterbourne. You would have kept on worrying yourself. You would have been always apprehensive about some-

thing. You would nave thing. You would nave not telling him."

"I am not thinking of myself," Yolande's farather wistfully.

"I could have borne to is about her I am ther said, rather wistfully. "I could have borne all that; I am used to it. It is about her I am thinking. I remember in Egypt, away up at that still place, wondering whether all her life might not be just as quiet and uneventful and happy as

"The fact is, Winterbourne," said John Short-lands, bluntly, "you are just mad about that child of yours, and you expect the world to be changed all on her account; whereas every reasonable being knows that she must take her chance of tronble as well as others. And this—what is this? Is it so great an affair? You don't know yet whether she will follow out that suggestion of Melville's. Perhaps she won't. If you would rather she should not, no doubt she will abide by your wishes. By this time she has been told. The secret is at an end. Leslie has had what he wanted: what the devil more can he ask for ?

But the asperity of this last phrase rather betrayed his private opinion; and so he added,

quickly:
"However, as you say, she is more likely to go, Well, why not look at the brighter side of things? There is a possibility. Oh, you needn't shake your head; when I look at the whole thing from Melville's point of view I can see the possibility. He's a devilish long-headed fellow that, and a devilish fine fellow too; not many men would have bothered their heads as he has done. I wouldn't. If you and I weren't old friends, do you think I would have interfered? I'd have let you go on your own way. But now, old chap, I think you'll find Yolande ready to go; and you'd better not make too much fuss about it, and frighten the girl. I shall be in London; I shall

see she has plenty of money."
"It seems so inhuman," her father said, ab-

sently.
"What?"

"That I should remain here shooting, and she be allowed to go away there alone."

"My dear fellow, she'll get on twenty times better without you," said Shortlands, plainly. "It seems to me that what you say Melville pointed out to you was just the perfection of good ad-

vice. You'll do well to ablue by h.
"But he does not know Yolande as I do," her father said.

"He seems to have made a thundering good

guess, anyway."
"I don't mean that. He does not know how

she has been brought up-always looked after and cared for. She has never been allowed to shift about for herself. Oh, as regards herself I can see well enough that he imagines she has certain qualities, and perhaps he thinks it rather fine to make experiments. Well, I don't. I don't see why Yolande should be made the victim of any experiment; I am content with her as

"You'd better see what she says about it herself."

When they reached the lodge, Yolande was not, as usual, standing in the porch to welcome them home from the hill.
"Please, sir," said the maid, "Miss Winter-

bourne has a headache, and says would you excuse her coming down to dinner."

He stood irresolute for a second or two, obviously greatly disturbed; then he slowly and thoughtfully went up the stairs, and gently knocked at the door of her room.

"May I come in, Yolande?"

She had just time to until the wet towel from her head, to smooth her hair, and sit up in bed.
"Yes, papa."

He entered, went over and drew a chair near to her, and sat down.

"I am sorry for you, Yolande," he said, in a low voice, and his eyes were nervously bent on

the ground.
"Why, papa?"

She spoke in quite a cheerful way; and as he had not suffered his eves to meet hers, he was unaware how that cheerfulness was belied by the strange expression in them. She was forcing herself to make light of this matter; she would not have him troubled. And perhaps, indeed, to her this was in truth a light matter, as compared with that tragic disclosure and its consequences which seemed to have cut away from her at once and forever the shining and rose-colored years of

her youth.
"If I erred, Yolande," said he, "in keeping all

this back from you, I did it for the best. "Do you need to say that to me, papa?" she answered, with some touch of reproach.

"I thought it would save you needless pain," said he; and then, as he ventured to lift his eyes, he caught sight of the pale, anguish-stricken face, and he nearly cried aloud in his sudden alarm, "Yolande, are you ill?"

"Oh no, papa;" and she did try her best to look very cheerful. "I have a headache—that is all; and it is not so bad as it was. I—I have been seeing things packed, and making arrange-

"You are going, Yolande?" he said, with a sinking of the heart.
"That, again, it is unnecessary for you to ask

me," the girl sald, simply.
"But not at once, Yolande?" said he, glancing at an open trunk.
"Not at once?"

"To-morrow morning, papa," she answered.
"Oh, but I assure you, you will be put to no trouble—no trouble at all. Mrs. Bell is coming from Gress to see everything right. And I have made out lists for her; it is all arranged; you will not know any difference—"
"Yolande, you will make me angry if you talk

like that. What signifies our comfort? It is the notion of your going away by yourself—"
"Jane goes with me. That is all arranged

also," she said. "I have no fear."
"Listen, now, Yolande. I don't disapprove of your going. We have tried everything, and failed; if there is a chance of your succeeding—well, perhaps one might say it is your duty to go. Poor child, I would rather have had you know nothing about it; but that is all over now. Well, you see, Yolande, if you go, there must be no unnecessary risk or trouble about your going. I have been thinking that perhaps Mr. Melville may be a little too imaginative. He sees things strongly. And in insisting that you should go alone, why, there may be a danger that he has been carried away by a-by a-well, I don't know how to put it, except that he may be so anxious to have this striking appeal made to your poor mother as to be indifferent to ordinary precautions. Why should you go friendless and alone? Why should I remain amusing myself here?"

"Because you would be of no use to me, papa," said she, calmly. "I know what I have to do."
"Why, then, should you not wait for a few

days, and travel south with Mr. Shortlands?" "Oh, I must go at once, papa—at once!" she exclaimed. "I must go to-morrow. And Jane goes with me. Is it not simple enough?"

Yolande, you can not be left in London with absolutely no one to whom you can appeal. The least you must do is to take a letter to Lawrence & Lang. They will do anything you want; they will let you have what you want; if there is any hiring of lodgings or anything of that kind, they will send one of their clerks. You can not be stranded in London without the chance of assist-You must go to Lawrence & Lang.

"I may have to go to them-that also is arranged. But they must not interfere, they must not come with me; that was not Mr. Melville's idea," she said; though the pale face turned still

paler as she forced herself to utter the name.
"Mr. Melville!" he said, angrily. "You seem to think the whole wisdom of the world is centred in Mr. Melville! I don't at all know that he was right in coming to put all this trouble on you. Perhaps he would not have been so quick if it had been his own sister or his own daughter-

Then a strange thing occurred. She had flung herself down on the pillow again, her face buried, her whole frame shaken by the sudden violence

"Don't-don't-don't!" she sobbed, piteously. "Don't speak like that, papa! There is enough trouble—there is enough."
"What is it, Yolande?" said he. "Well, no

wonder your nerves have been upset. I wonder you have taken it so bravely. I will leave you now, Yolande; but you must try and come down to dinner.'

Dinner was put on the table; but she did not make her appearance. A message was sent up to her; the answer was that she merely wished to have a cup of tea by-and-by. Jane, on being questioned, said that everything had been got ready for their departure the following morning, even to the ordering of the dog-cart for a partic-

ular hour.
"Yes," her father said to John Shortlands, as they sat rather silently at the dinner table, "she seems bent on going at once. Perhaps it is because she is nervous and anxious, and wants to know the worst. She won't have any one with her; she is determined to keep to Melville's plan, though I wanted her to wait and go south What a dreadful thing it would be if any harm were to befall her-"

"Why, what harm can befall her?" his friend said. "What is the journey to London?—nothing! She gets into the train at Inverness to morrow at mid-day; the next morning she is in London. Then a cab takes her to the hotel: what more simple? The real risk begins after that; and it is then that your friend Melville insists that she should take the thing into her own hands. Well, dang me if I'm afraid of the consequences! There's good grit in her. She hasn't had her nerves destroyed, as you have. When the cob was scampering all over the place yesterday, and the groom couldn't get hold of him, did she run into the house? Not much. She waylaid him at the end of the bothy, and got hold of him herself, and led him to the stable door. I don't think the lass has a bad temper, but I shouldn't like to be the one to put a finger on her against her will. Don't you fear. I can see where the bit of trouble, if there is to be any at all, will most likely come in; and I am not afraid. It's wonderful what women will do-ay, and weak women too-in defense of those who have a claim on their affection. Talk about the tigress and her young: a woman's twice as bad, or twice as good, if you take it that way. I fancy some o' those poor devils of School Board inspectors must have a baddish time of it occasionally-I don't envy them. I tell you you needn't be afraid, my good fellow. Yolande will be able to take care of herself. And I think Jack Melville has put her on to doing the right thing, whatever comes of it."

Yolande did not appear that night; she was too much distracted by her own thoughts; she did not wish to be confronted with questioning eyes. But she found time to write this brief " Tuesday Night.

"DEAR MR. SHORTLANDS,-As it is not likely I shall see you in the morning, for I am going away at a very early hour, I leave you this word of good-by. And please-please stay with papa as long as ever you conveniently can. Duncan assures me that it is now you will be beginning to have chances with the red-deer.
"Yours affectionately,

"YOLANDE WINTERBOURNE."

And as to that other-the friend who was sending her forth on this mission—was she going away without one word of good-by for him? She considered that; and did not sleep much that night.

> CHAPTER XXXIV. "IHR MATTEN, LEBT WOHL!"

THE pale clear glow of the dawn was telling on the higher slopes of the hills when she arose, and all the house was asleep. The heart-searching of that long night had calmed her somewhat. Now she was chiefly anxious to get away; to seek forgetfulness of this sad discovery in the immediate duty that lay before her. And if some-times the fear was forced upon her that neither for him nor for her was forgetfulness possible, well, it was not her own share of that suffering that she regarded with dismay. Nay, did she not rather welcome that as a punishment which she deserved, as a penance which might be counted to her in the due course of years? If this passage in her life was not to be obliterated, at least, and in the mean time, she would endeavor to close the chapter. She was going away from Allt-namba, and from the mistakes and miseries that had happened there. A new era in her life was opening before her; perhaps she would have less to reproach herself with in that.

In the silence of this pale clear morning she sat down and wrote still another message of farewell, the terms of which she had carefully (and not without some smitings of conscience) studied during the long wakeful hours:

"ALLT-NAM-BA, Wednesday Morning.

"DEAR ARCHIE, - A grave duty calls me suddenly away to the south. No doubt you can guess what it is; and you will understand how, in the mean time at least, all our other plans and arrangements must vield to it. Probably, as I am anxious to catch the early boat at Foyers, I may not see you to say good-by; and so I send you this message From your affectionate

"YOLANDE."

She regarded this letter with much self-humiliation. It was not frank. Perhaps she had no right to write to him so, without telling him of what had happened the day before. And yet, again, what time was there now for explanation? and perhaps, as the days and the mouths and the years went by, there might never be need of any explanation. Her life was to be all different now.

The household began to stir. There was a crackling of wood in the kitchen; outside, Sandy could be heard opening the doors of the coach-house. Then Jane put in an appearance, to finally close her young mistress's portmanteaus. And then, everything having been got ready, when she went down-stairs to the dining-room, she was surprised to find her father there

"Why did you get up so early?" said she, in protest.

"Do you think I was going to let you leave without saying good-by?" he answered. "You are looking a little better this morning, Yolande -but not well, not well. Are you sure you won't reconsider? Will you not wait a few days, accustom yourself to think of it, and then go, if you will go, with Mr. Shortlands ?"

"Oh no, that is all over, papa," said she. "That is all settled. I am going this morning—now." "Now? Why now? It is only half past six!"

he exclaimed. "I wish to have enough time at Gress," she answered, calmly, "to explain all the arrangements to Mrs. Bell."

But he compelled her to sit down and have some breakfast, while he remained at the window, anxious, disturbed, and yet for the most part silent. There was no doubt he regarded her going with an undefined dread; but he saw that it was no use to try to dissuade her, her purpose being so obviously settled and clear. There was another thing: he showed the greatest embarrassment in talking in any way whatever about the subject. He could not bring himself to mention his wife's name. To Yolande he had said "your poor mother"—but only once. He seemed unable to make this thing that he had hidden

from her for so many years a topic of conversation. And it was almost in silence, and with a face overshadowed with gloom, that he saw the last preparations made. He followed her out to the dog-cart. He himself would fasten the rugs round her knees, the morning being somewhat chilly. And when they drove away he stood there for a long time regarding them, until the dog-cart disappeared at the turning of the road, and Yolande was gone. This, then, was the end

find at Allt-nam-ba! Yolande was not driving this morning; she had too many things to think of. But when they reached the bridge at the lower end of the loch. she told Sandy to stop, and took the reins.

of that peaceful security that he had hoped to

"Here is a letter for Mr. Leslie," she said. "You need not take it up to the house; put it in the letter-box at the gate."

Then they drove on again. When they had climbed the hill she looked over to Lynn Towers, but she could not make out any one at any of the windows. There were one or two stable lads about the out-houses, but otherwise no sign of life. She was rather glad of that. If he had waved his handkerchief to her, could she have | seek out his true-love Jean."

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answered that signal without further hypocrisy and shame? Little did he know what traitress was passing by. But indeed she was gradually ceasing to reproach herself in this way, for the reason that she was ceasing to think about herself at all. It was of another that she was thinking. It was his future that concerned her. What would all his after-life be like? Would there be some reparation? Would time heal that as it healed all things?

When she got to Gress she saw that Mrs. Bell was in the garden behind the house, and thither she made her way. Yolande's face was pale, but her manner was quite calm and firm.

"Well, here are doings!" said the cheerful old lady. "And I was just hurrying on to get a few bit flowers for ye. 'Deed, ye're early this morn-

ing."
"It is very kind of you, Mrs. Bell; but please then? Mr. do not trouble. You expected me, then? Mr.
—Mr. Melville told you?"

"That he did. And I'll just be delighted to be of any kind of service to ye that is possible. I'll be ready to go up to Allt-nam-ba by mid-day; and I'm thinking I'll take one o' the young lassies wi' me, in case there's any needlessity for a helping The other one will do very well to look after this place when both Mr. Melville and me are away.

"But is he going—is he going away?" said

Yolande, with a sudden alarm.
"I think he is; though it's no my place to ask," said Mrs. Bell, placidly. "Last night I saw he was putting some things in order in the house. And I jalouse he stopped in the laboratory the whole night through, for he never was in his bed; and this morning I caught a glint o' him going out before any o' us was up. I dare say he was off to one o' the moorland lochs to have a last

day at the trout belike."
"He is not here, then?" the girl exclaimed, with dismay in her eyes.
"Mrs. Bell, I must see him! Indeed, I can not go until I have seen him."

"Wha kens where he may be now?" said the

old lady, good-humoredly (for she clearly had no idea that there was anything tragic occurring around her). "There never was such a man for wandering about the country like a warlock. Many a fright has he gi'en the shepherds, when they came upon him in the corries that no ordinary Christian ever goes near."

"But you must send for him, Mrs. Bell," said Yolande, with that forced calmness of demeanor almost breaking down. "I can not go away without bidding him good-by."

The old woman stopped arranging the flowers

she had gathered.

"I canna send to search the whole county o' Inverness," she said, reflectively, "and wha kens where he may be? If he's no back by schooltime, he's off for the day-ay, and without a biscuit in his pocket, I'll be warrant. But it's just possible he has only gaen doon to the burn to get a trout or two; I can send one o' the lassies to see. And though I've never kenned him to go up to the water-wheel at this time o' the morning, I canna gang wrang in making the bell ring. If you'll just hold the flowers for a minute, my dear young leddy, I'll go into the house and see what can be done."

She held the flowers mechanically; she did not look at them; her eyes were "otherwhere." But when Mrs. Bell came back she recalled herself; and with such calmness as she could command she showed the old lady all the arrangements she had made with regard to the household of Alltnam-ba, and gave her the lists that she had carefully drawn out. And Mrs. Bell would hear of no such thing as thanks or gratitude; she said people were well off who could be of any little service to them they liked, and intimated that she was proud to do this for the sake of the young lady who had been kind enough to take notice of her.

"And so you are going away for a while," said the old Scotchwoman, cheerfully. "Ay, ay. But coming back soon again, I hope. Indeed, my dear young leddy, if it wasna a kind o' presumption on my part, I would say to ye, as they say in the old ballad, 'O when will ye be back again, my hinnie and my dear?' For indeed, since ye came to Allt-nam-ba, it has just been something to gladden an auld woman's een." "What is the ballad, Mrs. Bell?" Yolande said,

quickly. She wished to evade these friendly inquiries. And already she was beginning to wonder whether she had enough strength and courage to force herself to go without seeing him and

'The ballad? Oh, that was the ballad o' young Randal," said Mrs. Bell, in her good-natured, garrulous way. "Maybe ye never heard that one?-

'Young Raudal was a bonnie lad when he gaed awa', A braw, braw lad was he when he gaed awa'.'

That is how it begins; and then they a' come doon to see him ride off-his father, and his mother, and his two sisters; but, as ye may imagine,

'His bounie cousin Jean lookit o'er the castle wa', And far aboon the lave let the tears doon fa'.'

Then it goes on:

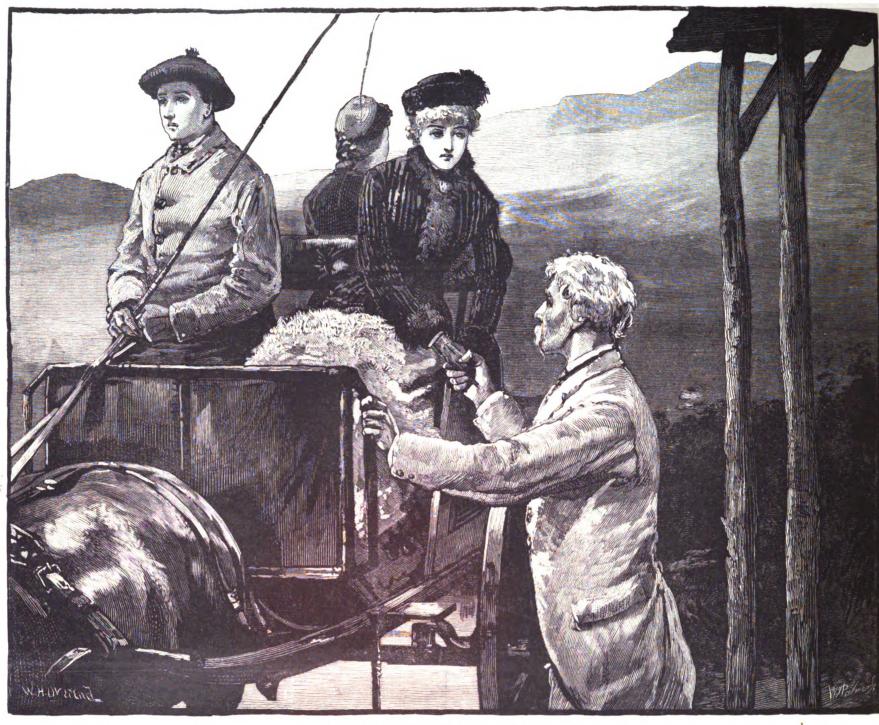
"O when will ye be back again?" sae kindly did "O when will ye be back again, my hinnie and my

"As soon as I have won enough o' Spanish gear To dress ye a' in silks and lace, my dear."

That was the way o' those times, and mony a sair heart was the consequence. Will I tell ye the rest o' the story?"

"Oh, ves. Mrs. Bell, if you please," said Yolande, though now she was scanning the vacant hill-sides with a wistful and troubled eye. Was he not coming, then? Must she go away without that last word?

"Ye see, my young leddy, the story jumps over a good many years now, and he comes back to



"HE FOLLOWED HER OUT TO THE DOG-CART."

"Ah, yes," said Yolande, with more of interest, "to see whether she has been faithful to him, is it not? And of course she is. It is so easy for one to remain faithful-in a ballad, where no thing happens but the fancy of the poet. And then, if she was not faithful, who would write about her? She would be contemptible-that is all."

"No so fast, my dear young leddy-no so fast. Just listen to the story:

'Young Randal was an altered man when he came

hame; A sair altered man was he when he came hame, Wi' a star on his breast and a Sir to his name, And wi' gray, gray locks Sir Randal came hame.

'He rode to the castle and he rispit at the ring, And down came our lady to bid him ride in; And round her bonnie bairnies were playin' on the

"Can this and wife be my true-love Jean?"

"And whatna dour auld carle is this?" quoth the

"Sae griff and sae stiff, sae feckless and sae lame?"
Quoth he: "My bonnie leddy, were ye sweet Jeanie Graham?"
"Indeed, good sir, ye have guessed my very name."

'Oh, dool on the wars in the High Germanie!
And dool on the poortith o' our ain countrie!
And dool on the heart that unfaithful can be!—
For they've wrecked the bravest man in the whole countrie!"

Ye see, it's a sad story enough; but I'm no sure whether to blame the wars in the High Germanie, or the poverty o' the old Scotch families, or the young lass changing her mind. Maybe if she had been less anxious for silks and lace, and maybe if he had been less anxious to hae a Sir to his name, he might hae bided at home, and married her, and lived happily enough. It's the way o young people never to be satisfied. And here is Mr. Melville going away just when everything was ready for his taking back the land that belonged to his own people, and settling down on it as he ought."

"Perhaps he will not go-perhaps he is not going, Mrs. Bell," she said, in a despairing kind of way; for well she knew, if he were indeed going,

what was the cause. Then she looked at her watch. Well, she had

still nearly half an hour to spare, and she was determined to stay till the last minute if it were needful. But there was no figure coming along the road, no living thing visible on these vacant hill-sides, nor a sign of life along the wide moor-

* Probably this version of the ballad is very imperfect, as it is put down here from memory.

land of the valley. She was grateful for Mrs. Bell's talking; it lessened the overstrain of the suspense somehow; she had to force herself to suspense somenow; she had to force herself to listen in a measure. And again and again she expressed the hope that there must be a mistake, that Mr. Melville was not really going away.

"It's no my place to ask," the old lady said, doubtfully; "but he had a long talk when he came home yesterday wi' the lad Dalrymple, and I is allowed it was about his being able to receive the same home.

jealouse it was about his being able to carry on the school by himsel'. It's just that vexatious, my dear young leddy!—and yet it canna be helped. I darena say a word. He's a headstrong man, and he's to be managed only wi' a good deal o'skill; and if he thought I was any kind o' encumbrance, or expected him to do this, that, or the other, he would be off in a gliff. But the vexatiousness o't, to be sure! It was only the day before yesterday that I wrote to they lawyers again. I'm no gaun to tell ye, my young leddy, what they said about the price o' Monaglen, for it might get about, and I'm no wanting him to ken what I paid for it, if I get it. But I found I could easy buy it, and have a good nest-egg for him besides, besides my own £220 a year or thereabouts; and sae I wrote to they lawyers just asking them in a kind o' way to get me the refusal of the place for a freend o' mine. And then yesterday morning I began and argued wi' mysel'. I coveted the place, that's the truth. And says I, 'Kirsty, what's the use o' being ower-cunning? If ye want to buy Monaglen, tell them. A braw thing now, if it were to slip through your fingers, and be snappit up by somebody else: wadna ye be a disappointed woman a' the days o' your life?' And so, as second thochts are best, I just sat down and told them plump and plain that if Monaglen was to be got for that, here was a woman that would take it for that, and telled them to make the bargain, and drive a nail into it there and then; and that a' the other things—a' the whigmaleeries they invent just to make poor folk pay money-could be settled after. And to think o' him going away the now, just when the night's post, or maybe the morn's night's post, is almost sure to bring me a telegram-I declare it's too provokin' !

"But perhaps he is not going away," said Yolande, gently. And then she added, suddenly, and with her face grown a deadly white: "Mrs. Bell, that is Mr. Melville coming down the hill.

I wish to speak a word or two to him by himself."

"Oh, yes, yes; why not?" said Mrs. Bell, cheerfully.

"I'm just going in doors to put a bit string

round the flowers for ye. And there's a wee bit basket too, ye maun take; I made a few sweets,

and comfits, and such things for ye last night, that 'll help to amuse ye on the journey."

She did not hear; she was regarding him as he

approached. His features were as pale as her own; his lips were thin and white. When he came to her he stood before her with his eyes cast down like one guilty. The pallor of his face was frightful.

"I have come because you sent for me," he "But there is nothing you can say to me

that I have not said to myself."
"Do you think I have come to reproach you? No. It is I who have to bear the blame," she answered, with apparent calmness. Then she added: "I—I sent for you because I could not go away without a word of good-by

Here she stopped, fearful that her self-posses-sion would desert her. Her hands were tightly clinched, and unconsciously she was nervously

fingering her engagement ring.

"I do not see," she said, speaking in a measured way, as if to make sure she should not break down, "why the truth should not be said between us—it is the last time. I did not know; you did not know; it was all a misfortune; but I ought to have known—I ought to have guarded myself: it is I who am to blame. Well, if I have to suffer, it is no matter; it is you that I am sorry for-

"Yolande I can not have you talk like the

he exclaimed. "One moment," she said—and strangely enough her French accent seemed more marked in her speech, perhaps because she was not thinking of any accent. "One moment. When I am gone away, do not think that I regret having met you and known you. It has been a misfortune for you; for me, no. It has been an honor to me that you were my friend, and an education also: you have shown me what this one or that one may be in the world; I had not known it before; you made me expect better things. It was you who showed me what I should do. Do not think that I shall forget what I owe you: whatever happens, I will try to think of what you would expect from me, and that will be my ambition. I wished to say this to you before I went away said she, and now her fingers were trembling somewhat, despite her enforced calmness. also that—that, if one can not retrieve the past, if one has the misfortune to bring suffering on-

"Yolande, Yolande," said he, earnestly, and he looked up and looked into her eyes, "do not speak of it—do not think of it any more! Put it behind you. You are no longer a girl; you are a woman; you have a woman's duties before

you. Whatever is past, let that be over and gone. If any one is to blame, it has not been you. Look before you; forget what is behind. Do you know that it is not a light matter you have undertaken?"

He was firmer than she was; he regarded her calmly, though still his face was of a ghastly

She hesitated for a moment or two; then she glanced around.

"I wish you to-to give me a flower," she said, "that I may take it with me."
"No," he said at once. "No. Forget every-

thing that has happened here, except the duty you owe to others."
"That I have deserved," she said, in a low

"Good-by."

She held out her hand. He took it and held it; and there was a great compassion in his eyes. To her they seemed glorified eyes, the eyes of a

saint, full of a sad and yearning pity.
"Yolande," said he—and the tones of his voice
seemed to reach her very heart—"I have faith

seemed to reach her very heart—"I have faith in you. I shall hear of you. Be worthy of yourself. Now, God bless you, and good-by!"
"Adieu! adieu!" she murmured; and then, white-faced and all trembling, but still dry-eyed and erect, she got through the house somehow, and out to the front, where Mrs. Bell was awaiting her by the side of the dog cart

ing her by the side of the dog-cart.
When she had driven away, Mrs. Bell remained for a minute or two looking after the departing vehicle—and perhaps rather regretfully, too, for she had taken a great liking to this bright young English lady who had come into these wilds; but presently she was recalled from her reveries or regrets by the calling of Mr. Melville. She went

into the house at once.

"Now, Mrs. Bell," said he (and he seemed in an unusual hurry), "do you think one of the girls could hunt out for me the water-proof coat that has the strap attached to it for slinging over the shoulders? And I suppose she could pack me some bit of cold meat, or something of the kind,

and half a loaf, in a little parcel?"

"Dear me, sir, I will do that mysel'; but where are ye going, sir, if I may ask?"

The fact was that it was so unusual for Jack Melville to take any precautions of this kindeven when he was starting for a long day's fishing on some distant moorland loch-that Mrs. Bell instantly jumped to the conclusion that he

was bent on some very desperate excursion.
"Where am I going?" he said. "Why, across the hills to Kingussie, to catch the night train to London.

[TO RE CONTINUED.]



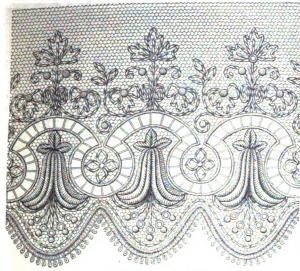


Fig. 1.—Trimming for Dresses, etc.—Embroidery on Net.

Embroideries for Dress Trimming.—Figs. 1 and 2.

ÉCRU and cream-colored lace and embroideries are now used to trim the skirts of dressy cashmeres, veilings, and summer silks, as well as the thinner summer goods. Two



APRON FOR GIRL FROM 3 TO 7
YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN, No.
3443: PRICE, 10 CENTS.
For description see Supplement.

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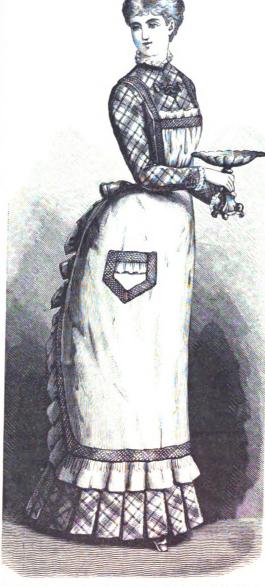
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Embroidered Black Silk Apron. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 51 and 52.

of these embroideries are here illustrated, Fig. 1 with a cream - colored ground embroidered in white, and Fig. 2, an open écru batiste embroidery composed of rosettes and wheels.



KITCHEN APRON.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3444: PRICE, 15 CENTS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 34-37.

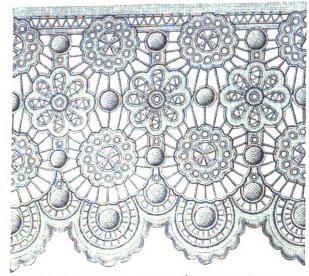


Fig. 2.—Trimming for Dresses, etc.—Écru Batiste Embroidery.



BLACK SATIN APRON.—CUT PATTERN, No. 3445: PRICE, 10 CENTS. For description see Supplement.

salmon-colored satin lightly embroidered, lined with velvet, and edged with fringe. Silk cord and tassels trim the front and corners as shown in the illustration.

the rose-buds. Gather the front below the slit, join it to the back, and finish the edges with a narrow mixed silk fringe. The frill at the bottom is thirteen inches wide and four inches deep; it is made of

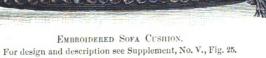


APRON FOR GIRL FROM 2 TO 6
YEARS OLD.—CUT PATTERN,
No. 3446: PRICE, 15 CENTS.
For pattern and description see
Supplement, No. 1X., Figs. 47-50.



Fig. 1.—Short Mantle.—Front.—[See Fig. 2.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3453: Price, 25 Cents.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 10 and 11.



Monograms.—Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 309.

These monograms for marking linen are worked with fine embroidery cotton. Satin stitch sused for broad lines, overcast and stem stitch for the edges and fine lines; in Fig. 2 the centre is back-stitched.

Embroidered Wall-Pocket.

See illustration on page 308.

The materials employed for the pocket shown in our illustration are grayish-blue stamped velvet and salmon-colored satin. Cut a stiff pasteboard back double the size of Fig. 53, Supplement, which gives one half or side, and cover both sides smoothly with figured velvet. Cut the front of velvet and lining thirteen inches deep and fourteen wide, and gather the bottom into a space of five inches. Cut a slit six inches deep at the middle of the top, face the corners with satin, which has previously been embroidered, and turn them down for revers as shown in the illustration. The design for the embroidery on the revers is given in Fig. 54, Supplement; the work is executed in stem and satin stitch with embroidery silk in shades of olive green for the foliage, pale blue for the forget-me-nots, and deep red for



Fig. 2.—Short Mantle.—Back.—[See Fig. 1.]—Cut Pattern, No. 3453: Price, 25 Cents. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 10 and 11.

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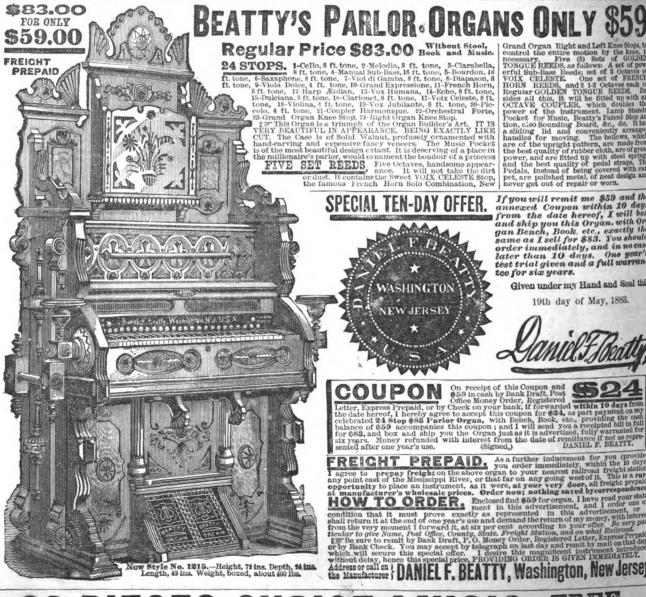
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FACETLE.

FACETLE.

Sam Fordman kept a tavern on Long Island, and was considered the greatest character in the place, one evening the boys dropped in at the tavern, and found Sam as ready for mischief as they were themselves. What should they do? Some one proposes dwittewashing Norton's pigs. The very thing? There is a pail of wash in the yard, left from doing the fence. This Sam proposes their taking while he reconnoidires. No pigs! They must be in the yard.

"I'll crawl through," said Sam, "and drive 'em round, and as soon as they show their heads give 'em the whitewash."

In he goes through the opening in the fence; but finding no pigs (the boys knew he wouldn't), he retraces his steps, and receives the contents of the pail on his own head. He rises to the full realization of his baptism, and with a most ludicrous expression of countenance exclaims, "What a muss I am in! What will Liechulg say?"

Mr. Barnes, the clergyman of the place, boarded at

will Lucindy say?"

Mr. Barnes, the clergyman of the place, boarded at Sant's, and one day entertained the Rev. Mr. Carter, who was noted for the most dignified sobriety. They came to dinner so interested in their conversation that they were oblivious of what was going on around them, until startled by Sant's powerful voice. He stood at the end of the table, with brandished knile, and in the most pompous attitude, and his request was in the form of a command:

"Mis-ter Barnes, will you ask the blessing of Almighty God?"

Mr. Barnes obeyed immediately, bardly able to suppress his hughter, while Brother Carter looked unutterable things, being a stranger to Sant's peculiarities, and possibly having a wholesome dread of the blood-thirsty weapon he flourished so carelessly.

Five-year-old Joe was in five-year-old Harry's garden flying his kite, when Harry cut the string, and away went the kite sailing over the house-tops, whereupon Joe set up a tremendous howl. Out came Harry's mother to see what was the matter, and as soon as Joe had sobbed out his complaint, she said, "Harry, you are a very naughty boy to treat a visitor in that rude

or or stature, was unonen "Hall-nose by the ladies of the congregation, who, when he gave out his text, "She hath done what she could," smilingly accepted his apiloog in behalf of his wife for not having paired herself better.

TWO OTHER HEARTS.

Full tender beamed the light of love down from his

Full tender beamed the light of love down from his manly face.

As he pressed her to his bosom in a fervent, fond embrace;

No cost of others' happiness found place within his thought;

The weakness of life's brittle thread no dim forebodings brought.

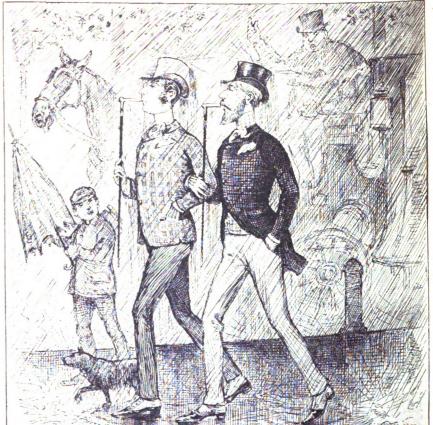
But tenderer than the light of love, more brittle than life's thread.

The shrouds that wrapped two other hearts gave up their withered dead;

For crumbling in his waistcoat, their glowing future

Two excellent Havanas were very badly mashed.

A novel mode of advertising for a wife has been adopted by an inhabitant of a provincial town. A photograph of the gentleman is placed in the window of a shop-keeper, and underneath is the following notice: "Wanted, a female companion to the above, Apply at this office."



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